THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by B. Franklin

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GASSED — By MAJOR S. J. M. AULD

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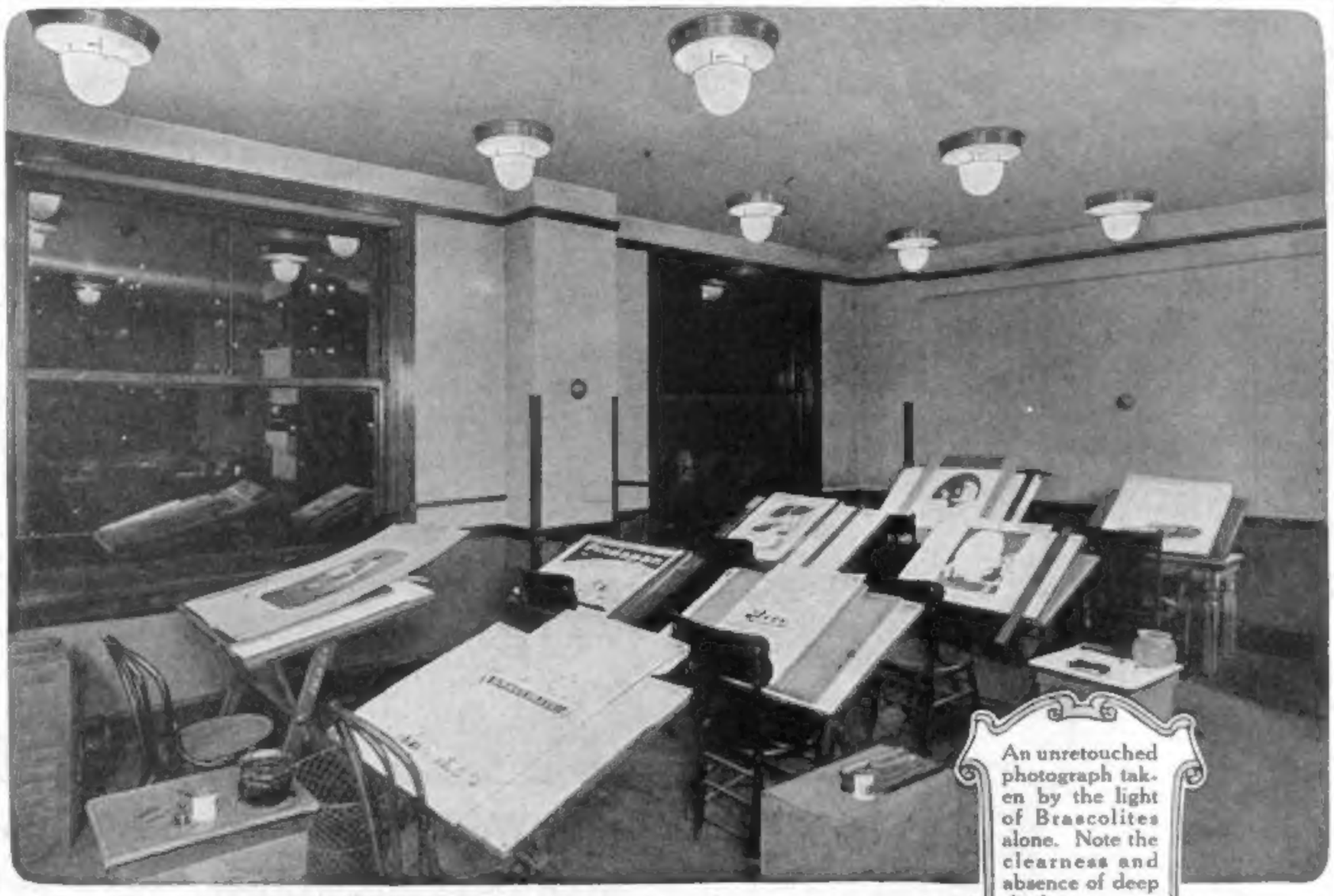
EVENTUALLY—WHY NOT NOW? EVENTUALLY—WHY NOT NOW? EVENTUALLY—WHY NOT NOW?



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December 20, 1917.

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The numbers given above correspond to those on the buildings in the illustration. It will be noticed that in some instances one number covers several buildings for the same company.

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GASSED — By MAJOR S. J. M. AULD

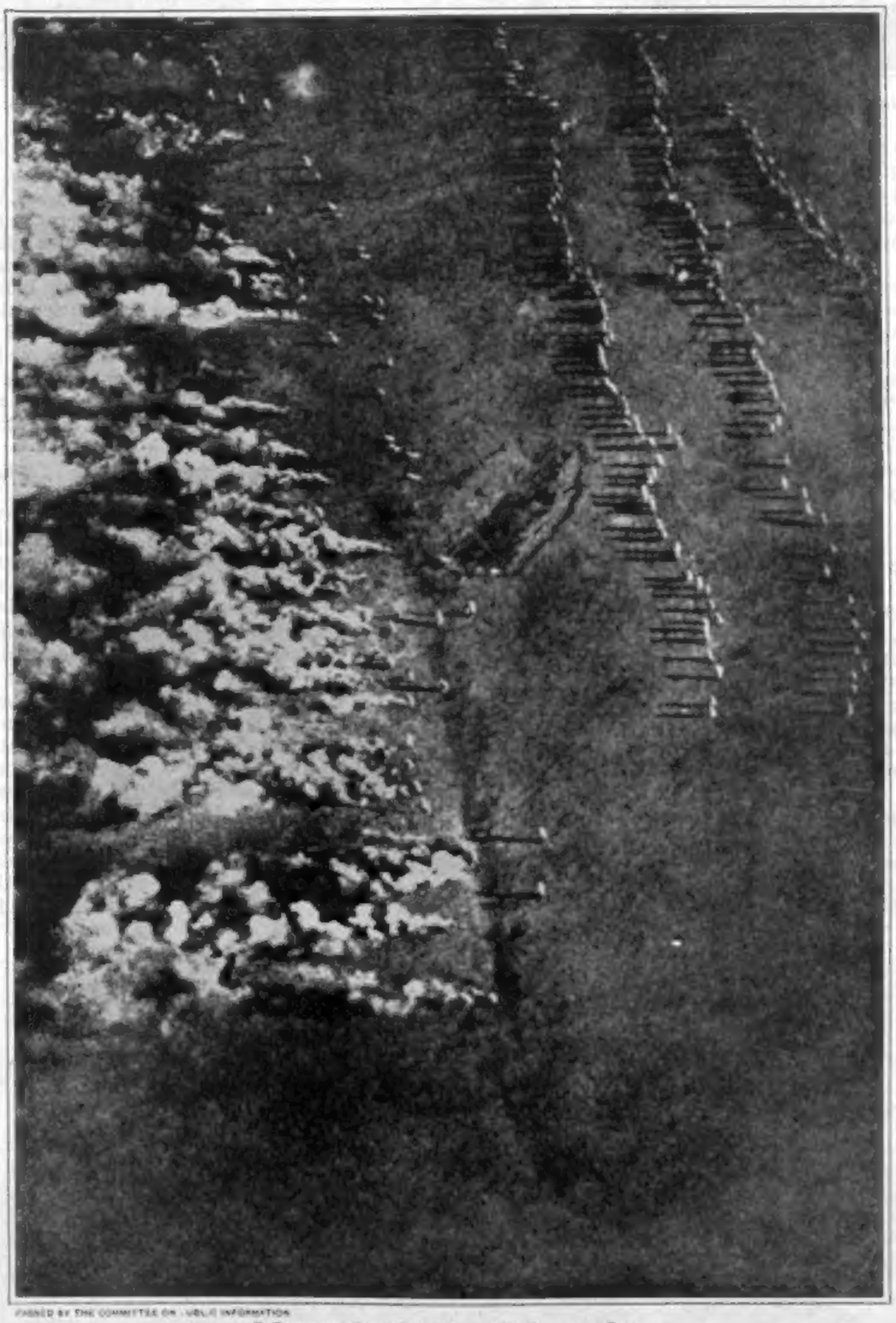
IN THE early part of April, 1915, we were in trenches opposite Messines. We enjoyed the usual morning and evening "hate"; we sniped and were sniped at; we patrolled and wired and attempted to drain away the superfluous water, and there was much mud and humor and expectancy. It is true there were no Mills grenades or Stokes mortars or tin hats, but trench warfare was not so very different then from what it is now—with one great exception: There was no gas. And there were consequently no respirators to carry day and night. It is almost impossible now to remember the time when one did not carry a respirator in the trenches. Somehow it makes you feel quite naked to think of it—and yet there we were, imagining we knew what war really was like!

The newspapers we got at that time were generally a good many days old, and censored at that, and our chief source of news about the war in other people's parts of the line was a summary of so-called information issued from headquarters, which percolated down to the battalion and, like every other summary before and since, went by the name of "Comic Cuts."

Somewhere about the middle of the month we heard that in somebody else's summary had appeared a paragraph to the effect that a deserter from the German lines up in the salient had told a cock-and-bull story of how they intended to poison us all with a cloud of gas, and that tanks full of the poison gas were already installed in their trenches.

The First Appearance

OF COURSE nobody believed him. The statement was "passed for information for what it is worth." And as nobody ever believed anything that appeared in Comic Cuts in any case, we were not disposed to get the wind up about it. And then, about a week later, on April 22, 1915, was launched the first gas attack; and another constant horror was added to an already somewhat unpleasant war. Details about the attack are still somewhat meager, for the simple reason that the men who could have told much about it never came back.



PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

A German Gas Attack on the Eastern Front

The place chosen for the first gas attack was in the northeast part of the Ypres salient at that part of the line where the French and British lines met, running down from where the trenches left the canal near Boesinghe. On the French right was the —— Regiment of Turcos, and on the British left were the Canadians.

Try to imagine the feelings and the condition of the colored troops as they saw the vast cloud of greenish-yellow gas spring out of the ground and slowly move down wind toward them, the vapor clinging to the earth, seeking out every hole and hollow and filling the trenches and shell holes as it came. First wonder, then fear; then, as the first fringes of the cloud enveloped them and left them choking and agonized in the fight for breath—panic. Those who could move broke and ran, trying, generally in vain, to outstrip the cloud which followed inexorably after them.

The majority of those in the front line were killed—some, let us hope, immediately, but most of them slowly and horribly. It is not my intention to try to play upon feelings, but those of us who have seen men badly gassed can only think with horror of a battlefield covered with such cases, over which the Germans subsequently advanced.

The Canadians on the British left fared both better and worse than the French colored troops. Only their left appears to have been in the main path of the poison cloud, but there is little doubt that in the thickest part those who did not escape either to a flank or to the rear were killed on the field. Thousands of those in the support trenches and reserve lines and in billets behind the line were suffocated—many to die later in the field ambulances and casualty clearing stations.

Of those on the fringe of the cloud many saved themselves by burying their faces in the earth. Others wrapped mufflers round their mouths and noses or stuffed handkerchiefs into their mouths. Many of these men were saved by their presence of mind, for though gassed at the time they recovered later, after treatment in the hospitals.

Canadian Pluck

IT IS on record that the Canadians, with handkerchiefs or mufflers tied over their mouths, continued to engage the Germans and that a number of them actually charged back through the gas cloud in an endeavor to reach the enemy. What became of them is not known.

In this way a big gap was made in the Allied lines, through which the Germans advanced. But the Canadians quickly formed a flank on the left and stoutly engaged the enemy, with such success that they first slowed up and then brought to a halt the advance of the Germans. It was this prompt action and gallant resistance that probably saved the day.

Whether the German high command had underestimated the probable effect of the gas and had arranged for only a limited objective past which the local commanders did not take the initiative to go, or whether the latter were unaware of the real weakness of the Canadian line is unknown. The fact remains that they did not press their advantage to the full. They had taken the Allied front line on a wide front, killed or captured thousands of men and taken sixty guns, and seemed to have a clear way through to Calais; but they were stopped by the pluck of a handful of Canadians. Reënforcements of men and guns were rushed up, and the immediate danger was over.

It is a matter for surmise how long the Germans had been planning and preparing their use of gas. The idea may have been a pre-war one, but it is difficult to believe that a project deliberately planned for years would not have been developed so as to make it a sure winner—for it could easily have been that. If, for example, they had made the attack over a wider front with such strong gas clouds as are now used nothing could possibly have stood against them. Every living thing to a depth of fifteen miles or more could have been killed.

On the other hand it is impossible to imagine the use of poison gas as having been decided on without better preparation having been made to meet retaliation, unless it was assumed either that the use of the gas would be decisive or that at any rate the war would be finished before the Allies could hit back with the same weapon.

In any case the preparation must have been going on for months. All the production of material, organization of personnel and so on takes a long time. This we realized

PHOTOS BY PERMISSION OF THE GAS DEFENSE SERVICE

A Wounded Man Having His Mask Put On for Him by a Comrade

Strombos Horn Being Sounded in the Trenches on Approach of the Gas Cloud

ourselves later, for though the decision to retaliate with gas was made in May it was September before an attack could possibly be made. If we assume that a like interval of four months elapsed for the perfecting of the German arrangements it means that the decision to use gas was made about Christmas, 1914.

The onus of urging the Kaiser's advisers to adopt the use of poisonous gases had been laid at the door of Professor Nernst, professor of chemistry at the University of Berlin. Professor Nernst is a noted chemist, and even before the war was a notorious Pan-German and Anglophobe—one of the "professors" who carried too much weight in Germany and whose arrogance and shortsightedness helped to lure her to her downfall. Sometime after the use of gas was started Professor Nernst was made a count by the Kaiser for his "notable services"—meaning presumably the use of gas in warfare.

The Work of Nernst and Haber

THE actual carrying out of the gas operations was intrusted to another professor of chemistry, this being one Haber, of the Kaiser Wilhelm Physical Chemical Institute at Berlin. In 1914, long before the war started, Professor Haber and his assistants are known to have been working secretly with some intensely poisonous arsenic gases and liquids, and one of the assistants was killed and another is reported to have had his arm blown off during the researches.

Haber's particular job was to make all the scientific arrangements in the field; to decide on the gases to be used, and the quantity to employ; to study the wind directions and decide exactly when to make the attack. In the weeks preceding the twenty-second of April, Haber was continually at the Front receiving reports from the wind observation stations and in close touch with the men in charge of the cylinders in the trenches. On several occasions during this time the attack was fixed for a certain hour, but was postponed by Haber, owing to the wind's being unsuitable.

The actual arrangements that had to be made were much more complex than the carrying out of the attack itself. First of all, decision had to be come to as to the gas to be used in the fiendish attempt. Such a gas had of course to be highly poisonous. Then it must be cheaply and easily made in large quantities; it had to be compressible, so that it could be transported easily; it must be heavier than air, so that it should keep close to the ground when first liberated; and for preference it should not be unstable—that is, decompose easily and enter into nonpoisonous combinations with materials, other than man, that it should come across in its passage through the air.

Any chemist to whom such a problem is put will inform you there are very few gases that fill the bill. The German choice rested on that well-known gas to students of chemistry—chlorine. Chlorine in large quantities was available from the alkali works in Germany, and it meets all the other requirements except that of not easily combining with other things. This deficiency was fortunate, for it meant that protective chemicals were easy to find when it became necessary to provide respirators to the Allied troops.

Then there was the question of transport and emission. The gas was eventually put up in steel cylinders, about thirty inches long and eight inches across, and stout enough to stand a pressure of about ten atmospheres, the gas being stored in them compressed to a liquid. On opening such a cylinder the liquid boils and gives off the gas again, but this would not do for field work, because of the intense cold which is produced by the sudden expansion. This would freeze up the pipes and slow down the discharge to such an extent that the gas attack would be too weak.

To get over this difficulty the Germans fitted their cylinders with internal siphon tubes so that actually liquid chlorine was forced into the air, where it evaporated without affecting the gas remaining in the cylinder. By this means the whole of the gas in the cylinder, amounting to forty-five pounds, is emptied into the atmosphere in less than three minutes. The sudden expansion of the chlorine in the air also makes both it and the surrounding air cold and helps to keep the cloud close to the ground.

The actual handling of the gas attacks was allotted to two regiments of pioneers—the 35th and 36th Pioneer Regiments, which were specially organized for this purpose. These regiments have the ordinary organization of two battalions per regiment, with three companies and a park or transport company per battalion. The rank and file are ordinary pioneers, but the officers are specially picked and include chemists, mechanical experts, meteorologists, and other men with special scientific qualifications.

PHOTO BY PERMISSION OF THE GAS DEFENSE SERVICE

A Working Party Engaged on Road Repair Several Miles Behind the Line Receives Warning of a Gas Attack. Work is Stopped Until the Attack is Over

The choice of country in which to make a gas attack was a serious matter to the enemy. The gas of course will go with the wind, but it depends largely on what the country is like where the wind will go. The Germans themselves say they prefer a flat country without any marked under features and sloping gently toward our lines, just as they had at Ypres. Indeed, they went the length of saying that a gas attack could not be carried out in hilly or very broken country; and they suffered in consequence later on, through being taken unawares by the French in just such country in the Vosges when retaliation was commenced. But taking it altogether the Germans were wise in their choice of position.

The Technic of Gas Attacks

ANOTHER thing that had to be considered was the outline of their own trench system, so that they would not let off the gas in such parts of the line that it would float back and gas their own troops in neighboring trenches. To do this they invented a "factor of safety," which represented an angle between the direction of the wind and the line of the trenches. No attack was to be made if the wind direction came within forty degrees of any trench within gassing distance. This worked very well.

Another consideration was the strength of the wind. The wind must not be too strong when the gusts disperse the gas cloud, or it will weaken it so that it loses a lot of its effect and will be blown over the enemy too quickly; nor must it be so weak that it will take a long time to reach the opposing trenches.

Another great danger in winds of too low velocity is that these are just the winds which change their direction most frequently, and anything under two miles per hour is just as likely to blow the gas back to the place from which it came. It was disregarding this principle on one occasion later on that caused the Germans numerous casualties from one of their own gas clouds. In general, however, it may be laid down that the most favorable winds are those between four and twelve miles an hour, so that with a wind of eight miles an hour the cloud would move just twice as quickly as a man walking rapidly, and would take only twelve and a half seconds to cross No Man's Land in places where the trenches are fifty yards apart.

Let me try to give an account of the procedure of carrying out gas attacks as it was told me by a German prisoner taken not so very long ago. He said:

"I am not one of the gas pioneers, but being an engineer by trade and having been in the trenches for many weeks with the 35th Regiment of Pioneers I have got to know their methods fairly well. Indeed I assisted on one occasion in carrying cylinders into the trenches for an attack against the British. Gas is not popular with us; we have had too many mishaps, and the cylinders are a nuisance to carry into the trenches.

(Continued on Page 109)

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

IF YOU ever read the Sunday papers—and who doesn't?—you must have read about Mrs. Willard Wilmington. It was she, you remember, who gave the first surf luncheon—somewhere in Rhode Island, let us say, and avoid any difficulty with the censor. The guests came in bathing suits, had their cocktails served in the bathhouses, and ate the fish course on the float, fifty yards offshore. I forget where the coffee was served—on surf boards, perhaps, riding in.

In the Social Register you would have found, if you had consulted the proper edition of that sacred volume, after the first two lines required for Mr. Wilmington's clubs, the names of Crocker de Groot Wilmington, Third, at Groton, and Miss Wilhelmina de Groot Wilmington, at Bryn Mawr. The deeply scholastic flavor of the Wilmington family could not have escaped you, I should suppose; and you would have said, after a moment: "Oh, so that's why I never saw that Wilmington girl!"

You would have been quite right: neither at that historic dinner in the big Fifth Avenue house, when a Japanese jiujitsu expert taught the guests how to throw him over their décolleté shoulders; nor at that scarcely less famous breakfast when the Indian mahatma so successfully went into a state of trance that he forgot to come out of it, and they had to leave him on the rug till tea-time—at neither of these functions would you have found Wilhelmina de Groot Wilmington, though she was nineteen at the time.

"As soon as Willie gets through learning one thing she starts to learn another," her mother complained. "I think she's crazy, really. Of course, if that's her idea, there'll never be any end to it, will there? You can always find something to learn, I suppose, if you're as pig-headed as Willie."

"I wish she'd learn some of the darned old stuff they stick off on me," grumbled Crocker de Groot Wilmington, Third. "I'm about through—I am; it's sickening."

"Don't be silly, Crocker!" said his mother wearily. "You've got to get to Princeton, haven't you? Well then?"

You see, children are not so easily managed as jiujitsu.

Even her father was disappointed in Willie. She was the only daughter he had ever had and she was not at all what he had expected. She was not like his sisters at her age; she was not like his wife; she was like none of the young ladies who might have been his wife—or like any of those, for that matter, who couldn't very well have been.

If you had asked Mr. Wilmington just what he had expected in the way of a daughter he would have been a little vague, probably; but you might have extracted from him at last the picture of a pretty thing, with rather loose hair, dressed in white, who ate too many chocolates for her own good and always anticipated her allowance. She would sit on the arm of his chair and give him a kiss and say that he tickled when he kissed her back, and tease for a little, tiny, weeny string of pearls, and a car of her own. And then some day he'd find some young puppy or other kissing her, in the country, and the puppy would say:

"It's all right, sir; I was just coming to see you. Mrs. Will knows."

You see, don't you? He felt he wasn't asking much.

But Willie never sat on anybody's chair: her legs were too long. She was very tall and very thin, and her nose was too big. She had shortsighted, soft brown eyes, and very fine, soft, straight brown hair, which didn't arrange to good advantage, as the *coiffeur* put it. She had no taste whatever in dress, and was utterly unwilling to take anybody's advice on the subject. She was not particularly affectionate and not at all demonstrative. In short, you probably wonder by this time at my taking her as a heroine; for I don't deny for a moment that Willie is the heroine of this story. She had grown too fast, and that "took her strength," as her nurse said, and made her lazy. She sat and read a great deal, nursing a dog and twisting a strand of hair over her ear.

Her mother's quenchless vitality—she had been a California girl, very beautiful, entirely spoiled, when Wilmington married her—put her daughter out as the sun dims a candle. She played tennis and swam and ice-boated, and only stopped doing one thing in order to do another. Nobody but her maid ever saw her tired, though she often tired other people.

Willie admired her, but rather kept away from her; she knew that her mother never forgave her for being so plain, and that she adored her brother because he was handsome and athletic, like herself. Her father, jovial and boyish when everything went well, moody and depressed at the least discomfort or disappointment, rather alarmed her; for she was of an even temperament.

"Take your nose out of that book, girlie, and speak to your old dad!" he would shout sometimes, and pretend to box with her. This alarmed Wilhelmina. Again, he would shake his head mournfully and stare at her. "The girl's going blind—blind as a bat!" he would mutter. "If your mother paid any attention to any of us she'd stop the book nonsense. I swear, I don't know where you get all this swallowing-the-dictionary business!"

He himself never read anything but the ticker and the sporting news. But if he had taken the trouble to open the magnificent hand-tooled volume entitled Pietr de Groot of Nieuw Amsterdam, which stood behind glass doors in his library, with his Uncle Steen Van Alstyne's name in the author's place on the title page, he might have found out.

There was a picture in that volume of Mevrouw Wilhelmina Van der Groot, so like his daughter as to serve for a photograph of her in fancy dress. There was grand Dutch blood in his veins, you see, and he had passed it on to Willie.

Mevrouw Van der Groot was a great student, wore one of the first pairs of glass spectacles made, being very shortsighted, and wrote a treatise on a remarkable tulip, bred and cultivated by herself. She had seven sons and five daughters, and lived to celebrate her sixtieth wedding anniversary. Also, she compounded an unguent invaluable for the healing of sores and sprains of animals. But there is no record of her ever having eaten a fish course on a float, practiced jiujitsu, or patronized a mahatma from India. Thus we see that civilization advances, in spite of the pessimists.

When Willie had finished with her school she told her father that she wanted to go to college.

"College?" he repeated vaguely. "But you can't, you know. They don't let 'em. Didn't you know that?"

When she explained, he gasped.

"Oh, a *woman's* college!" he repeated. "For heaven's sake! What else do you want to know?"

Mrs. Wilmington was in despair.

"Then when will you come out? Before or after?" she inquired with vexation. "And how could you come out, anyway? What would be the good—to go back to school again? I shan't allow it!"

But she did, of course; because, as a matter of fact, a sulky plain daughter on her hands, who didn't want to go to parties, wouldn't add very much to the joy of life of her mother, as her friends pointed out. They added, behind her back, that any woman of forty-two who looked thirty-five in the evening couldn't be too anxious to have a great girl of eighteen who looked twenty-three tagging about.

So Willie came out, with her cousins, Anne Van Alstyne and Pussy Wilmington, at a big expensive ball, where she had a very dull time, I'm afraid. Her program was filled, of course, and she had a bushel of flowers, for she was the only daughter of a very rich and very well-known man; but the nose glasses, on which her mother insisted, pinched her nose, and the season's style of dress was distinctly unbecoming to her. She came back from Bryn Mawr to do this, and returned to that seat of learning directly after the ball was over. And from then on, for four years, she was very happy.

She had a bedroom, a bath and a study, all her own; and she filled dozens of loose-leaf notebooks with neat backhand notes term after term. There was nothing brilliant about her; don't expect her to turn out a George Sand. Simply, she was a born student, with no taste for sports or social life. I don't think she ever won a prize; she was always among the first five in her class and usually among the first three. But it never occurred to her instructors to expect anything original or exciting from her pen.

She was fond of history and botany, and would have liked to study medicine; but she

"I Swear, I Don't Know Where You Get All This Swallowing-the-Dictionary Business!" Her Father Would Mutter

knew that there were limits to her parents' indulgence and never mentioned this.

She was a little cold at the time of which I write, and the sort of girl who attracts neither women nor men. Women, especially young women, love beauty in their sex; and though young men don't care so much for it they know what they do like, if they can't explain it; and Willie hadn't got it. You shall see girls with shell-rimmed spectacles wearing the largest and whitest of diamonds set in platinum; freckled snub-nosed butterballs will draw a gridiron hero from Cambridge to the Hot Springs of Virginia in training season; thin girls with big noses have caused rising young bankers and brokers to lose many a night's healthful sleep.

It really isn't beauty—though very plain and very pretty girls always think it is. If you have it—this mysterious something that Willie hadn't—you don't need beauty; and if you have beauty, and lack it, you may go through the wood triumphantly—and pick up a crooked stick at the last, as the saying is. Watch your friends.

Now, though Willie was perfectly contented at Bryn Mawr, I can't say that it agreed with her looks particularly. She was a little anæmic, undoubtedly.

She was much too shy for acting in the college dramatic entertainments and too unobtrusive for debating societies. Some people who would have liked to share her pursuits, perhaps, were afraid of seeming to curry favor with such a rich girl, whose family was so well known. Those who had no such fears she didn't happen to care for. She took her maid with her at first, but dismissed her after a month because of certain caustic comments; and, not being accustomed to take care of herself, she rather let herself go, as they say, so that each summer her mother was more and more horrified at her slouchiness.

Even her graduation was inglorious, for she had the ill luck to catch the whooping cough; and her diploma was handed to her in the infirmary, greatly to her relief, for she dreaded the procession of caps and gowns.

Mrs. Wilmington's sister was visiting her at this time, with her three little children, and Willie wasn't considered safe company for children for two months after her recovery. So they sent her to an old aunt of her father's, away up the Hudson, for the summer. It really was her own fault if they forgot her a little: she did nothing to remind them.

Her father ran up to see her once, and she was dissecting some particularly ugly flowers with the help of a microscope which had consumed even her allowance for some months. A high-powered microscope is not a becoming adjunct to a young lady's profile; you squint and poke forward, and stick your hair behind your spectacles. She had on a rather mussy blouse and a hideous plaid skirt; and when her father asked for something to drink she told him vaguely that Aunt Katrina had been in bed with sciatica for a week, and that she herself never had tea, and most of the servants went to the village when Aunt Katrina was in bed.

"Shall I ask her maid to find something?" said Wilhelmina; and her father sighed and said no, he'd wait.

"Is this what you like to do, Willie?" he asked, looking worried.

"Oh, yes," she assured him; "very much."

He shook his head.

"It's one too many for me," he said briefly; "but I don't know what to do about it!" And he went back to Surf Lena.

Willie kissed him good-by with equanimity and returned to her botanical studies, where she stuck, suddenly and irritatingly, for lack of the proper textbooks. In despair she appealed to the old gardener, and he recommended her to the State Agricultural College Library—the gentlemen up there had helped him out before now.

"You might write them, miss, or even go and see for yourself," he suggested.

"So I could," said Willie. "That's a very good idea, Peters."

And since Aunt Katrina disapproved highly of motors, and discouraged them in the village by keeping the roads as bad as she could, Willie went by train.

Once in touch with the old atmosphere of the library and the classroom, once more lost in a crowd of hurrying young people with their arms full of notebooks, Willie's spirits rose; she became a little excited. The most marvelous course in advanced botany was just beginning; she could no more go by the doors of the laboratory than a drunkard can pass a hotel bar or a bridge fiend avoid a green table. She enrolled herself as a student, paid her fee, took her first lecture in a new notebook, and engaged rooms in one of the dormitories.

Willie Worked From Six in the Morning Until Five in the Afternoon, and She Bloomed Like the Harvest She Gathered Every Day

Having informed her aunt's trained nurse of all this, who saw nothing out of the way in it, she dismissed her relatives from her mind. And as Miss W. de G. Wilmington, of Groot's-Landing-on-Hudson, she slipped unnoted into the academic stream of the great summer school of agriculture.

Nothing had ever fascinated her so much; she plunged into humus and subsoils and nitrates and albumin as another girl would plunge into the midsummer fiction number of a popular magazine. She pottered about the demonstration plots, and sifted soils and measured roots in the open till her back ached. But the ache passed and her appetite grew; she was too sleepy to make up her notebook at night.

"That girl from Groot's Landing is a wonder!" said one professor to another. "She's not much to look at, but she's got a mighty clear head, I tell you. She's a Bryn Mawr graduate; I thought they were a set of rich snobs down there."

"I guess there's not much richness or snobbishness about Miss Wilmington," laughed the other. "You can see what she is, all right."

They really thought they could. Now everybody from everywhere goes to agricultural colleges, especially when they are well-equipped colleges: Queer middle-aged professors, white-haired women, bumptious young chits from adjacent small towns. I suppose no other classes in Christendom are so funny. Clever young farm boys from the West rub elbows with theoretical bank clerks from the East who want a change from their desks. There was an old Scotch gardener once who wanted to fight the instructor, a young specialist from Berlin, in open class. . . .

Next to Willie, for instance, sat an Englishman, a youngish oldish chap, with eyeglasses and a decided limp. He was very reserved and not a little shy, given to stammering slightly if asked a sudden question in a quiz. But it was observed that he always answered correctly.

Once, as the class broke up, Willie dropped her fountain pen. As she peered shortsightedly after it he leaned to help her and, peering in his turn, bumped his head violently against hers. The sight of anyone shyer than herself had the natural result of putting her at her ease; and, though he wallowed in flushed embarrassment, she got him through it with comparative calmness.

"It doesn't matter a bit," she assured him gently; "it really doesn't hurt. I bent over too suddenly—that was all."

"Oh, no—really! . . . I'm such a clumsy ass—always was," he stammered. "And —— Oh, great heavens, what have I done!"

She followed his horror-stricken gaze and saw a great fresh blot of ink on her skirt; the vindictive fountain pen, furious at its fall, had spat venom from its rescuer's hand.

"Good Lord! I ought to live in a room by myself! It's simply sickening!" he moaned, the dark flush fading slowly from his thin cheeks under the steady smile in her quiet kind eye.

They walked across the green campus together, Willie adapting her long young stride to his limp, while she soothed his perturbed growlings.

"I assure you it will be gone tomorrow," she repeated, and promised to prove it to him; but, as a matter of fact, she hadn't the remotest idea of what to do to the spot, and gave the skirt to the chambermaid the next day.

This led to a new complication; for Mr. Wilmerstone, embarrassed but persistent, finally succeeded in making it clear to her innocent stupidity that he insisted upon paying for the damage he had done. You see, he simply couldn't have a poor girl student out of pocket and the fault his. When it dawned on her she fell into a gulf of embarrassment herself; for she simply couldn't explain to a man whose clothes, though neat and very well made, were obviously far from new that she could buy herself a new dress every day if she needed it.

At last, in desperation, she bought back the fateful skirt from the chambermaid, who had eliminated the spot almost entirely, and wore it triumphantly. I suppose she had never been so concerned about an article of clothing in her life.

By this time, of course, they had become good friends; and when his landlady died suddenly, so that he was forced to take his meals elsewhere, he came to her boarding house for them, in the most natural way in the world.

The utter impersonality of the man, his absolute lack of reference to his home, family or circumstances, would have been instantly remarked by anyone but the one girl Fate had thrown in his way. He and Willie were as removed from the rest of their tableful as a pair of Patagonians.

His lined worn face, with the sad, almost dazed eyes, held no charm for the few women in their special and advanced classes; her absent-minded and reserved courtesy

built, as always, a hedge about her. To each other they seemed perfectly normal gentlefolk, with an absorbing taste for science; to others, I fear, the landlady's brief description sufficed.

"A pair o' freaks, those two, I guess," said she; "but as good as gold, both o' them. Agriculturals will often be that way, I've noticed."

"I'd like awfully to ask you something," he said shyly one afternoon when they were working late, alone, in the laboratory. "What do they mean by my English accent, here? How can one speak English without an English accent?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she answered vaguely, one eye on her cross section, one hand on the screw of her microscope. "I never noticed that you spoke differently from anybody else."

"Oh," he said, relieved—"really! It always puts one off a bit when Americans mention it, you know. Now in Canada, of course, they don't."

"I've never been in Canada," said Willie, eye and hand still absorbed.

"I shouldn't wonder if I settled there after—afterward," he went on, evidently half to himself.

Quite unconsciously she had fallen on the only way to get anything out of him—to let him alone. You get a squirrel to run up your sleeve to your shoulder like that, in the park.

"After what?" she asked, only half attentive, reaching for another slide.

"After—after the war," he muttered; and her eyes, downward bent, caught a glimpse of his thin wiry hand clutching the rim of the table suddenly, so hard that the knuckles turned bluish white. She looked up. "The war?" she repeated. "The war?"

Her soft eyes searched a face as white as milk; trembling, writhen lips that worked wildly. His chest heaved and he swallowed hard.

"The war?" he mimicked in a shrill sort of crow. "Haven't you heard of it, then? Did you think I meant the Civil War? Ah ——"

Just then a heavy door banged like a cannon, and the man crumpled down and slipped out of his wooden chair sideways toward the floor. He had fainted dead away. This was in the summer of 1916.

Willie got up composedly, pushed back her microscope, eased him gently to the floor, loosened his collar, and got a tin of water from the sink across the room, which she poured over his head. From a large bottle marked "Pure Grain Alcohol" she poured a little into a glass beaker and managed to drip a teaspoonful or so between his teeth.

In a very few minutes he opened his eyes, stared emptily at her, and fumbled with his hand. She put her own into it promptly.

"Thanks, Sister," he murmured. "They got me, that time, didn't they?"

She soothed him and began to be a little frightened.

"Can you pull me round, or am I—am I done for?" he asked thickly.

"You'll—you'll be all right in a moment," she answered, hardly knowing what she said.

"That's good! That's good, Sister," he whispered, still staring; and suddenly something came back into his eyes and he drew a long breath and let go her hand.

"What's up?" he asked jerkily. "Miss Wilmington! What happened? Are you hurt?"

"No, no," she assured him. "You had a fall, Mr. Wilmerstone. You fainted, I think. Just sip this again. That's better."

He sat up against the wooden chair and smiled at her.

"You're a good, plucky girl," he said approvingly. "It was that infernal door slamming. What must you have thought of me? You see, I haven't the nerves of a sick kitten. But I can't speak of it; makes it worse, you know. Idea is to forget it—bury it. Put one's mind off. Shell shock, you know."

"Shell shock?" she repeated, her soft shortsighted eyes blinking. "Shell shock?"

"Where have you been living?" he said slowly. "Did you think I meant eggshells? Or oyster shells? Or—or peanut shells?" The color flew to his cheek bones. "We're fighting a war—a war," he cried, glaring at her; "the biggest fight there's ever been! Haven't you heard of it? What a country!"

"Yes, yes; of course," she assured him. "The war, of course. I wasn't thinking."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried sharply three times; and before her eyes he burst into tears.

His head dropped into his hands, and he sobbed as children sob, desperately, uncontrollably, beyond any comforting. It was a terrible sight, and Wilhelmina sat like a stone, staring at it. She didn't know what to do.

Two minutes passed—three, five. Mr. Wilmerstone sobbed as if he had been six, and not the six-and-thirty he looked to be. A lovely sunset stained everything red, and little soft calls of birds going to bed came in through the window. Somebody was watering the lawns, and the fresh odor of wet asphalt crept up, mixed with the clipped grass. Wilhelmina felt as if it must all be a dream.

Suddenly, as suddenly as he had begun, he stopped. Taking a large colored silk handkerchief from his pocket, he carefully dried his eyes, blew his nose, folded up the handkerchief, coughed once or twice, drew a long breath, and faced her with a distinctly becoming smile.

"Thank God, that's over!" he said briskly. "They said it might end that way. Wonderful, isn't it, what these medical chaps know? . . . Now, my dear young lady, I'm going to tell you a bit about this funny little war of ours. You can tell your friends, you see, and maybe when they hear about it they may decide to come in. It's bite or be bitten, you know. I was in the first O. T. C."

Sitting on the floor, his soft shortsighted eyes fixed on her face, he began; and the great war, in small, vivid first-hand pictures, pieced itself together before her. He had been through the Marne; he had seen an entire Canadian regiment cut to pieces before his eyes; he had just escaped the first gas attack.

There were four brothers of them—the youngest the only one to die. His father, overworked at recruiting and long hours, had a sudden heart failure a year ago. Thank goodness, the oldest brother, Alan, had been found, in time, to have inherited his weak heart, and had been invalided home to the War Office, where he was taking the dear old governor's place wonderfully.

Percival, the second, never even saw active service; he had been sent out to India with the first troops, caught a fever at Aden, had been laid up in a hill-town garrison, twisted and crippled with rheumatic fever, and struggled back finally. In his good weeks he made recruiting speeches from a wheel chair and inspected hospitals between times. He'd made a lot of clever machinery inventions—all sorts of foxy dodges to lighten the weight of machines, so that women could run them.

Alan had three lovely daughters; neither Percival nor Francis had married; Dick, who had died at Mons, had four beautiful little boys. His wife, nursing in mother's house, a hospital now, had his D. S. O. She was as cheerful as possible—sang to the men every evening.

And, of all idiotic things, he, Francis, had turned out the veteran soldier! He, the shy one, the studeht, the stay-at-home, who hated even hunting, because of the blood! It was a joke, really.

Had he grown to like it?

Not a bit; stupid idea, sensible men banging away at each other! Never got over the senseless criminal waste of it.! But there you were; it had to be done. No use jawing about it. Carry on, and get through with it.

How had he been wounded?

Oh, it was a silly sort of affair. He was dragging somebody out of a shell hole, and a silly old something-or-other exploded under his nose, and his ankle got cut up—rather. Just the kind of a wound he would have had, you know! They couldn't seem to get it straightened out, and he had to wear an iron brace on it. They couldn't attend to it directly, things being rather warm at the time, with lots of really severely wounded being brought in, and it got infected and they thought he might have to lose it; but the luck held, and it was only a matter of pottering about with a stout cane—for life, probably.

(Continued on Page 93)

So Willie Came Out, With Her Cousins, Anne Van Alstyne and Pussy Wilmington, at a Big Expensive Ball, Where She Had a Very Dull Time

ON NIGHT PATROL

By George Pattullo

AN OFFICIAL report of the incident would probably phrase it: "On receipt of the order, Lieut. Cabot Lee Higginson Jones, U. S. R., employed violent language," but that would entirely disguise his identity from his comrades, and would, moreover, be doing "Bud" a grave injustice. To say he "employed violent language" is a slur; he swore like a mule skinner, and I intend to give him full credit. The facts are that Lieut. Bud Jones tossed the note from the regimental intelligence officer onto the dugout table and groaned, clawing impotently at his hair, as one in the anguish of despair.

"What do you know about that armchair bonehead?" he raved. "He sits back there and dopes out stunts on paper that nobody'd dream of who knew anything about the lay of things!"

The captain assented gloomily. "They seem to think at headquarters all we got to do is write out reports," he said. "And a company'd have to be eight million strong to furnish all the working parties they ask for. Gee, I'd give a month's pay to get one of 'em out here in the trenches *for* twenty-four hours! Maybe they'd learn something about war then.

"Did you see what he wants?" continued Lieutenant Jones in a bellow like a drill sergeant's. "Tells me in cold black and white to proceed four hundred and fifty yards east from the bridge on patrol. Why, four hundred and fifty yards east from the bridge would land us square in the middle of the German wire! And then I suppose he went off to tea with some other Napoleon! A guy like that ought to be keeping bees."

The instructions were bad enough, but what touched Bud on the raw was the fact that the memorandum from the regimental intelligence officer contained a reprimand. It intimated that headquarters was tiring of the formula he invariably employed in patrol reports—that they were fed up on it—and the colonel expected something different from "Enemy wire in fair condition" next time he went out.

Bud's Patrol Goes Over the Top

"WHAT do they want me to say?" he demanded hotly. "Give 'em some word pictures about the frost on the barbs? The enemy wire's in fair condition, and that's all there is to it."

The captain patiently rubbed the top of his clipped head and remarked: "Better humor 'em. Maybe they want some details. So when you go out to-night try to find out whether Heinie's been doing any work on their wire or whether any of it is bust."

"But to-night's is a combat patrol, sir; I haven't had any orders to reconnoiter."

Not knowing precisely how to deal with this objection the company commander compromised. "Oh, well, if you don't catch any boches down there go out a ways and see what you can see," he said wearily. "I'll fix it with the major, and warn the other company."

A telephonic conference in code with the battalion commander resulted in a summons to the captain to report at the major's post of command, and there he received specific orders for the guidance of the patrol. As they are of no interest to us we will join Lieut. Bud Jones in his platoon dugout on the left of B5 sector.

It was seven-forty-five and biting cold. The members of the patrol, gathered in the trench, shivered as they waited. Perhaps it was because they were without overcoats, or perhaps—well, men always shiver before they go over the top or venture out into No Man's Land. Most of them coughed and then tried to check it; a few gulped from time to time. Several—but every football player knows the symptoms.

The flap over the door of the dugout lifted, letting out a thin streak of light, and a tall figure emerged.

"All ready, sergeant?" he whispered.

"Yes, sir."

Without another word Jones led the way. Every man had been thoroughly drilled in what he had to do, so that orders were unnecessary. They went stumbling along the trench toward a post at the tip of their salient.

There was a sprinkling of stars in the sky, but not a glimmer of moon, and the night was dark. The men could barely see the duck boards under their feet, and the walls of the trench were invisible except for the tips of the revetment posts showing dimly against the faint luminosity of the upper air.

The party would have looked like a bunch of masqueraders in daylight, for every man had his face blacked, and his eyes glared white like those of a frightened negro. They all breathed hard, too—one so distressingly that the lieutenant was moved to halt and caution him.

"I ain't feelin' good, sir," protested the doughboy in a whisper.

"You'll feel a lot better in a minute," was the grim rejoinder, and a couple of the others chuckled.

They went on, but the officer did not feel altogether easy in mind about Oblowski. He had reported sick that day, complaining of stomach trouble; but as stomach trouble is a fairly common malady among men detailed for work on the wire or night patrol, Jones had dismissed his excuse. A platoon commander has to ignore scores of complaints every week for the sake of discipline; otherwise every shirker might evade duty.

He had seventeen men in his patrol. Three of them were old soldiers with many years of service to their credit; two others spoke German as fluently as they did English; the remainder had joined from civil life shortly before sailing for France the previous June.

About twenty yards from the post they halted, to give the men final warning of their exit, in order that there might be no possibility of an overzealous sentry shooting in the direction of any noise they made. Then the party entered a sort of drainage ditch that led out of the trench and presently emerged into the open, behind their own wire.

A patch of brush screened them momentarily from the boche lines as they silently trod a path toward the first barbed barrier. The officer went ahead; behind him came the patrol in groups, in single file. There was a heavy frost on the ground, the air was clear, and sounds carried as they do on a sharp winter's day. It seemed to Bud that their progress must be audible in Berlin; as a matter of fact the soldiers in the post could not locate their position from the slight noise that reached their ears.

A gap had been cut in the innermost barrier of wire. They entered through this, penetrated to its far side, and then turned to the left down the broad clear lane between the first and second barriers. The grass was fairly long, and stiff with frost; it crackled under their feet. One of the automatic riflemen fell into a shell hole with a horrible rattling and din, and the patrol came to a halt, waiting tensely for an alarm. Surely one of the boche machine gunners must have heard and would crack down on them! Not a sound, except the spat of a rifle from their own trenches far to the right.

In the reaction of relief Bud became conscious of a peculiar dryness of the throat. Also his stomach seemed to have drawn up tight. He was frightened—nervously frightened—but he was not afraid. There's the distance of the sun from the earth between the two; he never went out on patrol without taut nerves and tingling apprehension, but it was not the fear that shrinks. It sprang more from an overwhelming sense of responsibility than from any risks he ran.

Oblowski Delays the Game

LIEUTENANT JONES was only twenty-three years old and had been peacefully engaged in selling bonds for a New York firm until the war broke, and now he was out in No Man's Land with seventeen husky doughboys, in momentary expectation of being blown to atoms by the German artillery or less messily removed from terrestrial activities by a sniper. And he knew to the marrow of his bones that the seventeen men at his back staked their lives on his vigilance and coolness.

The lane they followed ended at a road. That is to say, a road cut straight through the entire depth of our wire, crossed No Man's Land, and thence through the boches' lines. A layman might wonder why raiding parties could not take this road to penetrate into the enemy positions. The only explanation I can think of consists of the concentrated fire of some hundreds of three-inch and six-inch guns, assisted by swarms of machine guns, and the fact that the infantry in the trenches would like nothing better than to see it tried. Charging wildly on a full trench in the glare of midday would be almost as safe.

Just as they emerged into the road Private Oblowski got hung up on a loose strand and had to be extricated. Delays are irksome when you are running on schedule, with death lurking behind every blotch in the dark, and the incident did not make him any more popular with the lieutenant. Was it due to carelessness or the blindness of fear?

The patrol headed cautiously down the road, between the woven masses of our own wire. They passed two dense barriers of it and then debouched into open country. Their progress had been steadily downward, and now they were

(Continued on Page 76)

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WHISPERING WIRES

By Henry Leverage

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

Drew Snatched Up the Receiver. He Heard a Low Chuckling Laugh

IN THE greatest city on the map, in the Metropolis of Guilt and Guile, where Alias and Alibi ride in gum-shod limousines while Mary Smith of the pure heart walks the stone pavements with broken shoes, there is a mansion so rich and so rare that it stands alone.

Turrets and towers, green-bronze roof, Carrara-marbled portico and iron-grilled gates brought from Hyderabad, have made of this mansion the show place for those who parade the Avenue in an unending sash of fashion.

Out from this palace at the close of a winter's day there flashed the tiny pulsations of voice-induced currents, which were plugged upon the designated wires, and which entered, even as the voice was speaking, the sky-flung office of Detective Drew.

Triggy Drew, dark in complexion, stout, and forty-one to a month, bent his elbow, raised the receiver and pressed the diaphragm against his ear.

The voice that came over the wire was as clear as a bell within a bell: "Montgomery Stockbridge wants you."

Triggy Drew hung up the receiver, rose to his feet, reached across the desk and secured his overcoat and hat. He turned, then, and strode out through the office, passed the waiting operatives in the hallway, nodded to the doorman, and jabbed three times at a white button before a latticed-iron shaftway.

The elevator plumbed eighteen stories. The corridor was clear. A taxi stood at the curb in front of the building. Into this Drew stepped, whispered an address, and lounged back upon the seat as the driver cranked up the car and dropped into first, second and third speed.

Through Wall Street the taxi threaded, rounded to the Bowery, glided up between the car tracks and the Elevated pillars, crossed the town to Washington Park, and then took the long longitude of the Avenue as the shortest and quickest way to its destination.

Drew stepped out in front of the mansion of turrets and towers. He handed the driver a two-dollar bill. He started up the four rows of marble steps and, reaching an iron-grilled door, touched a button with an insistent thumb.

The door opened to a crack; then wide. A doorman in livery was waiting. Drew paused in the shaded gloom of the foyer hall, removed his overcoat and hat, handed them to the servant, peeled off his yellow kid gloves, and started after a butler, who had appeared and motioned toward the inner mansion.

The rugs beneath the detective's custom-made shoes were as thick as a Delmonico's beefsteak. The portières rustled with wealth and luxury. Old masters frowned down upon him. He came, at the heels of the lordly butler, to the sanctum and the famed library of Montgomery Stockbridge.

The munitions magnate sat near a great polished table. His seamed face and gray-thatched eyes lifted from a square of white paper, which was under a cone of rose light. He fastened upon Drew, between the curtains, a glance of tremendous intentiveness and concentration.

The butler vanished with sliding feet. Drew stepped forward. He nodded. His well-manicured fingers toyed with his watch chain as he waited for Stockbridge to speak. The order that came was harsh:

"Sit down!"

Drew turned and pulled forth a leather-bound chair. Into this he dropped, leaned forward, and rested his elbows upon the table. The magnate's brows worked up and down. His glance bored toward the envelope upon the table. His lips parted in a grim line.

"I've received a letter for your investigation," he said.

Drew crossed his legs. His eyes glazed with speculation.

"Blackmail?" he asked.

"Yes! Damn it, man; yes!"

Stockbridge snatched up the envelope, creased it, fished out a sheet of paper, and struck this with the knuckles of his right hand.

"I've sent for you to ferret this out. Arrest the miscreant! Make him—or her—pay!"

"May I see it?"

The letter volplaned across the polished table.

"Ridgewood Cemetery," drawled Drew politely. "Dated yesterday. Signed in blue ink by the—superintendent. Looks official and—smells—ah!" The magnate moved closer to the edge of the table. "Smells graveyardy," continued Drew; "flowers and urns and new-turned earth. It seems to be the bare announcement that the grave you have ordered dug in the family plot is ready."

"Quite so!" snapped Stockbridge with choler.

"Who's dead?" asked the detective.

"Dead? Damn it—nobody's dead in our family!"

"I mean—well ——" drawled Drew, recrossing his legs. "I mean —— Then this is a practical joke?"

"Practical! Impractical, you had better say! It's a threat to Loris and me. We're the only ones interested."

"Has she seen this letter?"

"Certainly! I keep nothing from her."

"And she does not know anything about it?"

"Absolutely nothing! It came in the late mail last night. I called the cemetery people up; got the superintendent. He said that Conroy—Doctor Conroy, our family physician—phoned him and ordered the grave dug. Said a death was about to occur in the Stockbridge family! Conroy said he never sent any such message."

"Then," said Drew with conviction, "it's a practical joke and unworthy of notice."

Stockbridge snarled like a mastiff. He leaned far over the table. His finger pointed straight between the detective's unflinching eyes.

"It's blackmail, or worse, Drew. You know me! I'm a hard man, they say. There are many who would get me if they could. There's that devil in human form—Morphy; the one you helped me send away for from ten to twenty years up the river. He lost his appeal to the governor last week. He's capable of anything."

"You'll never hear from him again."

"I'm not so sure. Then there are the others. What man can rise to-day without pulling a few down? Wall Street and Broad Street are full of curbstone blackmailers who knew me when I was taking chances. Thank God, I got above them!"

Drew eyed the letter with arching brows. He waited to hear more.

"Yes; above them!" continued Stockbridge. "There's that Nichols—Harry Nichols. He's got a champagne thirst and a grape-juice salary. Threw him out of the house the other day. He was calling upon Loris. Think of it! Then there's Vogel. There are Vogel's friends. There's a wolf pack, with Morphy's brother among them, who would like to see me in Ridgewood Cemetery. I'll fool them! I want you to handle this case as you handled the evidence against Morphy. As ——"

"I'll be only too glad to handle it, Mr. Stockbridge, when it ——"

B-r-r-r! B-r-r-r! B-r-r-r! B-r-r-r! Stockbridge wheeled in his chair, leaned over to a little ebony table littered with bronze ash trays, and lifted the receiver of the insistent telephone.

Drew watched him. The tenseness of a static overcharge was in the air of the room. The face of the magnate, at first cold with hauteur, changed over the listening seconds to venom and anger. The diaphragm of the instrument hissed its message. A click followed this hissing. Stockbridge replaced the receiver, dropped down in the chair, and eyed the phone.

Drew half rose, with hands on the edge of the larger table. The magnate turned, with his chin describing an upward arc. The eyes that blazed and burned across the room at the half-standing detective were glazed and fire-laden.

"What —— Who was it?" asked Drew.

Stockbridge stared at the letter in Drew's hand. His lips grew taut. A pasty hue deepened to a greenish pallor upon his face.

"Who was it?" he repeated absently. "Why, it was a death threat! It was what I expected! It followed the letter. They will get me; they ——"

Stockbridge's muscles stiffened.

"Bah!" said Drew. "This is a modern age. Who phoned?"

"I don't know. All I do know is what he said."

"What did he say?"

"That I shall be a dead man within twenty-four hours. That I shall be in my grave in seventy-two. He mentioned the letter from the cemetery people. He gave details that only a few know—early follies of mine—an actress—a deal in War Babies, which was hushed up."

"Did you recognize the voice?"

"No; it was hollow—whispering—consumptive."

"Just what did he say?"

"What I told you—with the addition that he was going to get Loris later."

"I'll take the case!" snapped Drew.

Stockbridge tried to smile. He pushed back from the ebony table as Drew glided across the room, pressed the ash trays aside impatiently, picked up the receiver, and moved the hook with his broad thumb.

"Hello! Hello!" he repeated. "Hello, Central! Hello, Central! What's the matter here? Connection seems to be broken."

Stockbridge frowned.

"Wire cut," he suggested.

"Must be! Hello! Hello! Hello!" Drew tapped the diaphragm end against the nickel-plated transmitter. His eyes narrowed when no answer came over the wire. They swung toward Stockbridge with heavy-lidded calculation.

"Have you another phone in this house?" he asked.

"Yes—two more. This is Gramercy Hill 9763. The other two—one in Loris' room and one in the butler's pantry—are Gramercy Hill 9764 and 9765."

"I want that phone call traced before it gets cold," said Drew. "Have your butler lead me to his phone. We'd better get a trouble hunter over from the Gramercy Hill Exchange. In addition ——"

"Go on!" said Stockbridge intently.

"I'll phone the office for five operatives—no, six. This may all be a hoax; but I've lived forty-one years too long to overlook a threat of this kind, particularly when it concerns a man who—who has made as many real live enemies as you have."

The butler arrived in answer to Stockbridge's pressure on a foot button. Drew stepped back from the table, followed the figure in somber livery down to the basement, where he snapped a series of orders into the phone that set the cut glass tinkling. He was back with Stockbridge in five minutes.

"All set!" he announced. "Now while we wait for the trouble man we'll get ready for trouble here. How about that butler—your servants?"

"All old, tried and trusted. Wife picked them before she died."

"How about those two windows?" Drew advanced over the thick pile of the library rug and spread aside the curtains. "There's a good catch here," he mused. "It's closed on this one. It's all right on the other," he added, parting the second set of curtains. "They haven't been up for some time. Suppose you order the butler or doorman to shut the outer blinds. That'll leave only the doorway for a possible entrance—if anyone tries"

"Good! We'll take all precautions."

Drew caught the note of defiance. He smiled; then raised his brows as the butler entered, carrying a silver tray upon which was a bottle of Bourbon and a single glass.

Stockbridge moistened his thin lips thirstily and whispered into the butler's ear; then watched Drew as he went over the walls of the library with the keen trained scrutiny of a man hunter and a modern operative.

"These bookcases?" Drew inquired, standing back. "How about them?"

A glass clicked against the tray as Stockbridge said:

"All right. They're all right. I had them put in. I just ordered so many feet of books—six hundred, I think it was—and they filled the order. All I ever read is the magazines and the financial news in the papers."

"Can this door be locked?" Drew glanced toward the hallway.

"Yes, locked and bolted securely from the inside. I often lock myself in to avoid ——"

The magnate stiffened in his chair, eyed the heavy curtains of the opening; then bent his body downward and shielded the view of the Bourbon whisky and the one glass as a vision in an evening gown swept forward and allowed the portières to drop into their places.

Drew recognized Loris Stockbridge from her newspaper photos. Her face softened in the rose light as she glided round the table and laid an unjeweled hand upon her father's shoulder. She swished her skirts and smiled as Drew bowed with Old World courtesy.

He resumed his examination of the books and cases. Before his close-lidded eyes, however, as he went over the bindings, remained the picture of a slender elegant figure, crowned with a knotted turban of blue-black hair, which, when uncoiled, must have been luxuriant enough to reach to her knees.

A gushing torrent of silvery unbridled emotion filled the great room. She had leaned and spoken into Stockbridge's ear. Drew caught words of caution and concern. He heard her repeat "Be careful, father! Remember, you're all I have. That letter. Your enemies. Please, dear, go to bed early."

She glided across the library rug, turned, tossed back her head and fastened upon Drew large black-lashed eyes, which contained the fire of youth and health. Drew bowed. A swish of silk and perfumed laces came to him. The curtains closed and left the room empty for her passing.

"A mighty fine girl!" thought Drew. "I'd hate to remove a delusion from her—Harry Nichols, for instance."

The butler entered, beef-red of face.

"Th' trouble man from th' telephone company is 'ere, sir," he announced in heavy accents. 'E's been hover th' junction box in th' alley, sir. 'E's waitin' downstairs, sir. Says th' trouble is up 'ere. Shall I show 'im hup, sir?"

"They'll Not Pull Anything on Her. I'm Going to Round Out This Case by Midnight"

"Yes," snapped Stockbridge. "Yes; show him up!"

Drew thrust his hands into his coat pockets and waited. A clinking of tools sounded. A shambling step was in the hallway.

"This woly," rumbled the butler in a tone of superiority.

The curtains opened and let through a slouching figure, with a greasy cap drawn down over peering eyes. Round the trouble hunter's shoulder a strap ran, which held a lineman's satchel at the hip.

"Take a quick look at that phone," suggested Drew.

Stockbridge rose lankily and made room. The trouble man swung off his satchel. He dropped it to the hardwood floor of the library near the little ebony table. He fished out a testing set from his breast and hesitated.

"I'll test here," he said. "The clamps cut through the insulation of the leads near the bell box."

"Hello! Hello!" Drew heard. "Hello! This you, Marie? . . . Say, Marie, give me Franklyn Official seventeen. . . . Yes. . . . Hello! Hello! This you, Tupper? This is Albert, testing. . . . Yes. . . . Nothing wrong with the junction box in the alley. I'll try the house connections."

A click of metal sounded as the lineman went over every inch of exposed wiring. He straightened and examined the transmitter and receiver. Pliers came out and rattled over the connections and binding posts.

"This seems all right," he announced with a puzzled scratching of his head. "You can talk here, all right. . . . Hello!" he whispered. "Hello, Marie! What number's this? . . . Yes. . . . Gramercy Hill 9763. O. K. Tell Franklyn Official that I took forty minutes on the job—at double time. . . . Yes—bridle—everything's all right."

"Just a minute," said Drew as the lineman replaced the receiver and swung the tool bag to his hip. "Just a minute, please. Where was the trouble?"

"You can search me, sir. It wasn't here—that's a cinch."

"How about the junction box?"

"Looked all right. I cleaned and scraped the connections."

"Did you see anybody about?"

The trouble man scratched his ear.

"Seems to me I did. A fellow climbed over a back fence just as I came into the alley."

"What kind of a fellow? How did he look?"

"Looked back."

"No! No! What was his general appearance?"

"Couldn't see, mister; too far away. Tall, I think."

"That'll do."

The waiting butler parted the library curtains and allowed the lineman to go through to the hallway.

"Odd!" said Drew, turning toward Stockbridge. "Rather odd. Tall fellow, eh? Probably that was the man who cut in on the wire and threatened you. I'll go outside and see if Delaney and the other operatives have arrived. Please tell your butler to stay right here with you. I won't be away very many minutes."

Outside the mansion, across the Avenue, Drew's eyes rested upon a taxi with its engine running. The light from an overhead arc showed that it was filled with men. He crossed, jerked open the door, and peered inside.

"Right here, boys," he whispered. "Get this block covered, Delaney. Two of you go into the alley back of Stockbridge's and stay there till you hear from me. Watch the telephone wires and everything. It's an all-night job, with pay and a half."

The operatives sprang out. Delaney turned toward the taxi driver and was about to dismiss him.

"Keep him round the corner," Drew ordered.

"You come with me inside the house. I want you to look that library over; also the old man's bedroom."

"What's coming off?" asked Delaney as they climbed the steps of the mansion.

"Greek meet Greek, I guess. Stockbridge is no saint. Somebody has given him twenty-four hours to live. That's more than he ever gave the shorts in Munitions Preferred! Remember how we sent Morphy away last year? It was a case of two thieves falling out—only Stockbridge got to the district attorney first. He ——"

"All right!" added Drew as the doorman opened the door to a crack. "All right! This is Mr. Delaney, one of my men."

The magnate sat between the two tables of the library. The rose light from the hanging lamp over his head brought out the firm resolve that was in his mind. No sign of fear was upon his shrewd craft-lined face. He eyed Delaney suspiciously.

"My right bower—Mr. Delaney," explained Drew, rubbing his hands. "Might be a good idea," he added, "for Delaney to take a look at your bedroom. What time are you going to retire?"

"The usual time—about one."

Drew glanced at his watch.

"Ten-forty now," he reflected. "All right, Delaney. Follow Mr. Stockbridge's butler upstairs and look the bedroom over. Take particular notice of the windows and doors. Don't overlook anything. A trifle may mean much."

Delaney was back in the library within ten minutes.

"Everything fine, chief," he reported. "Searched, posted a valet, and locked the windows. Ready?"

"Yes." Drew turned and stepped to the table. "Understand, Mr. Stockbridge," he said—"understand clearly that there will be seven of us outside the mansion. Also, we have the entire police and detective force of New York to call upon. There should be no trouble."

Stockbridge reached toward the little ebony table, pulled out a drawer, and extended a box of Havana cigars.

"Help yourself," he said. "Take a handful. We'll smoke to the yelping curs. I'm leaving everything to you. That's my rule in life. And when we get these letter writers and telephone blackmailers we'll send them after Morphy—eh?"

"We shall!" said Drew. "Good night! Be sure to lock yourself in and post your butler outside. Don't go upstairs alone. And —— Well, good night "

Drew glanced back through the curtains as the butler started to close the great door. The munitions magnate had risen to his full height. His blue-veined hands were pressing upon the polished surface of the center table. His eyes had narrowed to pin points. His teeth were clamped upon the butt of a Havana. The posture was one of defiance and utter disregard for the enemies he had made.

The door closed, with a strong lock clicking. Drew and Delaney waited in the hallway till the butler came forward silently.

"Watch that door!" instructed Drew. "Stay right by it under all circumstances. I charge you with that duty."

They were out in the Avenue and over to the waiting taxi before they turned and glanced at the mansion.

It blotted out half of the sky with its towering turrets and ornate bays. Snow was falling aslant its mellowed windows. Drew turned away and leaned toward the taxi driver.

"Run your car over to the other corner," he ordered. "Get a position where we can watch that house without being watched. Where are Flood, Cassady and Flinn?" he added, turning toward Delaney.

"Flood's chinning with the fixed-post cop. Flinn and Cassady are in the alley back of the house. Joe and O'Toole went over to the east. That squares the square—including us."

Drew stepped into the taxicab. Delaney followed him. They closed the door and felt the glad warmth of the exhaust-heated interior. Drew rubbed the rear glass with the palm of his hand. He lowered this as he pressed the tip of his nose against the cold surface. Delaney winced under the grip of steel fingers which crushed through his coat sleeve

"Somebody is coming out of the house!" whispered the detective.

A girl descended the white steps. She paused on the sidewalk. She glanced up and down the Avenue. Then she hurried north and turned the corner in a flurry of snow.

"Trail her!" ordered Drew, opening the taxi's door. "Trail her, Delaney, and keep her in sight. I'd know her in a million."

"Who is she, chief?" asked Delaney, on the step of the taxi.

"Loris Stockbridge. There—she twinkles! See her white spats? See her furs? She's some queen to be out a night like this. Don't let her get away. That's it, Delaney."

Delaney sprang to the curb. He rounded the blanketed hood of the taxi. He glided along the pavement; then crossed the Avenue and disappeared into the gloom of the cañon whose walls were towering apartments and whose end was marked by a row of arc lights across which snow, swirled from housetops and the leaden vault of the sky, sifted like fine diamonds of the night.

The Avenue churned with its returning theater parties and nighthawk cabs. The great grilled gates and doorways of the Stockbridge mansion were shut. The lights of the upper windows went out one by one. There remained, however, a soft rose glow at the two bays in the front, where the library was situated. Drew marked the snow on the ledges outside the storm blinds, whose slats were slightly opened.

A swift crunch at the side of the taxi, the turning of the door lock, and a burly outline in black announced Delaney.

"All right, chief," he puffed, slamming the door. "All right—move over. Here she comes back."

Drew rubbed the frosted glass vigorously. A blurred form, close to the wall of the side street, proved to be Loris Stockbridge. She turned the corner, glanced back over her sabled shoulder, pressed her hands deeper into her muff, and almost ran for the steps leading up to the mansion.

She let herself in with a key. She stood framed within the mellow oblong of the opening. She was gone, with a quick closing of the door. A chuckling sounded at Drew's side.

"Connected with a blond lad in a fur benny," said Delaney.

"Where?"

"At the corner drug store. He was waiting. They had a soda—cherry sundae—an' chinned a bit. She's sweet on him, whoever he is He handed her a little flat box, which she put in her muff as quick as any shophoister. It was just about the size of a half-pound box of chocolates. Might have been a smoke wagon, though; one of those little watch-charm affairs—all polished up, without a punch."

"A gat?"

"Sure, chief! Might have been one. He kept looking round before he slipped it to her. I was outside by the chewing-gum machine, where they couldn't see me."

"What became of him?"

"I tended to that, chief. I spots O'Toole chinning with the C. O. man on the opposite corner. He came over when I pulled out my handkerchief. He's after the blond lad with the fur benny. The C. O. dick is covering the corner of the block. O'Toole will have it all as soon as he puts the boy to bed."

Drew rubbed the glass and strained his eyes. The Avenue had quieted during the half hour after midnight. Belated pedestrians glanced at the taxi curiously. The snow had ceased falling.

Delaney fished out a great watch and studied its dial with the aid of the light that came in through the side window.

"Twelve-forty-five," he announced heavily. "Wish I'd brought a pint along—this is going to be an all-night session."

"Quiet!" signaled Drew.

Delaney replaced the watch. He cleared the side pane with his elbow and glanced down and across the Avenue at the doorway of the mansion. It was closed. A light, however, appeared below it, where the servants and tradesmen's entrance was. A man emerged. He crossed the sidewalk and stood at the curb. He turned and came toward the taxi with faltering bewildered steps.

"The butler!" snapped Drew. "That's Stockbridge's butler! What's happened—inside?"

"God only knows!" exclaimed Delaney.

Drew opened the downtown door of the cab to a crack. He thrust his hand out and waved it. The butler caught the signal, straightened like a man in sight of his quest, and hurried across the ice-sheathed Avenue

"What is it?" asked Drew.

"I don't know, sir. Somethin' 'appened. Th' telephone company rang us on th' downstairs telephone. Th' chief operator said to hang up th' receiver on th' hook in th' master's library, sir."

"Well? Well?" said Drew, feeling Delaney's hot breath over his shoulder.

"I knocked hon th' door, sir. 'E must be in there, sir; but 'e don't answer."

"How hard did you knock? He may be sleeping "

"Very 'ard, sir. I 'it with my 'eel, sir "

"Come on!" said Drew, grasping Delaney's sleeve. "Something is wrong."

They followed the butler across the icy Avenue and into the mansion. Delaney stepped close to his chief's heels as they mounted the stairway leading from the basement to the main floor.

The doorman, half dressed, stood like a Tower beefeater in front of the library door. He gave way as Drew pressed him aside and rapped vigorously upon the stout panels. He repeated the rapping.

"Stockbridge couldn't have gone upstairs?" asked Delaney.

"'E's in there, sir," the butler said sepulchrally. "I know 'e's in there. I've been on th' watch since you left—except when I went after Mr. Drew."

"Listen!" said Drew.

Four heads bobbed and pressed their ears against the polished teak wood. Two faces grew set and hard.

A low whine like the howl of a wild thing rose to a reed note of moribund terror. It died; then resumed its shrieking. It leaped the octaves from no tone to a blare of a soul in agony. Then it suddenly struck down the scale in descending steps of mocking laughter.

"Look out!" shouted Drew, springing back. "Look out there! I'm going to break down the door."

The detective lunged forward. He crashed against the panel near the lock and bolt with a fullback's energy. He backed away.

"Hold on, chief!" Delaney said. "That's no use. The door is three inches thick. I had a look at it. Wait!"

Drew rubbed his right shoulder as Delaney sent the butler for an ax.

"The only way, chief," explained the operative. "I've been in too many of Devery's raids not to know. I'm the one who took Honest John Kelsey's front door down for him."

The puffing butler appeared with a fire ax. He passed it over to Drew.

Drew waved the servant away. He moistened his palms He swung the ax and crashed its keen edge into the panel He followed this blow with another. The dark wood splintered. An opening had been made. Thus he enlarged till Delaney pulled off the fragments of wood and reached through. "Is the key there?" asked Drew.

"Yes. I turned it. Here is the bolt. Both were locked, chief, on the inside."

"Stand here," said Drew "I'm going in alone."

Drew jerked open the splintered door. He hesitated. He brushed aside the portières with his left arm as he advanced with his right hand at his hip, where a bulge marked the presence of a revolver He stood rigid. His eyes took in the details of the huge room. He sniffed its air. A frown creased his forehead.

A powder explosion had left an acrid trace The white paper and envelope from the Cemetery Company were upon the large table under the cone of rose light. The smaller table had been overturned. The whisky bottle and glass lay at the edge of the rug. The telephone transmitter and receiver were on the hardwood floor, where they had fallen with the ash trays and the butts of two Havana cigars. The aged millionaire lay crumpled against the wainscoting. His head was half under his left shoulder. His iron-gray hair was singed black.

(Continued on Page 81)

Her Dusk-Black Eyes Burned and Blazed Across the Room With a Shimmer of Amusement

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE BATTLE OF BATTLES

By IRVIN S. COBB

WE LEFT Paris at an early hour of the morning of the fourth day of the greatest battle in the history of this or any other war, and of the third day of the bombardment of Paris by the long-range steel monster which already had become famous as the latest creation of the Essen workshops.

There were three of us and no more—Raymond Carroll, Martin Green and I. To each of the three the present excursion was in the nature of a reunion. For more than six years we held down adjoining desks in the city room of a New York evening newspaper. Since we parted, Carroll and I to take other berths and Green to bide where he was, this had been the first time we had met on the same assignment.

I counted myself lucky to be in their company, for two better newspaper men never walked in shoe leather. Carroll among reporters is what Elihu Root is among corporation lawyers. There are plenty of men in the journalistic craft who know why certain facts pertinent to the proper telling of a tale in print may not be secured; he, better than almost any man I ever ran across in this business, knows how these facts may be had, regardless of intervening obstacles. In his own peculiar way, which is a calm, quiet, detached way, Green is just as effective. When it comes to figuring where unshirted Hades is going to break loose next and getting first upon the spot he is a regular Nathan Bedford Forrest. His North American sanity, which is his by birth, and his wit, which is his by inheritance, give strength and savor to what he writes once he has assembled the details in that card index of a mind of his.

Strokes of Sheer Luck

WE LEFT Paris, heading north by east in the direction whence came in dim reverberations the never-ending sound of the big guns firing in the biggest of all big engagements. Through the courtesy of friends who are members of the French Government we bore special passes admitting us to the Soissons area. Later we were to learn that we were the only individuals not actively concerned in military operations who at this particularly momentous time had been thus favored, all other such passes having been canceled; and by the same lucky token we are, I believe, the only three newspaper men of any nationality whatsoever who may lay claim to having witnessed at first-hand any part of the close-up fighting in the most critical period and in one of the most critical spots along the crest of the culminating German offensive of this present year of grace and gunpowder, 1918.

Indeed, so far as the available information goes, I think we were the only practitioners of the writing trade who actually got to the actual Front in the first week of the push. Whether any of our calling have got there in the succeeding weeks, I doubt. These times the war correspondent, so called, does not often enjoy such opportunities. After the army has dug itself in is another matter; then, within limitations, he may go pretty much where he pleases to go. But when the shove is on he stays behind, safely at the rear with the rest of the camp followers, and compiles his dispatches from the official communications, fatting them out with details out of the accounts of eyewitnesses and occasionally of participants.

For the three of us, though, was to be vouchsafed the chance which comes but once in the modern newspaper man's life, and sometimes not then. By a combination of rare luck and yet more rare luck we not only got to the Front but we got clear through it. As I write these lines I figuratively pat myself on the back at the thought of having seen what I never expected to see when I landed on French soil less than a month ago. At the same time it behooves me to disclaim for the members of our party that any special sagacity on our part figured in the transaction. Good fortune came flitting along and perched on our shoulders, that's all.

If our passes had shared the common fate of those other passes in being annulled, if anyone charged with authority had seen fit to halt us, if any one of a half dozen other things had or had not befallen us—we never should have gone where we did go.

Except that we three were the only passengers on the train who did not wear French uniforms, and except that the train ran very slowly, nothing happened on the journey to distinguish it from any other wartime journey on a railroad where always there is to be heard the distant booming of the guns mingling with the clickerty-clank of the car wheels, and where always the sight of all manner of military activities is to be viewed from the car windows.

In a deep cut we halted. When we had waited there for perhaps twenty minutes a kindly officer volunteered the information in broken English that the station at Soissons was being shelled and that if we intended to enter the town it behooved us to walk in. So we took up our traps and walked.

Through old trenches where long-abandoned German defenses once had run in zigzags across the flanks of the hills we labored up to the top, to find the road along the crest cumbered and in places almost clogged with marching troops on their way back to rest billets, and with civilians fleeing southward from Soissons or from evacuated villages within the zone of active hostilities. We seemingly were the only civilians going in; all those we met on that three-mile hike were coming out. To me the spectacle was strikingly and pathetically reminiscent of Belgium in mid-August of 1914—old men trudging stolidly ahead with loads upon their bent backs; women, young and old, dragging carts or pushing shabby baby carriages that were piled high with their meager belongings; grave-faced children trotting along at their elders' skirts; wearied soldiers falling out of the line to add to their already heavy burdens as they relieved some half-exhausted member of the exodus of an unwieldly pack. Over the lamentable procession hung a fog of gritty chalk particles that had been winnowed up by the plodding feet. Viewed through the cloaking dust the figures drifted past us like the unreal shapes of a dream. I saw one middle-aged sergeant, his whiskers powdered white and his face above the whiskers masked in a sweaty white paste like a circus clown's, who, for all that he was in heavy marching order, had a grimed mite of a baby snuggled up to the breast of his stained tunic, with its little feet dangling in the crisscross of his leather gear and its bobbing head on his shoulder. He carried the baby with one hand and with the other hand he dragged his rifle; and he looked down smiling at the bedraggled little mother who traveled alongside him shoving before her a barrow in which another child sat on a pillion of bed clothes.

Unconquerable Peasants

I SAW two infantrymen slide down a steep embankment to give aid to an old woman who struggled with a bundle almost as large as herself, and then, having accomplished the job, running with their accouterments slapping against their legs to catch up with their company. I saw scores of sights such as this, and I did not hear one word of complaint uttered, nor did I look into one face that expressed aught save courage and patience. And seeing these things, multiplied over and over again, I said to myself then, as I say to myself now, that I do not believe Almighty God in His infinite mercy designs that such people as these shall ever be conquered.

Only one person spoke to us. A captain, grinning at us as he plodded by at the head of his company, said with a rearward flirt of his thumb over his shoulders:

"No good, no good! Much boom-boom!"

Much boom-boom was emphatically right. Over the clustered tops of the city the hostile shells were cracking, and frequently to our ears there came along with the smashing notes of the explosives the clatter of tumbling walls and smashing tiles. Drawing nearer we divined that the cannonading was directed mainly at the railroad station, so skirting to the left of the district under fire we made our way through almost deserted side streets to the center of the town.

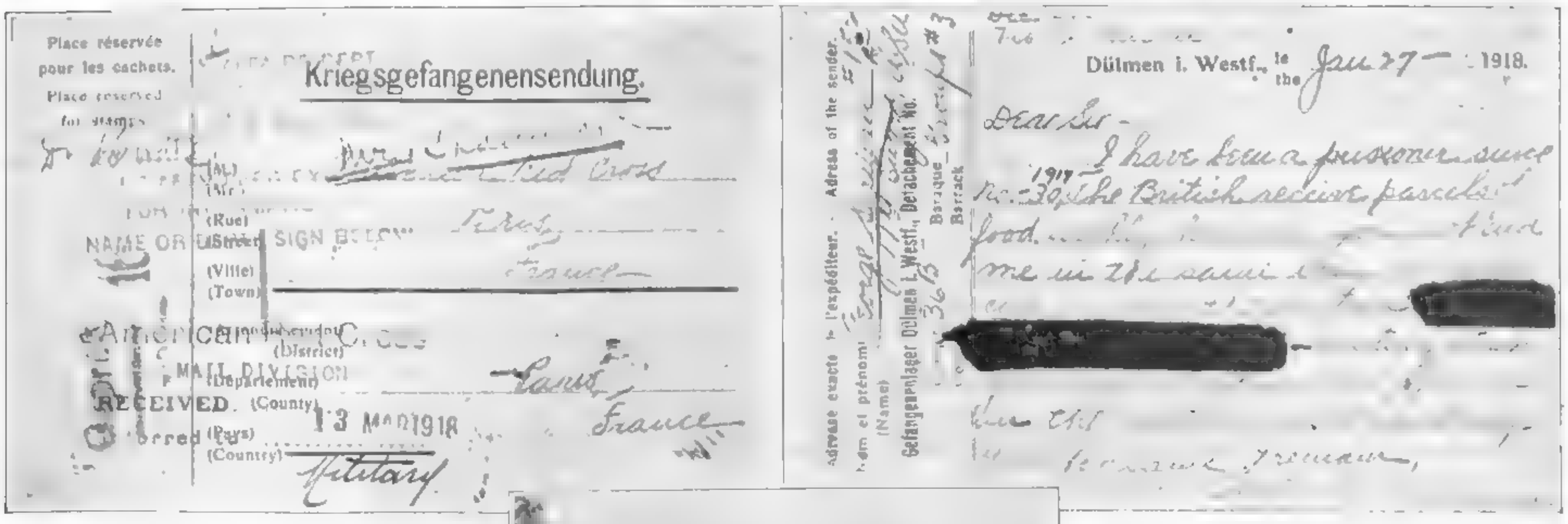
Hardly a house or a wall along our route but bore marks of punishment. Some were fallen into heaps of ruins; some merely were pecked and scarred, with corners bitten out of the walls and chimneys broken into fantastic

Continued on Page 50

A Sensitive Cop!

Private McCorkle, Prisoner of War—By Elizabeth Frazer

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION



Postcard From an American Prisoner in Germany, Showing the Censor's Erasures

JOHNNY McCORKLE, known to his familiars as Blink, and to his officers as Private McCorkle, Company G, Fifty-blankth Infantry, Amex Forces, sat rereading his mother's letter, a far-away light in his eyes. Please do not be sentimentally misled about that far-away light in Johnny's eyes.

Just before going up to the first-line trenches that night with the relief, Johnny had been handed two letters, one from his mother and the other from his girl. The former he had stuffed into his pocket for comfortable reading later on—forgive him, mother!—and the latter he had opened on the spot, just to see how Katie was making it anyway. Also to see whether she had received the green bead necklace made by a bona fide wooden-legged soldier, which Blink had remitted to her forty-two days before.

She had not. Her letter apparently had been written at about the same time that Blink was gayly parley-vooing his way through the sale with a young French demoiselle near Katie's own age and fresh charm, but with an added dash of coquetry in the soft beamy dark eyes, which said plainer than tongue that Blink of the blue eyes and ruddy sunburnt cheeks and one hundred and eighty-two pounds of clean solid fighting strength was just about the nicest thing that had ever happened in her little shop. And if Katie had not held Blink's heart as stanchly as the French held Verdun, saying to all and sundry girls "They shall not pass! They shall not pass!" there is no telling—but she did. And so that international rapprochement was blocked.

Arrived in the first-line trenches with nothing but a patch of ever-thickening gloom between him and the enemy he arranged his small affairs, learned that there was nothing on for that night in the way of raids, smoked a pensive cigarette, and at length bethought himself of his mother's letter. He drew it forth, read it by the light of a shaded pocket torch, and at a certain passage he began to wink very fast and hard.

Mr. Jass Makes a Sporting Offer

THIS was a nervous affection which had caused his nickname. When Johnny became excited his blue eyes changed to violet black, and he began to wink rapidly. And that interrupted blue-black flashing beam of his, reenforced by the smiling lips below, was very hard to resist.

The passage in his mother's letter to which he had returned for another reading was this:

Old Mr. Jass wants to know whether you have caught your first Hun. He says to tell you that the day he receives word to that effect he is going to deposit one hundred dollars in the bank to your credit, and a similar sum for every additional Hun thereafter. He calls it a bounty, but I call it a sin. Oh, my dear son, be careful!

This passage was the cause of the far-away gleam in Blink's eyes. But that gleam was not produced by yearning for his mother, or for Mr. Jass, or for the latter's offer of gold. The remarks of old Mr. Jass, the town plutocrat and banker, had simply served to lay bare the secret desire of the young soldier's soul.

Wounded American Soldiers

Blink wanted a Hun. He wanted to catch a Hun. He wanted to catch him alive, all by himself, with his own two hands. And now that dreamy, pensive, far-away look in his eyes is explained. It meant only that he was visualizing with concentrated intensity all the picturesque details of that thrilling man hunt. He saw himself sneaking noiselessly over the top of the trench, crawling cautiously round the barbed-wire entanglements, gaining the German lines, pausing a moment to listen and to peer over the lip of the trench, dropping casually upon some startled Hun, propelling him swiftly and surely back to his own sector, turning him in like a lost umbrella to the proper authorities with a simple "A Hun I found, sir! . . . 'Where?' . . . Oh, in his trench!" and finally, the congratulations of his companions over, inditing a post card to old Jass as follows: "*Dear Mr. Jass:* About that Hun. I got him. But I can't accept the hundred dollars, thanks just the same. It wouldn't seem right somehow. Say, it wasn't any excitement at all. Not to compare with that wild cat I caught up in the cañon behind your barn."

Blink saw that post card, with his own writing on it, as plainly as if it were already an accomplished fact. Once, when he was seventeen, he had captured a young wild cat, and he still remembered what a magnificent scrap the powerful, wiry, opal-eyed little fury had put up. Was a Hun as fierce as a wild cat? He guessed not! It is significant that never once did Blink conceive an unhappy ending to his adventure. He was one of those incurable optimists.

Presently, the open letter still in his hand, he rose and stared a long moment over the parapet. Thick, soft blackness. He tilted up his chin and stared above. Not a single star alive, a second blackness. What a night for a raid!

"Hello, Blink. That you?" said a voice, as a companion ranged up alongside.

"Yes. Hello there, Ed."

"Heard the news?"

"No. What?"

"Colonel X got his Hun. Last night's raid."

"What?" gasped Blink. He sucked in a hard breath. "How did he do it? Why, he's the chief of staff. How came he to go over the top?"

"Wanted his Hun! So he just sneaked out with the rest like any common dub, and brought in his man. Some guy boy, eh? It takes nerve for that."

"Oh, I don't know, Ed," replied Blink with becoming modesty, still thinking of the postal he had just imagined; "I don't think those fellows are so very fierce—not when you come on them alone."

The Beginning of Ill Luck

"THAT'S just it," retorted Ed sagely. "How can you be sure that you'll come on 'em alone? You can't. You might tumble into a whole nestful—and then where'd you be? Next thing you'd know you'd be working twenty-five hours a day in a salt mine. The thing's not so dashed simple as it looks."

"Oh, of course," scoffed Blink, turning on his heel and stalking off in the dark, "if you're going to be scared to death before you begin ——"

Ten minutes later he hoisted himself up over the sandbags which topped the parapet.

The blackness now round and above was absolute. But there was a soft breeze which bore direct from the enemy's lines. A good night for a gas wave if Fritz felt so inclined. For an inappreciable space Blink lingered, crouching, one hand pressed lightly to earth like a runner about to begin a race, while he stared intently before him. The next moment he was up and off, moving as silently and surely as a coyote across the intervening space of open ground. Once he stumbled into a knee-high barrage of barbed wire which gashed his left wrist badly and must have opened a small vein, for he could feel the warm fluid ooze into his palm. He stopped and bandaged it firmly with a clean handkerchief. It was the beginning of ill luck.

After that he felt his way with still greater caution. A few minutes later his reconnoitering foot struck what appeared to be a block of solid rock. He bent down and ranged over it gently with his palms. Concrete below, sandbags above—undoubtedly the enemy's first-line parapet. Blink's heart missed a beat for joy. Gripping firmly his trench knife, his sole weapon—for at the last instant he had discarded his gun as too unwieldy for close quarters—he clambered warily over the sandbags, poised himself lightly for the vault downward into the unknown, drew a full breath, and then—his foot turned on a pebble.

Crash! His knife leaped from his hand, hit the side of the trench, ricocheted, and fell into what appeared to be a pile of tinware. Rattle! Clatter! Bang! It was a noise to wake the dead. *(Continued on Page 41)*

BOLSHEVIKING THE SWISS

By Carl W. Ackerman

GENERALLY speaking, Switzerland is the home for everyone in Europe without a home. Exiles, revolutionists, anarchists, refugees, deserters, capitalists, ex-kings and ex-convicts, pro-German Americans, anti-German Austrians, former ministers of state, war-rich speculators and war-weary loafers saunter through the crowded streets of Berne, Zurich and Geneva, cross their knees under the clothless tables of the cafés and argue the war to an end as they would have it end. All in all, these cosmopolites, from many known and many unidentified places, make themselves at home in this inland island, the Swiss Republic, surrounded by a sea of belligerent peoples.

Needle your way along the arcaded sidewalks of Berne or permit yourself to be carried along by the current of human beings that surges up one side and down the other of the Bahnhofstrasse of Zurich; watch the people, trek through the shops and idle away an hour in some tea room or hotel lobby. Your impression will be that of all travelers: Outwardly Switzerland appears to be a nation of intense activity, of thriving industry, of happiness and prosperity. With the war the influx of tourists ceased and the immigration of tourist substitutes began. The homeless, the radical, the Bolsheviki and the trouble makers have taken the places of the sightseers. The man with a bulging brain and an empty stomach predominates. The Swiss tourist to-day brings more ideas than money, and his appetite is as keen as his intellect. Switzerland has become the home for the friendless of Europe, the dining room for the exiles, and the headquarters of the Bolsheviki outside of Russia—of the men who want to end the war by revolutionizing the world.

A Manufacturer's Troubles

RECENTLY I was crowded into one corner of a second-class compartment on the morning express which runs between the capital and Zurich. Across from me were two Swiss citizens, and in other seats were citizens from perhaps a dozen nations, including Germans; because, they say in Switzerland, there is a special branch of the German secret service which listens to and reports conversations on the trains. As we were pulled out of the station the compartment seemed to become a traveling debating hall. Nearly everyone was talking at the same time. Within a very few moments, however, all of us were listening to the conversation between the two Swiss, because they were discussing the Bolshevik troubles in Zurich. The Swiss General Staff had just ordered the mobilization of extra troops to maintain order in this metropolitan community because the workmen in the factories and shops had threatened a general strike.

"I am seventy-three years old and I haven't carried a gun for twenty-five years," declared a gray-bearded Swiss to his companion, "but if the government can't stop this Bolshevik agitation I will come in from the country with hundreds of other farmers, and we'll put an end to this business. If those scoundrels think they can Bolshevik Switzerland they are mistaken."

"Nevertheless, you must admit," replied the other traveler, who said he was a silk manufacturer, "that economic conditions here have become unbearable. I employ nearly eight hundred workmen in my factory. Coal and raw materials are so scarce I don't know how much longer I can continue. Food and clothing are so expensive my workmen spend more time talking about their troubles than they do at their work. The Bolsheviki come round and urge the men to strike. It's all I can do to keep them from walking out."

"I tell you we've got to put down these revolutionists," interrupted the other Swiss debater.

"Certainly," responded the factory owner, "but there is only one way. We have to have raw materials and food. We are approaching an economic crisis. We have to have supplies, and if we don't get them the Bolsheviki will get us. There's no alternative."

When the express rumbled into the station at Zurich we saw a troop train packed with soldiers en route to the frontier. They were from the Alpine district and were yodeling Swiss songs. I bought the noon extras and hurried to my hotel. While at lunch I read the brief announcement that the Zurich police had raided the home of an Italian anarchist and confiscated a large number of propaganda documents, revolvers and hand bombs.

The city was excited over this disclosure. Everyone seemed to be speculating about the circumstances. In the evening I called upon a prominent Swiss citizen and found him disturbed over the announcement which I had read. So far he had heard no details. He asked me to return the following day.

That night I dined with another Swiss family, and a manufacturer from a neighboring city was present. He, too, was uneasy and reported he had discovered a Bolshevik agitator in his employ and had discharged him. The man, he said, had posed as a Russian who had deserted the Russian Army in France. His investigation showed that this agitator had traveled throughout Switzerland and that he had been preaching revolution among the workingmen.

Early the next day I hurried to the home of the Swiss citizen who had promised me information about the Italian anarchist.

"Everything that was found was shipped from Germany," he declared as he greeted me. "There were one million copies of an Italian newspaper, which were printed in Berlin and shipped across the border in a coal train. There were two hundred and fifty new German revolvers with several hundred boxes of ammunition and hand bombs packed in suitcases. The things were destined for Italy, not for Zurich. There have been five other arrests and more may be expected."

En route to my hotel I bought the noon editions and read the brief announcement that the federal government had taken the matter up diplomatically with a foreign power, and that until the government had concluded these negotiations no announcement would be made.

Several days passed before a newspaper friendly to the Entente published the statement that the documents and arms came from Germany. The following day the German Legation in Berne sent an official announcement to the press stating that the German Government "officially" had no connection with the plot. In this way the matter was settled!

Though it relieved the minds of many Swiss citizens to know that the guns were not to be used against the Swiss they could not overlook this breach of neutrality, knowing that as long as Germany played with fire on Swiss territory there would be danger to Switzerland. What steps the Swiss Government took diplomatically have not been disclosed.

At the Tender Mercy of Berlin

DEVELOPMENTS such as this one have caused many people to conclude that Switzerland is not neutral or that this little nation is partial to the Central Powers, which amounts to the same. The evidence, I believe, does not substantiate this charge. The natural sympathies of the Helvetian Confederacy are with the democratic nations of the Allies. There are centuries of friendship for France and a fundamental admiration for the United States, but Switzerland fears the military strength of Germany. Her industrial life is almost wholly at the mercy of Berlin, because every factory in the country, except the very few which are working for the Allies, is dependent upon Germany for coal.

In winter the Swiss people are kept warm by German coal. All the trains are run by German coal, and Germany takes every advantage of this situation to increase her economic and political hold upon the country. Being a free people, the Swiss resent this. They know the price they pay in economic and political bondage is almost ruining the country, but they are helpless. They are within the jaws of the German military vise, and every carat weight of pressure from the iron hand in Berlin is felt and is injurious.

Threatened from the outside by Germany and endangered within by the Bolsheviki, Switzerland is on the treadmill of neutrality. And in many respects both dangers have the same origin. The Bolsheviki seem to be working for the Kaiser in Switzerland, as most of them have been doing his bidding in Russia.

Last fall the Swiss Government foresaw the economic crisis that was approaching. A special commission was sent to Paris to confer with representatives of the United States. Above everything else Switzerland needed grain. Germany had made an offer which the Swiss Government did not wish to accept unless refused by the United States. As a result of this meeting an agreement was signed between the United States and Switzerland whereby America agreed to ship thirty thousand tons of grain monthly from December of last year to December, 1918. Switzerland was elated with this agreement when the

(Continued on Page 34)

The Main Street of Berne

Sunday Morning in Geneva

Above—A Jungfrau Glacier From the Terrace of the Officers' Hotel at Murren

THE PRICE OF APPLAUSE

By Nina Wilcox Putnam and Norman Jacobsen

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Take Your Mind Back a Long Way," Said He. "Two Years Ago. Heurter, Webb, Professor Arnold and Le Barron"

IT WAS only Nichols regarding him gravely from the threshold. With a mighty effort he recovered some measure of self-control, picking up the book.

"I—I beg pardon, sir!" he said. "This book—I ——"

"So you are a reader, eh?" commented Nichols, not unkindly. "But that is verse!"

"I see it is, sir," replied Le Barron. "Might I ask if—if this is considered good poetry?"

Nichols took the volume and ran over the pages, still grave.

"Yes," said he at length. "Yes, it is good poetry; probably the best thing, including even Brooke and Seeger, which the war has produced. Certainly America's best. I like it enormously. That thing beginning 'I shall be dead in all my splendid youth' has done a lot for me. Would you like to borrow it?" he asked suddenly.

A wave of emotion swept over Le Barron.

"Yes, indeed, sir! If you would be so very kind," said he.

"Take it for to-night then," said Nichols. "It can't betray much information to the enemy, and I expect that the clipped periodicals you fellows see are not much resource, eh?"

"No, sir!" said Le Barron.

"How comes it I never noticed your accent before?" said the officer, looking at him directly. "You speak like an American."

"I was educated in America," Karl replied. "When the war broke out I was taking a special literary course at Columbia. I was in the first call."

"Ah! That explains it," said Nichols. "Literary course, eh? Did you want to go back and fight?"

"It was absolutely against my will," replied Le Barron, flushing.

"Had you applied for your first papers?"

"I was just about to. I put it off too long."

"I see, I see!" said Nichols. "What strange things happen! I am Canadian-born myself—Toronto. Perhaps you have been there?"

"I was clerk in one of the big hotels there for two months," said Le Barron. Nichols sighed with satisfaction.

"Nice to see someone from home," he murmured. "Beastly to be invalided to a job like this, isn't it? Eh? Ah, I forgot you were the enemy! Well, well! I'm sorry you didn't get your citizenship papers in time. Especially now ——"

He checked himself abruptly.

"Take the book and go along!" he added after a pause. "You will enjoy it. I understand that the poet's friend, Marcarson, who writes the note to the introduction, is in London arranging for an English edition. He is the literary executor. I'll be glad to lend you books at any time."

In his rest hour Le Barron feasted his eyes upon his book. His book at last, successful, known throughout the English-speaking world! Over and over he read the familiar verses, occasionally frowning angrily when he came upon a place where Marcarson had edited a line. Especially he lingered over the "I shall be dead" poem. He remembered so vividly the day he had written it, coming down on the elevated train when despair was on him. How wise he had been not to show it to Amy or the fellows that night! In the volume it was dated Paris, on the eve of his departure to the Front, and the preface referred to it as a prophecy.

And Heurter, poor old Harold! What an injustice he, Karl, had done the man, thinking him so little appreciative of fine work, while all the time under his raillery and sneers had lain the deep feeling which his written word confessed! And Marcarson—good old Marcarson, who had been solemnly true to his trust! He had always believed in himself, and now he had made good. He was famous—famous! No limelight of the Crimson Dive glowed by comparison with that which now enveloped his name. The great poets of his father's generation were not the poets of this war. Their efforts had been but the halting measures of a decade no longer vital to the stirring times into which they had lingered on. But he, Karl Le Barron, had taken their place. It was young men who were needed now. Rupert Brooke was good enough; Seeger had his good points, but both of them were dead.

And then all at once he realized that Karl Le Barron was dead too.

He was a man of one idea, one desire, one determination at a time. And now the wish to come back and claim his renown was obsessing him fiercely. Just as he had been determined to get out of the war at any cost so the idea of coming to life and claiming his place in the world's sight took complete hold upon him. From that second he began planning and scheming to get away.

After deep consideration he concluded that the first thing to do was to get in touch with Marcarson. With Nichols' interest, if the officer could be got to believe his story, he might succeed in having word sent to Marcarson. At least an investigation would be started.. But against this plan stood every circumstance of his supposed death and the incriminating evidence of his German uniform. Then there was Schoonmacher to be reckoned with. The more he thought of it the more firmly convinced he became that the only thing to do was to escape from the camp. Once he reached Marcarson the rest would be simple enough. He would then return to America and there reveal himself in safety. America being neutral his act in deserting from the Foreign Legion of France would not count for very much even if it were to be discovered; and he would take precious good care that it did not come out! A satisfactory story could be easily invented. He would be famous, rich perhaps. Ten editions of his book and all the advertising consequent upon his resurrection were enough to set any man upon his feet. He would only have to name his price to the editors who had rejected him.

But he must first get to London; that was absolutely necessary before any of the other things could materialize. He began to watch for his opportunity. When it came it was so simple that it was absurd.

A friend of Nichols, a civilian, left a bag of clothing in the officers' quarters one day, and just at dusk Le Barron put on a suit of tweeds which he took from it, pulled a shako down over his eyes and, wrapped in Nichols' ulster, quietly walked out of camp. There was a five-pound note in his pocket, abstracted from the visitor's wallet, which had been left on the table. On the road to the station Le Barron hid the ulster and military headgear in the underbrush, put on a soft traveling cap which he had found in the bag, and strolling into the railroad station took a convenient train to London.

All the way he could hear nothing but his poem—his famous poem beating out its rhythm in the wheels. He became drunk with the sound of it, for the time even forgetting to fear capture. His one thought was to witness his success, to see wider and more tangible evidence, to get real confirmation of it. Nor did he have long to wait. At Euston Station the news stand had two copies of his book. The sight thrilled him, but he did not stop. He wanted to see it at the booksellers', and the very first thing he did was to inquire his way to the most important of these. He did not even wait to eat, and breakfastless he feasted his gaze upon a window display which consisted chiefly of copies of his volume built in pyramids. Le Barron flattened his nose against the glass and stared as a starving man might look through the window of a restaurant.

So it was true, true! He was in very fact a famous man. There was only one drawback to his pleasure in the display. The photograph in the center, an enlargement of a small picture belonging to the military authorities, was so retouched as to be unrecognizable. It certainly looked precious little like him, and he began to think that he had been a jackass not to have been photographed in the past. It had been a luxury he could ill afford, and so he had taken the pose of disliking the camera, an attitude which at the time had impressed his friends. He cursed the memory of that affectation, and turned away at length, hungry and tired. He would get a bite to eat and a cup of coffee, take a look at the long-forbidden newspapers and then find Marcarson.

A newsboy offered an assortment. He bought several, including one which had something that looked like a book supplement, and without even glancing at the headlines went in search of food. For the moment he was satiated with emotion, and hunger beset him. He turned into the first place available—an A.B.C. shop it happened to be—and gave his order, commanding as luxurious a meal as he could devise, and deliberately waiting until he had eaten a part of it before unfolding his papers. When he did so he ignored the outer sheet and looked first at the book supplement. There, sure enough, was an announcement of the forthcoming English edition which Nichols had mentioned. Taking his butter knife he carefully cut out this notice, which bore the publisher's name and address. Things were unfolding in a remarkably simple fashion after all. What a fool he was to have worried so! In a few hours he would be with Marcarson, a clear road ahead. He took a second cup of coffee with slow satisfaction and turned to the front page of the newspaper. The headline was at first wholly unintelligible to him:

PERSHING'S FORCE LANDS SAFELY IN FRANCE

This was distinctly puzzling. Pershing! Who was Pershing? He searched his memory in vain. Then he went on reading the story. The date line was a revelation.

"With the American Expeditionary Force, at a French Port," it ran.

But even after this Le Barron had great difficulty in understanding. He looked dumbly at the people on either side of him, who ate in silence, absorbed even as he was in reading the great news. He longed to speak to them, to question them, but at the instant he did not see how to do so without fatally betraying himself.

So perforce he satisfied himself by reading on with care, filling in with his imagination what he did not know, supposing a thousand things which were not true. So America had not waited for the landing of Schoonmacher's division at West Hampton! They were doing a little landing on their own account! How intensely dramatic! And how dramatic his, Karl Le Barron's, discovering it in this fashion! What would it all mean to Marcarson? Perhaps his friend's time in London was to be brief—perhaps under the circumstances it had already ended! Alarmed by the thought he paid his check hastily and went out to find the publisher whose announcement he had cut out. There was no time to lose.

The newsboys were crying the arrival of the Americans, and the crowds were buying eagerly. Le Barron was utterly at sea and forced to inquire his way step by step. But at length he found the place—a dingy dignified building bearing a world-famous name. He inquired for a member of the firm. He would begin by revealing himself. It was only fair to the publisher. And yet he hesitated. This news about America was so confusing. With the United States' joining the Allies what had his, Le Barron's, status become? It was all distinctly uncomfortable.

The office girl who took his message—but not his name, which for the moment he withheld—came back presently to say that there were no members of the firm at present in town, but that Mrs. La Mont would see him. Karl did not want this, but did not know how to escape it. A woman! An office girl! Women stenographers! Where were all the males, anyway? But he said he would see Mrs. La Mont. After another long delay she appeared—a stout capable woman with eyeglasses. What could she do for him? Le Barron stared at her in despair, his name dying away on his lips. Somehow he could not tell this Spartan-looking woman who substituted so quietly for some man—perhaps a dead one, he thought, looking at her unostentatious black dress. So he simply asked for Marcarson's address. Fortunately she had it, and thanking her he set off, again struggling his way through the mazes of the city.

It was a quiet hotel at which Marcarson was staying, and Le Barron walked up and down before it for quite a long time before entering. He could not make up his mind how to approach Marcarson, and a sudden reluctance to show himself was upon him. He recalled the impelling power of the man which he had experienced in Paris. Yet the thing must be done sooner or later. At length he plucked up heart and made inquiries of the clerk.

"Captain Marcarson?" replied the clerk. "Does he expect you, sir?"

"Yes," lied Le Barron.

"Show the gentleman the American captain's room," the clerk directed. And Le Barron followed the boy up two flights of stairs and part way down a red-carpeted corridor. Then he stopped and slipped a shilling into the boy's hand.

"This is far enough," said Le Barron. "Which door is it?" The boy pointed to the end of the corridor.

"Last on your left, sir!" said he.

Le Barron waited until the boy was out of sight round the bend of the stair, and then approached the door indicated. He knocked softly. There was silence. Again he knocked, and then came Marcarson's voice bidding him enter. He opened the door and went in.

Marcarson was seated in front of an infinitesimal open fire, and round him was strewn a great mass of galley proof; the English edition in embryo without a doubt. Marcarson had changed a good deal. He was sturdier and had grown a small mustache. Moreover, the uniform of an American captain was becoming to him. It suited him better than that of the Foreign Legion. He had a quiet air of assurance and his stammer had disappeared. When he heard Le Barron come in he looked up, at first unseeingly, for he was absorbed in the work he was at. And then he gave a little start, but he quickly recovered himself.

"I beg your pardon," said he, rising. "I thought it was the boy with tea. What can I do for you?"

"Marcarson!" said Le Barron huskily. "Don't you know me?"

Marcarson slowly put down the galley which he had been correcting, and turned on an extra light. Then he led Le Barron under it, and after a silence shook his head slowly.

"It's of no use, my man," said he. "You are the third this week!"

"The third!" gasped Le Barron. "But good God, Marcarson! What are you trying to tell me—that I am an impostor?"

Marcarson shook his head again and deliberately lighted a cigarette.

"Almost the very words that the last one used!" he remarked, seating himself on the arm of a chair and regarding Le Barron with an expression half-quizzical, half-ironic. "I wish you chaps would cook up a little originality."

"Marcarson—great heavens, man—listen a moment and I can prove who I am! Who else would know about Amy and Webb and the rest? Answer me that!"

"Everybody knows!" said Marcarson briefly. "Le Barron's life is an open book—as is his death!"

With the last words his voice changed, becoming cold and penetrating.

"Now look here!" said Marcarson. "I knew Le Barron—no one so well as I—and I know that you are not he. I know it because you are a taller man than he and a heavier, because your hands are calloused with hard labor, and he never did a stroke of manual work in his life. He was constitutionally and temperamentally incapable of doing any such work. I know it because you have a birthmark on your cheek. Don't tell me; I know a birthmark when I see one! You have not his voice, his manner or his carriage. By these things I know it. And finally I know you are not Le Barron because I myself carried his dead body in from a French battlefield and buried it and raised a little cross above it!"

He paused an instant and took up something from among the papers on the table. It was a little metal disk.

"I know you are not Le Barron," he went on, "because I myself took this identification tag from off his dead wrist!"

There was a long silence. Le Barron felt as if he were stifling, as though he were in the midst of a dream. He tried to speak but could find no words. The strange dominating power of will that was in Marcarson radiated the room. It was like their very worst times in Paris, only more intense. Marcarson was again willing him to do something from which there was no escape.

"And now," said Marcarson, breaking the silence, "will you go or shall I put you out? It makes my very soul sick to think that there should be three men, presumably Americans, willing to steal the fame of an American soldier who died upon the battlefield!"

Once, between the table and the door, Le Barron turned and tried to speak. He wanted to reason, to argue, to point out how Marcarson had started at first sight of him, to tell him some intimate detail which would be final proof. But words failed to come. Even as he walked to the door he tried to return, but there was that in Marcarson's face which told him it would be of no avail. And so without a word he went away, his shoulders hunched as if with guilt.

He was unconscious of going down the stairway, unconscious of the swirling life about him in the street outside. Dazedly he walked and walked, considering what to do next, trying to grasp at some tangible future. There was no use in attempting anything further with Marcarson, that was plain. The man had become so steeped in the whole idea of Le Barron's death that persistence would merely eventuate in being hauled before a magistrate, with consequent identification as an escaped German prisoner. And he knew no one in all London who would give the faintest credence to his preposterous story.

One thing alone was clear to him: He must get out of England. Capture was imminent now, terrifying him. Indeed new distresses began crowding into his mind. He had very little money. Buying a passage to America was out of the question. Yet if he remained where he was he would soon be starving without daring to look for work. Then at the lowest ebb of his predicament, an idea occurred to him—a dramatic idea; and at once hope renewed itself in him. He made a few sharp inquiries of a passer-by.

As the ultimate result of these questions, when the Ancoria, a great liner utterly ridiculous but mercifully invisible in her coat of camouflage, sailed from Liverpool less than a week later, Karl Le Barron sailed with her. He was in the stokehole. Stokers were not asked too many questions. Their chance in the event of torpedoing was a slim one and they were hard to get. But in spite of the work he did on the threshold of that inferno, the engine room, there was new hope in his heart. In America if they ever reached it were a hundred people who knew him—Amy; Professor Arnold; Webb, of The People's Protest; Heurter. Doggedly he stuck at his task, the year of agricultural labor standing him in good stead. And he kept below, going up for air only when driven beyond endurance. This close confinement made him a little overwrought and imaginative, for so great was his fear of being discovered prematurely and sent back without being permitted to land that everybody whom he saw looking at him from the passenger decks took on the fancied resemblance of an enemy. A man in uniform looked to him like Marcarson; a Canadian shoulder strap and the turn of a head in a familiar manner almost persuaded him that Nichols was aboard. Another looked to him like Schoonmacher, the German; and again another civilian seemed to take on the face of the British doctor who had discovered him upon the day of his capture. But no one seemed to recognize him, and at the pier in New York he left the ship and its haunting fears the instant permission was granted him.

When Le Barron started for that corner of Manhattan which had known him best he was conscious of being a very different person from that unknown poet to whom it had said so casual a farewell. Here fame awaited him at last; so rich, so sure, so secure that he could afford after these long weeks of agony to toy with

The Host Led Them Into the Workshop Without a Word

it a little; to sit back quietly and luxuriate in the consciousness that at any instant he could stretch out his hands and seize what was rightfully his. Since his escape from the internment camp he had not shaved, and now the thin beginnings of a beard and mustache veiled his identity, which the scar from the flying ax head further obscured. The work in the stokehole had left its mark upon him in haggard lines. But when he looked upon his mirrored likeness this change caused him a certain amount of gratification. It was thoroughly in keeping with his terrible experiences.

His first destination was the Crimson Dive. It was still rather early in the evening for the usual crowd to be about, but even at the risk of weakening the dramatic effect of his entrance he hurried to it. He could not wait. The sight of Washington Square overrun with the Latin population of the adjacent streets, ringing with children's voices, blossoming with lights here and there, the great white arch rising in its midst—sent a glow through him; his pulses quickened and his step with them. Turning the familiar corner he ran up the steps of the café and pushed upon the door. It was locked.

Le Barron stepped back and looked up at the blank front of the building. Not a light, not a sound. Then he perceived that the sign was gone. In its place was an agent's placard, advertising the building to let. Had the place failed, then? At the corner saloon he leaned across the bar and braced himself with a stiff drink.

"Not much!" said the barkeeper in reply to his query. "They're running a big business now. Got a swell new hotel down two blocks to your right."

With the first depression he had experienced since leaving the ship settling down upon him, Le Barron walked the two blocks as directed. And there, sure enough, was the new Crimson Dive. And such a one! Across the spacious imitation-marble front blazed an electric sign. Everywhere were evidences of a too obvious prosperity. Gone was the picturesque disorder; the "artistic" makeshifts that had held him in the old days. Evidently Webb, who backed the place, must be making money. Le Barron almost hesitated to enter, it had so patently passed into the class of restaurant that would most surely not be frequented by his old crowd. And yet this might not be so. For had not he too passed from obscurity into success? Remembering this he went in.

Early as it was the tables were already filling up. The people were the old uptown social slummers of former times, but now they seemed to have swamped the place completely. "One might as well be eating in Harlem," thought Le Barron bitterly. But nevertheless he sat down and ordered. He did not know where else to go, and he needed a few moments in which to readjust himself to this new commercialized Bohemia. It was bewildering. There were people in evening clothes. He asked for the proprietor.

"Mr. Webb lives away uptown," said the waiter. "He don't come down more'n once in a week. But I can get you the manager, sir!"

"Never mind the manager," replied Le Barron.

To think of it! Old Webb in a conventional flat—or even a house perhaps; and very likely coming downtown in his own motor! Well, well, they were all moving along a bit! Probably he too would have to be taking better quarters than he had known before—Gramercy Park, if Amy approved—one of those modern studio places. He grew impatient at the thought. He would finish his coffee quickly and go for Amy. Confound this stupid place, no wonder the crowd steered clear of it!

He paid his check and was on the verge of leaving when two men entered whose faces were vaguely familiar. As they took off their shabby hats he placed them in his memory—Grierson, one of them; and Eddy Cohen. Even in his lesser days these two had been rather below his social horizon, and now they appeared to have become sort of professional Bohemians encouraged to frequent the place for the entertainment of the slummers. Le Barron felt a vague pity for them; poor things, they had never amounted to much!

He watched, however, for some sign of recognition as they seated themselves at one end of his table. No such sign manifested itself, but it was not long before they began talking about him. Cohen actually had a copy of the poems with him, and rumpled the pages with long dirty fingers as he sang Le Barron's praise.

"Absolutely the first big man modern America has produced in the arts!" he declared.

"Do you mean to say that you think those sonnets to Amy are any good?" demanded the other fiercely. "They are rotten, I tell you—rotten! Why, Shelley or any mid-Victorian damfool sentimentalist might have done them!"

Le Barron's heart swelled nigh to bursting. This was music—incense—living in very truth! That one of the disputants disliked his work counted for nothing. That two men quarreled seriously about it was everything. The final proof of his greatness was now manifest to him, and reveling in the fact of their complete unconsciousness he got to his feet. He would leave them, to be later astounded

"What are You Trying to Tell Me—That I am an Impostor?"

at the adventure they had unconsciously lived through. Those sonnets to Amy! The mere mention of them by these two submerged beings had quickened his longing for her uncontrollably. Amy, his wife! Why had he delayed in seeking her out? He had been an ass—he ought to have rushed to her immediately! With a smile at the unconscious backs of the two men at the table he left the place and strode down the square and over into the network of little cross streets beyond.

As he went along he braced himself for the shock of not finding her immediately. After all a place shifts about a good deal during two years, and New Yorkers are more prone to this habit of moving than almost any other people. Very likely she had changed her dwelling. There were new buildings, studios and apartments everywhere about. At her threshold he stood for a moment, pleased with the sweep of emotion that met him there. It was not his own name that he looked for above the row of little bells, but hers, for it had been agreed that after marriage she was to keep her professional name, this being considered very advanced and consequently desirable by them both. But even so, he looked in vain; and this did not particularly trouble him. He asked the janitor, a new man, if he knew Miss Levine's address. And for once fortune was with him. The man knew where she was and was even garrulous about it. It was a new apartment house on Eleventh Street, a very fine place, the ground floor. She had moved less than a month ago.

This was good news. Le Barron started on his way rejoicing. So Amy was successful too! Perhaps her prosperity was due to the money from his work, which of course must have gone to her in the natural course of events! How splendidly things were developing for all of them!

The place on Eleventh Street was indeed of a far higher class than the old apartment. A colored boy in brass buttons directed him and would have announced him had not Le Barron prevented. He rang the bell beside the heavy mahogany-colored door and waited, a flood of real love and anticipation sweeping him; genuine gladness at the thought of her, shaking him to the core. It was Amy herself who opened for him, Amy unchanged except for an indefinable difference in her dress. She stood there in a white tea gown as unlike her old batik art robes as was the richly decorated studio behind her from the attic at the end of those old long flights of stairs. She stretched out her hand as she peered at him under the dim light of a Chinese lantern.

"How do you do?" said Le Barron.

She drew back a step, puzzled, but opening the door wider.

"How do you do?" she replied. "Won't you come in?"

He followed her into the big studio and looked about him swiftly. A spacious, splendid place! Then he looked at her again. She was frowning, just the ghost of a frown that puckered the space between the delicate black eyebrows. Evidently she had not the remotest suspicion as yet. She thought him an acquaintance and was trying not to do him the discourtesy of nonrecognition.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked. Her voice was softer than of old and she looked well-groomed and well-fed. This was success! He leaned to her, smiling.

"You don't know who I am, Amy?" said he. She gave an embarrassed little laugh and confessed.

"I'm going to be frank," said she. "I don't know. Your face is so familiar, and yet I can't quite recall ——"

"Take your mind back a long way," said he. "Two years ago. Heurter, Webb, Professor Arnold and Le Barron."

She started a little at that, looking at him again.

"What do you mean?" she said. "You are not Heurter, nor Webb, and certainly not the professor ——" Then she suddenly got to her feet with a cry which lost itself almost as it reached her lips. "What are you trying to tell me?" she whispered.

"Amy—my Amy!" he cried, wrung with her terror and his own delight.

"You are Le Barron?" she said, drawing away from him.

"Yes, I am Le Barron!" he said. "Amy, isn't it a miracle?"

He tried to take hold of her but she retreated, putting the breadth of her luxurious sofa between them.

"Karl Le Barron is dead," she said.

"No, no!" he cried. "My God, Amy, I'm just out of a grave and you are trying to shove me back! Have pity!"

"Karl Le Barron is dead!" she repeated dully.

"But I am not dead!" he persisted. "Talk to me! Listen to me! I'll convince you by any proof that you require, Amy, only look at me; surely you can see ——"

Reluctantly she came closer to him and switched on an extra lamp, just as Marcarson had done in London. Then she turned up his face and looked at him—a long slow look.

"You are like him," she whispered at length. "But I knew Le Barron—no one so well as I—and I know that you are not he."

"Don't!" he shrilled. "Marcarson used those very words—in London."

"Marcarson?" she said.

"He threw me out as an impostor," said Le Barron bitterly. Instantly he regretted his words.

"Marcarson denied you!" she said in a low tone. "And he was right. You are not Le Barron. You are heavier, and—somehow utterly different."

"Amy!" he cried wildly. "Look here—of course I am different to look at, in my speech even. That may well be. Can you conceive of what I have been through during these past two years? Of course I have changed! Put me to some other test than my physical appearance, in heaven's name!" She was regaining her self-control and was more like the old Amy now.

"That is only fair," she said. "I will try you."

There was a silence during which she hung her head and he waited. Then she looked up at him.

(Continued on Page 97)

TOWARD MORNING

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Drop These Superior Airs! You Think I'm Frightened—Eh?"

VIII

HELMUT!" Frau Felde bent over him, shielding the candlelight with her hand. There must have been a draft from the open door—or else her hand shook—for the thin flame waved to and fro distractedly, like a red rag in the wind.

"Helmut!" she whispered again.

It was as though she did not really want to wake him. He lay there on his back, half dressed, a trousered leg sprawling out from underneath the grotesque white *plumeau*. His mouth hung open and he was breathing noisily.

"It's time, Helmut—four o'clock," she insisted in the same constrained undertone.

He did not move, and she took him by the shoulder and shook him—reluctantly, almost with repugnance. He stirred at last and blinked up at her.

"Oh—all right, don't fuss! I'm getting up."

He wriggled his shoulder free and turned sullenly to the wall. She put the light down on the dressing table in the midst of a sordid disarray of half-dirty collars and crumpled ties, and went out as she had come, noiselessly, as though from the presence of grave sickness. In the dining room the *Herr Amtschreiber* waited for her. He, too, was half dressed. His braces trailed over his slippered heels, and his thin fair hair stood fretfully on end. Like the furniture in the stiff comfortless room he had faded and grown old and hopeless. He did not turn as his wife entered, but stood warming his withered hands against the porcelain walls of the stove.

There were breakfast things laid out ready on the table. She rearranged them, setting out the solitary cup and saucer, covering the steaming coffeepot, clattering nervously.

"Is—is he getting up, Clara?"

"I think so. He's awake."

"Did he seem all right?"

"He was dazed. But he understood."

"He mustn't miss the train."

"No, that would never do."

She gathered her flannel dressing gown closer about her heavy body, shivering with sudden cold, and came over to her husband's side. They did not look at one another. With the sound of movement in the adjoining room they started and grew tense, listening, wincing at each blundering, uncertain footfall.

Presently the sounds grew nearer. There was a finality about them, and the two gray figures braced themselves. As the door opened the *Herr Amtschreiber* turned, rubbing his hands in an agony of cheerfulness.

"Ready, Helmut?"

"As ready as I ever shall be."

He was in fact fully dressed, with hat and overcoat. But his clothes—at best ugly and clumsy—had now a wretched, debauched look, as though they knew their own hideousness and were ashamed past hope. Their wearer tossed down his cloth-covered suitcase and came over to the table. His eyes were doggedly lowered; in the lamplight his face glistened with a gray moisture.

His mother fussed over the breakfast things.

"You'll be late, Helmut. It would never do to be late."

He muttered something and sat down and began to eat. They hovered about him uneasily. They made little sentences—about his train, about the weather, about his journey; but he did not answer, and they fell silent. Perhaps he felt how terribly they loved him—how terribly they longed for him to be gone. He gulped at his food as though it hurt his throat. At last he stood up, pushing back his chair. "I've had enough. I'd better be off."

They both took a deep breath, nerving themselves for the plunge. Something that the *Herr Amtschreiber* was trying to say twitched at the muscles of his face. His wife laid her hand with a hard stiff tenderness on the boy's arm.

"I've packed all your warm things, Helmut. You must write regularly—and let us know ——"

"Oh, yes, of course!"

The words tumbled suddenly from the *Herr Amtschreiber's* lips:

"Head up, Helmut! Mustn't be too downhearted. After all, if you do your duty, in whatever sphere—if you are honest and obedient and loyal—no one has a right to reproach you. At least, we don't—we, your parents."

He broke off waveringly. The boy lifted his heavy eyes. His mouth quivered as though he, too, were on the verge of some outburst—of appeal, of gratitude or love. But the hard strong hand on his arm tightened so that he felt the impress of each separate finger.

"Only we do ask—we do expect, Helmut, that you will remember who we are—that you won't bring shame—or disgrace on us. Last night—Helmut—an official's son—it doesn't do. Think of our position! If your poor father was forced to retire now —— And perhaps next year he will get an order."

His eyes were sullen and defiant.

"Well, what have I done? We had a spree at the Erbprinzen. Why shouldn't I have my fling like everyone else? Kurt did. Kurt had a good time."

"But that was different. Kurt had got his commission."

"And he'll have a good time often. And I shan't ever again."

"You mustn't take it like that, Helmut. It's wrong."

But their protest flickered out. They watched him helplessly as he gathered up his things. They were unhappy. They ached with sorrow for him, but it was a dull ache that had no voice. And mixed with it was an antagonism—a brooding resentment. They could not forget that he had broken the sacred tradition that governed all their life.

"Well—good-by!" He kissed them both—roughly, hiding his face. "There—you don't need to worry. I won't do anything. I promise. I—I'm awfully sorry—about last night—and everything. It's hard on you—I know."

They clung to him. But their agitated affection could not hide that they were glad that the parting had nearly come, glad that it was so early and that they would not have to accompany him to the station—that no one would see him go.

"Try and please your underofficer, Helmut. He's the man that matters."

"I'll try." He shook himself free from their fluttering hands. He was brutal in his impatience. They called after him as he stumbled down the dark stairs, but he did not answer.

"*Glück auf*, Helmut!"

They went back slowly to the stuffy dining room. It seemed to have grown smaller—grayer. There was something poignant about the half-finished breakfast, the empty chair. They could almost see the gesture with which he had pushed it back from the table. The tears rolled down Frau Felde's cheek.

"*Ach*, Hermann, if it had only been different! If he had only tried a little more! What will people think? All my family are at least officers in the reserve."

"If one does one's duty ——" the *Herr Amtschreiber* began listlessly, without conviction.

"Our poor Helmut!"

And yet they drew their breath more easily now that he had gone. It was all over. For two years there would be nothing to hope or fear. There would be no more bitter hours of anxiety, wondering whether or not Helmut would again be *sitzen geblieben* in the fatal *Untersecunda*. That question was settled for all time. And those wretched months when he had "bummeled," the "rest cure" which was to establish him as a pardonable invalid in the eyes of incredulous, spiteful colleagues and their no less incredulous and spiteful wives—that was over too. All the humbugging and pretense—finished with.

They were disgraced. But it could never be worse than it was now, and at least their disgrace was out of sight.

Frau Felde wiped away her tears.

"After all, perhaps he doesn't care. He hasn't much feeling—no class honor—our poor Helmut. And as Herr Bernhard said, there is always America—or the colonies."

The street door clanged. The sound hushed them. It was so dolorous and final. They sat still and listened to the slow heavy footsteps pass down the sleeping street into silence.

There were twenty of them in the carriage. They were packed so close together on the hard wooden benches that they could scarcely move their arms, and the atmosphere was thick with smoke and pungent with the smell of human bodies. They were men of many classes, many conditions. Between the burly, smooth-jowled peasant in his black broadcloth and moleskin waistcoat and the narrow-chested youth in his town shoddy there was but one thing in common—the gay ribbons that streamed from their caps and adorned the handles of their walking sticks. That marked their common destiny. For all that, they looked about them with suspicion, with a dull distrust, trying to measure each other without self-betrayal.

The big peasant produced an embroidered velvet case and selected a cigar deliberately. He alone had an air of assurance, almost of arrogance. The eyes turned dumbly in his direction and he met them with a bovine stolidity.

"Have one!" he said.

They gave a rumbling growl by way of answer. The case went the round and they helped themselves. Alone the boy seated in the far corner refused. He shook his head, staring out of the window. His neighbor laughed and nudged him.

"Don't, then! So much the more for me."

And he slipped a second cigar into his breast pocket.

Matches were struck. There was a general stirring, a clearing of throats, vague inarticulate noises verging on speech. The peasant blew great rings of smoke into the thickening atmosphere and squared his shoulders.

"I'm from Titisee," he announced. "My name is Veit Thomas. My father owns the *Schlangenbauern Hof* on

the hillside. I am joining up with the Forty-fifth at Berghausen. My father was *Gefreiter* in the regiment forty years ago."

They stared at him respectfully. His neighbor took courage. He even swaggered a little.

"My father is *Oberbahnwärter* at Rastatt," he said. "It's not a bad little nest. One can have a good time there. And there's Baden-Baden when one wants a spree."

Their tongues were loosened. They began to vie with each other. They made their announcements with a kind of defiance, as though once and for all they were trying to establish their position. Alone the *Grossbauer's* son listened in unmoved silence.

"My father owns forty acres and twelve cows and fifty pigs," he said finally. "For two hundred years my people have owned the *Hof*. That's better than stupid titles."

The man with the narrow chest took up the challenge. He threw out his hands in an angry, nervous gesture.

"Two hundred years!" he shouted. "That's just like a peasant, sticking to the same place—never moving, never changing. It's you that stop progress. You block our way. We can't move because you're always there, like a drag on the wheel. I'm a mechanician. I'm from Mannheim. I tell you we move! We know what's going on in the world! Aye, and we see that things go the right way! We workingmen—we're the future—that's what we are; and one of these days you'll have to wake up or clear out—you damned land hogs!"

The peasant stared contemptuously, but he was slow-witted or perhaps he did not think it worth while to answer. The mechanician leaned forward and tapped the boy opposite him on the knee. There was something feverish and perpetually angry about the man. His sunken eyes were penetrating, bitter and intolerant.

"And what's your pedigree, comrade?" he asked.

Helmut turned slowly, as though waking from a dream. All eyes were fixed on him, for he alone had not spoken. Something indefinable separated him from the rest. They felt it and waited loweringly. He flushed scarlet.

"My name's Felde," he stammered.

"That's not saying much. What's your father?"

"An official."

"Oh, well—we're all officials more or less. Speak up, comrade! Don't be so damned superior."

"My—my father is *Amtschreiber* at Karlstadt."

Someone whistled.

"*Herr Je!* *Einjähriger* then?"

"N-no."

There was a silence. He looked from one to another with a kind of defiance that was also a sort of apology and appeal. But their faces were hard. They considered him dully, curiously, as though he belonged to another race.

"If your father is *Amtschreiber* why aren't you *Einjähriger?*" the Mannheimer persisted pitilessly.

"I failed—I couldn't pass the exam."

"Then you don't need to be so damned superior. I hate the middle-class crowd worse than the peasants, but a bourgeois who is a fool into the bargain!" He spat viciously. "Don't you give yourself airs here, anyhow!" he threatened.

Someone intervened pacifically.

"Let's have a song, comrades."

"Sing yourself."

The proposer, who obviously considered that he had a voice, started Deutschland über Alles, but the Mannheimer broke out with a loud oath:

"That's enough of that, anyhow! Haven't you got two ideas in your heads, you sheep? Deutschland über Alles! *Ach*, you make me sick. Every cock crowing on its own dirty muck heap. I tell you what: We—we proletariat—we've had enough of that stuff. What's Germany to us—or England or any blasted country! We workers hang together all over the world. The proletariat over the capitalist and the imperialist and all the other scoundrels—that's my song."

The *Grossbauer* narrowed his small eyes arrogantly.

"I've heard of your sort. We don't breed them up our way, God be praised! I'm a Kaiser's man!"

"You would be. You look it. But your day's coming all right. We've had enough of you and your blasted Kaiser!"

"You'll talk like that to the *Herren Officieren*, eh?"

"Yes, I will! I'm not afraid. I don't care for any man alive. I'll say what I think—straight in their ugly faces. I'll put the fear of God in them. I've got six million comrades behind me, I tell you, and if they try any monkey tricks ——"

"*Ach was!* Silly stuff!"

The Mannheimer leaned forward, shaking his fist:

"You call it silly? You wait—you *Reichsgesinnten!* You try another war on us. Then you'll see. It's we who've won your wars for you. But we're not going to win any more. We're not going to butcher our brother proletariat to fill your greedy stomachs. No! There'll be no more hip-hip-hurrahing—no more of your precious Deutschland über Alles!"

His peaceably inclined neighbor produced a bottle from under the seat. "Have a drink, comrade?"

The storm died down. The bottle went the round. There was a grunting and smacking of lips. They wiped their mouths on the backs of their hands and winked at each other with a stupid, new-found friendliness. The *Grossbauer* drank to the old regiment and the Mannheimer to his brothers over the whole world in mutual toleration.

"Your turn, my *Hochwohlgeborener* Herr Felde!"

The boy hesitated. His face was wet with nausea. But they were watching him. The Mannheimer bowed mockingly. With a silly laugh Helmut snatched the bottle and, tilting it, drank to the last evil-tasting dregs.

IX

"*RAUS! RAUS!*" A door burst open. With a frightened jerk the muffled snores and stentorian breathing broke off, and an instant later the darkness writhed convulsively in the throes of returning consciousness. Distracted, groping legs waved ludicrously from the upper berths; bodies tumbled to the floor like heavy drunken spiders shaken from their webs. The voice grew angrier, flinging itself into obscure corners like a terrier hunting out a skulking rat:

"'*Raus! 'Raus, ihr Lumpen!*"

Then someone snapped an electric switch.

It was as though a crude searchlight had been turned on a rudely disturbed ant heap.

Helmut had already lurched to his feet. He was blind with sleep, and yet he was sure that he had not slept. He was sure he had heard every sound in that endless night. But a fretful drowsiness had distorted the animal sighs and groans, the twitching of overexhausted bodies, the cursings of uneasy sleepers into a nightmare which persisted. Even now the reality was unreal. He hardly knew where he was. But he did know that there was something imperative behind that voice, driving him to hurry—to hurry desperately.

He fumbled into his clothes. His fingers were stiff and swollen and unmanageable. His body ached. With the hours the straw sack had seemed to wear to nothing under him, leaving him on the bare board. The chilly stuffiness of the narrow, ill-ventilated room had crept into his very bones.

"Now then—hustle, can't you?"

The *Gefreiter* bellowed his way up and down the dormitory. Helmut's neighbor, struggling with an unfamiliar uniform, lurched against him and they cursed each other childishly. A tense excitement possessed them all. Half-naked men, their backs glistening wet under the light, ran hither and thither, the *Gefreiter* hunting viciously at their heels. But there was purpose in the apparent confusion—a tight-jawed, ruthless order that reckoned every breath and gave no quarter. They waited one behind the other at the washbowls. So many seconds for each man, neither less nor more. The *Oberbahnwärter's* son from Rastatt stood in front of Helmut. Perhaps the irritable, watching eyes troubled him—perhaps the washing itself. He was slow and clumsy and the line behind him muttered and fidgeted. They jostled each other. A hard-knuckled fist poked into Helmut's ribs. A suppressed frenzy of impatience ran like a fire over dry grass. Suddenly Helmut kicked out savagely. The heavy military boot jarred against the boy's shin and he staggered back, whimpering, half blind with pain and soap.

They took no notice of him. They jostled Helmut into his place.

"Get on with it—you!"

"My bayonet! Someone has taken my bayonet!"

They found time to snigger. It was the company's *Einjähriger*. He stood aloof, his long aristocratic face drawn into lines of petulant indignation.

The *Gefreiter*, watch in hand, shouted at him:

"Damn your bayonet! Who the devil wants to steal your bayonet?"

"I shall complain to the *Herr Feldwebel*."

"Complain then! Get the whole company into trouble. Try it on—that's all, my fine gentleman!"

The victim, on the verge of a furious outburst, composed himself, shrugging contemptuously.

"Here's five marks on the table, for the man who returns my bayonet."

They appeared to take no notice of him. He continued to dress with an affected deliberation.

Helmut flung himself into his tunic. He knew the routine now. At a certain moment a certain button, or one was lost. At a certain moment one had to be ready at one's bedside. Then the clothes would be tossed out, shaken, re-used, tucked in with a meticulous accuracy—almost as though to the beat of grim music. But they were too new to their task. The *Gefreiter*, like some exasperated sheep dog, yapped at their heels, tearing down their failures with a snarling fury:

"You dirty swine! One can see what pigsties you came from. Wait though—I'll show you!"

Continued on Page 101

"Leave Him Alone! Let Him Go His Own Way. We Don't Want Him—the Beastly Bourgeois Spy!"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 25, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

How Long?

PEACE is possible through the triumph of Prussian militarism. Before it can come that way France must be crushed, and England and the United States—presumably unconquerable at sea—so harassed that they will sign a scrap of paper with Hindenburg. No one who knows anything of the temper of England and the United States would put that within a period worth calculating.

Peace may come through effectual reaction of German opinion against a war of conquest. Such a reaction seemed quite probable last winter when Germany's prospects of conquering looked poor. So far as anybody outside of Germany can judge, the better the military situation grew, the more docile to its militarist rulers the public became. Naturally, then, it is reasonable to look for popular reaction against war only when the military situation turns dark again. And it is not reasonable to expect that until America has at least two million well-equipped men in France. That means more ships.

Ten million tons of neutral and ally shipping were sunk last year. Eight million tons of new construction is the most we can look for this year. If luck on both sides breaks about even, two years from this writing we may have tangible facts on which to build hopes of peace. Meantime, unless conditions change radically, nothing in the world is worth serious calculation except war.

Gambler's Finance

THERE is other news than that from the Western Front, though it is little noticed now. It gives a different view of German efficiency.

In the current fiscal year the United States will raise more than four billion dollars by taxation—probably about half the net cost of the war. The new British budget, for the year beginning with April, will raise four and a quarter billion dollars, or nearly thirty per cent of the estimated expenditure.

Germany, with expenditures on about the same scale as England and the United States, is raising much less than half as much by taxation. New taxes, laid since the war began, fall short of meeting interest on the war debt. Sinking fund and pensions, added to bond interest, would leave a very substantial annual deficit. Besides bond issues and treasury bills, Germany and Austria-Hungary have put several billions of paper money in circulation. Germany's debt already exceeds the hundred billion marks which Havenstein, president of the Reichsbank, considered the danger line.

From the beginning Germany has financed the war on a gambler's expectation of big indemnities.

A Budget and Other Things

TIME out of mind criticism has been directed at the way Washington transacted national business. It has been inefficient and often unintelligent. The lack of any system of financial control, Congress' pork-barrel bills that squandered millions to help the political fortunes of its members, the chaotic and helter-skelter state of the executive departments—all that was well known to the public. The public shrugged its shoulders, and even grinned. Incompetence and playing politics with national resources meant merely the waste of so many million dollars a year. We were rich; we could foot the bill. We never even made a serious gesture in the way of calling Washington to account and demanding reformation.

What wonder that Washington accepted the situation complacently and as though it were a thing ordained by the laws of Nature? If the country swallowed its excuses that the form of our Government prevented us from having a budget system, and so on—all of which excuses meant that Washington found it more convenient to palaver and play politics than to make the sacrifices necessary for a reform—why should not Washington think they were valid?

We shall pay a fearful price for muddle and blunder now. This spring's news from France presses that gruesome fact home. We are up against a ruthless reality. We can't cancel our incompetence with a few easily collected millions of dollars. We pay in blood and tears.

War may be the chief business of the United States for years. When the German drive had our Allies' hold upon the Channel ports in peril the Senate spent hours listening to speeches quite futile under the circumstances. Time for that; but no time, for example, to reform a wasteful method of appropriating public money.

Time—it strikes us—for a different temper toward any incompetence at the Capitol!

Too Many Parades

IT IS time to discourage this overfrequent parading. As a method of focusing public attention and rousing enthusiasm, the parade originated, of course, in illiterate communities whose minds were open to only the most elementary appeals. By frequent repetition it grows stale, and it has been repeated too much of late.

The President appointed Liberty Day in aid of the third loan. Some million men, over the United States, tramped some thousands of miles. These parades looked exactly like every other parade for every other object. The result, in bond subscriptions, was decidedly disappointing.

If it is not a big parade it attracts little attention. If it is a big parade it slows down industry very perceptibly and reduces production. It is a holiday affair, and we don't want more holidays. We want more work. Half the time and energy that the parades consumed would have brought better results if directed to more efficient methods.

In the early stages of war, when we were more or less at sixes and sevens and trying to find ourselves, and the whole job was in the making, parades may have been expedient. We ought to be on the job in grimmer fashion nowadays. Modern resources can find less costly and more effectual means of reaching the public mind and expressing public determination. Shutting up shop for half a day in order to gape at a column tramping down Main Street has not the right look.

Holland Under Crossfire

WE KNOW there are men in the world who, seeing a farmer with the price of a load of hogs in his pocket, will coolly calculate whether it is worth their while to cut his throat in order to get the money—weighing the gain in money against the chance of detection, and striking a balance with no more compunction for the farmer than if he were a log of wood.

Only within recent months has the United States been able to understand that there is in the world a government like that—commanding the allegiance of sixty million people educated in modern schools.

That is so amazing to Americans that even now we can grasp it only by looking indubitable facts steadily in the face. Until recently this country—including the President—failed to understand Germany. We did not understand how completely predatory its government was. But, more important still, we did not understand how completely a ruthless discipline, beginning in the elementary schools, had subjected the German people to that government. We much overestimated the effectiveness of liberal pacific opinion among them. We put ourselves in their place; and, as we could not imagine ourselves following a predatory government on a career of boundless conquest, we expected them to make their cry, "No annexations and no indemnities," effective.

It is clear now that we expected too much. The bonds of German docility are stronger than we supposed; more time and hard experience are needed to loose them. That they will impose any restraint on the government in regard to Holland seems improbable. So that unfortunate country has been put in the rôle of the farmer.

Whether Berlin decides to cut its throat or not depends, of course, upon calm calculation—weighing the gains from the enterprise against the losses, and striking a balance with no more compunction than if the six million inhabitants of Holland were so many grains of sand.

One of Our Mistakes

CONCERNING various expositions of misdirected governmental energy we have heard many very intelligent men say: "I don't care a rap how much mere money they waste if only they'll crowd the work along."

No doubt the whole country has said about that; but it is impossible that blunders in war should waste mere money. They must waste time and life. More ships and more American soldiers in France this spring might have kept the Germans out of strong positions from which American soldiers will finally have to help drive them at heavy sacrifice.

When the Government spends money it is spending the nation's labor and materials. Say that through bad planning a given ship costs twice as much as it should. The money has gone finally to meet pay rolls and bills for steel, and so on. It means that the labor and materials which should have produced two ships have produced only one. Except the soldier who gives his body, the greater part of what all of us do to help win the war is expressed in money. If we abstain from building a garage and buy Liberty Bonds, and the Government wastes the money, it is wasting our effort. Every dollar the Government spends is so much national energy and national resource. If it throws away a dollar there is just that much less to throw against Germany.

It is very true that we can afford to spend energy prodigally in order to get quick results. But blundering does not get quick results. The notion that so many hundred millions written off for mistakes is of no real consequence is a capital mistake in itself. That much national energy has been wasted.

Rich in resources as we are, the long war we must calculate upon may bring a juncture when win or lose hangs on the last ounce. To waste now may be to want then. The complacent "mere money" notion is a mistake.

Slackers and Pacifists

HERE is a little story which was repeated many times in American history as white men pushed across the continent from east to west:

The settlement received warning—perhaps from the sole survivor of the next settlement—that Indians were on the warpath. Its members hurried into the stockade and made such preparations as they could for its defense. They had all too many reasons for supposing that, if the Indians got in, every man, woman and child would be slain—very likely with those gruesome elaborations the Indians affected. In the siege every hand was needed. Women loaded the muskets; children brought water and food.

But say there had been one able-bodied male who refused to take part in the proceedings. Suppose, when besought thereto, he said: "I have conscientious scruples. Our Master taught: 'Love your enemies; do good unto them. If your enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.' Of course I expect to eat my share of the scanty stock of food. I expect you to protect me from the Indians. But if I load your rifles, or fetch you ammunition, or bring up food and water, I am assisting in killing; and it is written, 'Thou shalt not kill.'" Probably when the Indians were driven off several weary men would have found time to kick him over the fence, and to the end of his days he would have complained that he had been persecuted for his conscientious scruples.

That was brought to our minds the other day by a bundle of press clippings showing that the mayor of a town had refused to subscribe to Liberty Bonds or to speak for the bonds, or in any way to encourage the sale of bonds—quoting Scripture copiously in support of his refusal. Here and there you still find such a chap. Mostly, according to our observation, they were openly pro-German before our declaration of war made that attitude dangerous.

They are grafters—expecting sustenance and protection from the community, but refusing to help defend it. As for their Scripture, any novice in casuistry knows that no great ingenuity in distortion is necessary in order to find a Biblical text in support of almost any proposition.

SHOOTING STARS

By William A. Bishop
V.C., D.S.O., M.C.

THE first few days in May we spent escorting machines taking photographs. It was rather exciting work, for several times we went very long distances into Hunland and stayed over there for hours. It is also very nerve-racking work, as you listen constantly for the least break in the smooth running of your motor, knowing that if it fails you are too far from home ever to get there by gliding. At such times my thoughts always reverted to the ignominy one would feel in helplessly landing among the Germans and saying "Kamerad!" Far better to die in a fight or even yield up the ghost to a despised Archie than tamely submit to being taken prisoner. Then, too, all the time you are loafing about taking snapshots from the air the antiaircraft fire gets very fierce.

On one occasion we went over to photograph an aërodrome in the vicinity of Douai, a city you can see from the top of Vimy Ridge on any clear day. We had with us in all about twenty machines, and were a very formidable party indeed. As luck would have it we spied two Germans. With two or three other of our fighting pilots I quickly dodged to one side to try to engage the Huns before they could see the whole crowd of us and be frightened away. But no luck! They made off the minute we turned our noses in their direction.

We proceeded over Douai, and in turning round once or twice the machine actually taking the photographs was lost. I mean by lost that it got mixed up with the rest of us and it was practically impossible in that number of machines to pick it out again. The result was we went round and round in circles for half an hour trying to find out where it had gone. It was like an old-fashioned game of "Button, button, who's got the button?" and was so amusing I had to laugh. Round and round we went. The strain began to get on the nerves, of course, as every minute seemed to be an hour, and we all felt we should be getting away from there as soon as possible. But when you are in great danger the smallest things make a keen appeal to your sense of humor, and the idea of the whole twenty of us playing such a foolish game in such a dangerous spot could not help having its funny side. Several of the others told me they had felt the same way about it, and had had many good laughs.

The Winning of the D. S. O.

NEEDLESS to say, the antiaircraft guns under us were having the time of their lives. They never had had such a huge bunch of good targets to shoot at, so they blazed into the midst of us with all the "hate" they had. But we had the luck, and hardly a machine was touched. We were flying at thirteen thousand feet, and that seemed lucky in itself. Many shells broke with loud bangs just under us and over us, but none at thirteen thousand feet. We were annoyed but not worried.

Finally somebody got fed up with all this running round in aërial circles, and started toward home. We had all been waiting for something like that to happen, and every one of us streaked off in the leader's wake. We got back safely enough, but to add to the fiasco of the expedition it turned out that the man who was taking the photographs made some awful error and snapped the wrong places altogether. For a period of fully half an hour he had to listen patiently and quietly while the rest of us tried to think up a punishment to fit the crime. Later that afternoon we had to eat all our words, for while we were lunching and discussing the morning's work the photographer pilot, all alone and without further orders, had quietly gone over the lines, taken the proper pictures and returned safely with them. It was a brave thing to do and we admired him for it.

The next day was a very successful one for me. I had several fights, and for one was later awarded the Distinguished Service Order—my second decoration. We had been taking photographs again, with another large escort, as on the day before, and were returning homeward when an enemy single-seater approached slightly below us. I went down and attacked him and we fought for quite a while, exchanging shots now and then, with no result other than the escape of the enemy.

The other machines had continued on their way and were nowhere to be seen when I climbed away from my unsuccessful duel. Being left alone and of no further use to the photographers I felt I might as well look round a bit. My search for enemy machines soon was rewarded. I came upon five of them doing artillery observation work. They were all two-seaters, and consequently my legitimate prey. The Huns were nicely arranged in two parties, one of two and the other of three. I decided that as the party of three was nearer I would tackle it first. Remembering my former experience in diving into three enemy artillery machines I was wary of a trap, but went after the bunch with a firm determination I would not make a hash of it

One Against Three

THE trio made away as I approached. Furious at the thought that they should escape scot-free I forgot my caution and went after them pell-mell. I didn't care at the time whether there were any hostile fighting machines above me or not. I wanted to teach the cowardly two-seaters a justly deserved lesson. Catching up to within two hundred yards of the rear one I saw that all three were firing at me from their back guns. I was so much faster than the Huns I could zigzag on my course—wondering as I did so if I resembled an ocean greyhound dodging a submarine.

Finally I closed to within twenty yards of the fleeing Germans and let go at them. The rear machine was my easiest target. Soon I saw my bullets going into the observer's body, and I feel sure some of them must have passed on from him to the pilot, who was seated directly in front. The observer's face was white as a sheet, and out of pure terror, I think, he had ceased to fire at me. The pilot now was gazing back over his shoulder and was too frightened to maneuver his machine. He had turned into a sort of human rabbit and was concerned only with running for his life. Fifteen rounds from my gun sufficed for that machine. Down it tumbled, a stricken and dying thing.

As the two other machines were some distance off I did a circle to see the falling Hun crash. When I did this the two others suddenly returned underneath me and opened fire from a spot where I could not see them—one coming within a hundred yards. Almost at the same moment that they attacked, four enemy scouts came diving out of the clouds, two of them firing as they dived at me. I turned on the nearer of the two-seaters and firing forty rounds at him from the side managed to shoot him down.

I then went straight at the four scouts, opening fire on one that was coming straight head-on. He swerved slightly at the last, and flashed by me. I ducked away into a cloud to consider the situation for a moment, but in the mist in my excitement I lost control of my machine and fell in a spinning nose dive for quite a distance.

The Upper Picture Shows a British Aeroplane Flying Round an Enemy Observation Balloon Before Attacking; the Middle One, the Balloon Falling to Earth in Flames; and the Lower One, All That Remains of the Balloon

When I flattened out at last the enemy scouts had flown away, but there beneath me, still slowly spinning to his fate, was my second two-seater. Three of the missing scouts now appeared some distance above me. I decided it was not a very healthful spot, and made away for home perfectly content with having added two more Hun scalps to my score.

It was great flying weather, and next day I had four fights in forty-five minutes. I could have had more, but had to return for want of fuel and ammunition. First of all I spotted two of my favorite two-seaters doing their daily observations, some three miles on the German side of the lines. I was very careful now about the way I approached these people, and went at it in a somewhat scientific manner. Climbing to just under the top of a cloud, where I was more or less invisible, I watched them carefully for five whole minutes as they went back and forth on their beat, and I carefully figured out just where I could catch them when they were nearest our lines. I also kept a very close eye on some enemy fighting patrols lurking in the distance.

Picking a moment when they were well away I flew over some more sheltering clouds, then came down and dashed at the two Huns. I managed to get twenty rounds into the nearer one, and pretty good shots they were, too, but nothing seemed to happen. At least nothing happened to the Hun, but something went wrong with my engine, and fearing it would fail me altogether I broke off the fight and made for home.

Just after I made our lines the engine began running perfectly, so I went back for my two-seaters. Only one of them remained. This convinced me that the other machine had been hit badly enough to make him descend. The one left behind was very wary, and I saw I could not get within two miles of him. So I gave him up as a bad job and flew up and down the lines until I discovered another pair of two-seaters. These also proved to be shy and I chased them well back into their own country. It is discouraging work and very aggravating to chase machines that will not fight. For my part I find that I get in a tremendous temper and am very apt to run unnecessary risks when I meet another enemy. It is a case of anything to relieve one's feelings.

With a British Squadron of Airmen Who Bomb the Enemy by Day

When Fighting Seems Like Sport

IN THE afternoon I had three more fights, the first one being unsuccessful from my point of view, but certainly a very exciting affair. I was out with my own patrol, six machines strong, and we had not been on the lines very long before we met up with a lone Hun two-seater. From a distance he looked like one of the shy fellows I had been chasing most of the morning, and I led the patrol straight at him, quite confident in my own mind that he was going to be an easy victim. I was convinced of this when at first he appeared inclined to run away.

I opened fire at him at two hundred yards, whereupon a marvelous thing happened. The German pilot turned in a flash and came head-on into the six of us, opening fire with two guns. Much to our amazement he flew right through the center of our formation. The unexpected audacity of the Hun caught us entirely off our guard. It was a bad bit of work for us to let him go right through us, and we were all deeply disgusted. We turned on the fellow with all the fury there was in us, but he was quite ready for us. We seemed to be fighting very badly, and the honors were not coming our way. The fight lasted about three minutes, and during that time I, for one, was caught badly by the German. While I was trying to correct a stoppage in my gun he turned on me and got in a very fierce burst of fire, some of the bullets passing close to my body. He also got one of the others a few seconds later trying to do the same thing, and then to cap the climax he turned away, broke off the combat, and escaped as free as a bird, with probably only a few bullet holes in his machine. He must have been a very fine pilot and a very brave man, for he put up a wonderful fight, and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying he probably enjoyed it much more than we did.

One of the next days we had rather a dramatic touch. After the morning's work we were sitting at luncheon and the second course had just been served when a telephone message came through that two enemy machines were at work on the lines. They were directing artillery fire of several hostile batteries on some of our important points. The request came through from the front line to send somebody out at once and drive the undesirables away.

Talk about Wellington at the Battle of Waterloo! This had that beaten in every way. We felt like a lot of firemen, and in a very few minutes after we got the message another pilot and I were out over the trenches. Five minutes later we were engaged in deadly combat with the two enemy machines.

They had seen us as we approached. We were hungry and were anxious to get back to our muttons. So there was no shilly-shallying about the fight—it was a case of going in and finishing it in the shortest possible order. So the two of us waded in side by side, opening fire on the rear enemy. With our first burst of fire it dived on its nose, did a couple of turns as it fell, and finally crashed into a field beside the river. We then turned our attention to Hun Number Two, but he was a mile away by this time and winging it for home as fast as ever he could. We were willing to waste ten minutes more away from the festive board to have a go at him, but he showed no sign of returning, and we streaked home to our interrupted meal. It had all been very short and sweet, and most successful.

I had now come to the conclusion that to be successful in fighting in the air two things were required above all others. One was accuracy in shooting, and the second was to use one's head and take no unnecessary risks. Consequently my plans from about this time forward were to take a minimum of risks, and whenever things looked at all doubtful or bad to make my escape immediately and wait patiently for another opportunity. The patience part in carrying out this campaign was the hardest, but I managed to control myself, and found it much more effective than constantly blundering into danger like a bull in a china shop.

When I left for my leave to England I was not very keen on going. The excitement of the chase had a tight hold on my heartstrings and I felt that the only thing I wanted was to stay right at it and fight and fight and fight in the air. I don't think I was ever happier in my life. It seemed that I had found the one thing I loved above all others. To me it was not a business or a profession but just a wonderful game. To bring down a machine did not seem to me to be killing a man; it was more as if I was just destroying a mechanical target, with no human being in it. Once or twice the idea that a live man had been piloting the machine would occur and recur to me, and it would worry me a bit. My sleep would be spoiled perhaps for a night. I did not relish the idea even of killing Germans; yet when in a combat in the air it seemed more like any other kind of sport, and to shoot down a machine was very much the same as if one were shooting down clay pigeons. One had the great satisfaction of feeling that he had hit the target and brought it down; that one was victorious again.

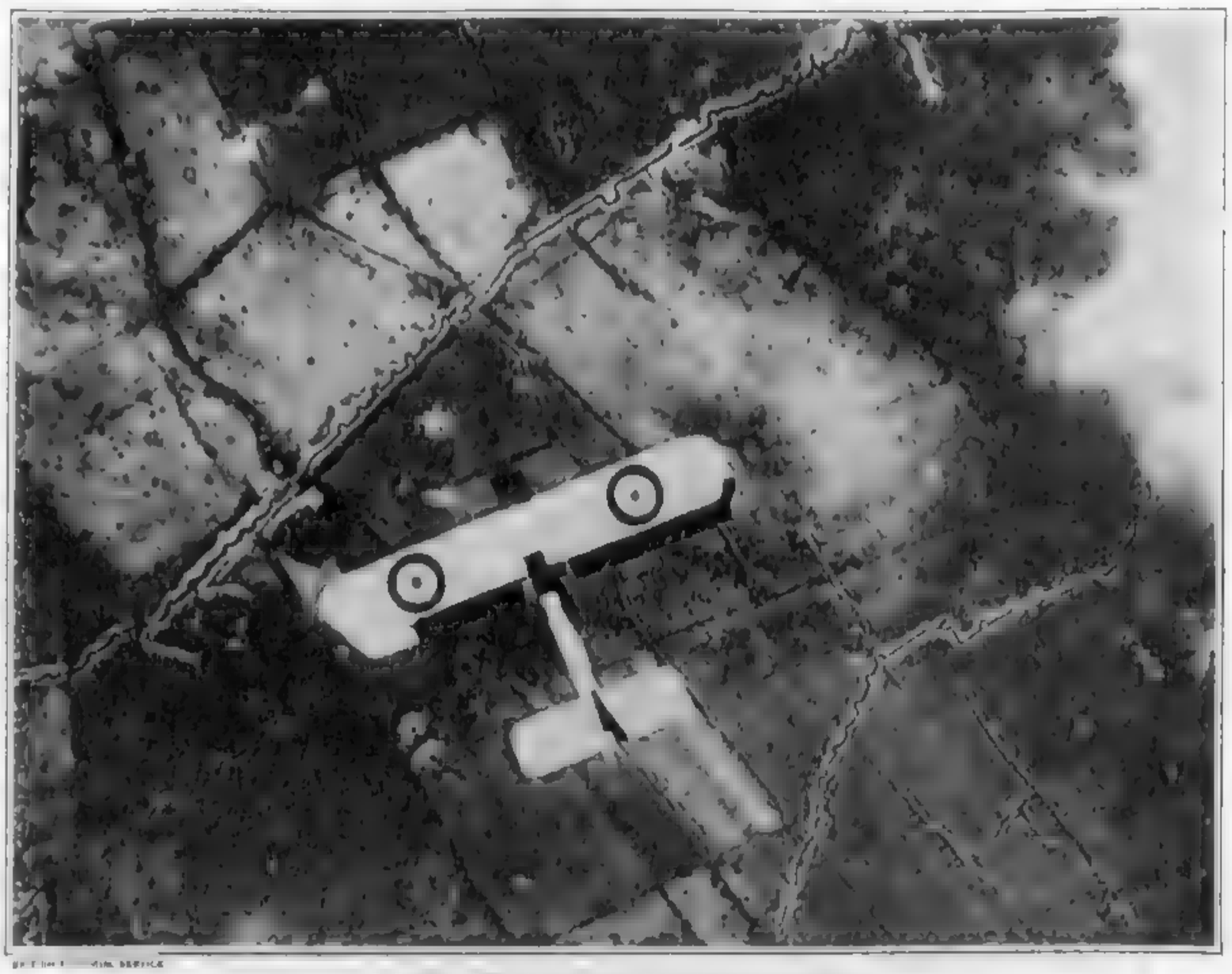
A Holiday in Blighty

WHEN I reached England, however, I found I was in a very nervous condition. I could not be still. After a week there, in which I enjoyed myself tremendously, I found I was getting quieter, and realized that my leave was probably doing me a world of good. My last week of leave I enjoyed without stint, every minute seeming better than the one before. To make it still more ideal I did not have the usual dread of going back to France—I was looking forward to it. I realized that this short rest had quieted my nerves and had left me in a much better state of health, so that when the two weeks were up and the day came for my return I gladly got on the train leaving Charing Cross, and all day looked forward to my return to the squadron.

By great luck I managed to catch an automobile going in my direction from Boulogne, and arrived at the aërodrome the night of the same day I had left London. I felt like a small boy returning home for his holidays. I was plied with questions as to what good old England looked like, what I had done and what was happening in Blighty; and in my turn I was full of questions as to what had happened in the squadron while I was away. Many things had; several people had been killed, and quite a number of Hun machines had been shot down by our pilots. A great many exciting and a great many amusing fights in the air were related.

It was typical of the attitude of these comrades of mine that when a man had been in an

(Continued on Page 105)



A British Aeroplane Flying Over German Trenches

"My credit is rising high
And *Campbell's Soups* are why
They save my wealth in money and health
So no one is richer than I!"

Serve by saving—*wisely*

You cannot serve your country well by sacrifice without wisdom. Self-denial, to be effective, must be coupled with judgment and practical sense. Money saving must go hand in hand with health saving.

"Nobody ought to eat less than is necessary for good health and full strength," says our National Food Administration, "for *America needs the full productive power of all its people!*" Right here, if you will stop to think of it, you will realize the especial usefulness and value of

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It not only is economical but its extremely nourishing quality increases this "productive power" which the nation needs.

It supplies those important vegetable food elements which are positively necessary to health and vigorous condition.

With the stimulating meat juices of selected beef we combine choice potatoes, rutabagas and carrots—diced, also Dutch cabbage, Country Gentleman corn, baby lima beans and small peas. We add rice, barley, macaroni alphabets, fresh okra, celery and parsley, fine tomatoes, and a trifle of leek, onion and sweet red peppers.—A most palatable and satisfying dish.

We Americans as a nation depend too exclusively upon meat and other heavy high-caloried foods. This invigorating soup furnishes just the dietary balance which many of our people actually require.

The sensible way is to order this wholesome soup from your grocer by the dozen or more, and enjoy it regularly and often.

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE BARGAIN TRUE

"I Don't Want to Be a Farmer's Wife, Philip; So Much I Admit. I Don't Believe I Could Make Him Happy—Do You?"

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XII

A MONTH later Dale Aldis admitted that John-Giant's letters were not only tyrannical but in poor taste. He had tired of waiting for the real love letter she promised in her hastily written notes. He said he was lonesome and discouraged and wanted to know the day she was coming back. The Laird of McNab had died and he would not get another horse until he knew Dale's plans. He was glad she was having a good time, only he was lost without her. He had repented of not speaking to Glenny and had humbly gone to call, only to be snubbed. He had made the scrapbook and the raffia baskets, and her writing desk was finished all except the motto—what did she want carved across the front panel?

Dale had excused her hurried notes with "When I see you we'll make up by talking," or "I'm so tired, John-Giant, my head aches and we have a busy evening, there are so many people to see and so many things to do; and of course I'll never have such a wonderful time again." This hurt, but Dale unthinkingly had written it.

John had demanded to know when Leswing was going home—if he never worked or thought of care; to which Dale had replied in a spirited tone, saying that Mr. Leswing was extremely busy in his own fashion and if John could see the way people rushed after him and the furore he created he would be ashamed to have asked such a question.

John had not written when Dale went on the motor trip with the Hamilton-Coxes. But Dale was so busy and happy in a new and dangerous fashion, and so sure, after all, that she would marry this John-Giant and have all these wonderful experiences to tell him, that she had not worried.

Returning to New York, with Leswing hinting of his departure, she had found this curt paragraph:

Dale: Is there any use in our going on? You know what I mean. I feel so utterly out of it all, and you said you would come back long ago and we would be married. What is wrong, dear? Are you confused again? They've got you down there in the big town and just shown you one dazzle after another. That isn't square. Come home, dearest—I want you. JOHN.

It struck Dale as presumptuous. Leswing always treated her as if she were a grand duchess; all the older men did. A young girl grows fond of this sort of deference, since it is really the deference which age pays youth. Why should she come home before Leswing sailed—they were planning a wonderful party for him, following him out in a yacht to throw bushels of flowers. Dale felt it was the least she could do—to say *bon voyage!*

When Leswing dropped in for afternoon tea, Mrs. Wicks tactfully dropping out, Dale told him this.

"Of course I must be fair to John," she added; "but I want to see you set sail—that is, if you wish me."

"I shouldn't sail unless you did." He laid a corsage of English violets in her lap. "Well, suppose I leave next week—what then?"

"It has been a wonderful playtime, for which I shall always thank you—always!" Dale's lips quivered.

"I don't want to set sail," Leswing added; "that is—alone. I believe you've taught me to be very fond of you." He touched his scarred cheek, the Cobra shining brightly.

"I'm fond of you, Philip," she said slowly. "Everyone is fond of you. Sometimes I wonder if it is because of your wonderful treasures."

"But in all the chattering of them"—Leswing reached in an inner pocket—"I did not let them suspect my greatest." He laid a flat black case on the cloth between them. "I don't mind their talking about Mrs. Venus or the Blue Moon or a few garish things like that—but this, Dale, only such as you could comprehend." He opened the case as he spoke.

On a black velvet background rested the most curious jewel she had ever seen—an unset opal two inches in length and half as wide, in whose blue-gold cream-gray lavender depths rested the outline of a sleeping woman clad in blush-rose draperies. She was lying on her side, each tiny feature as perfect as if some sculptor had conceived a way of so fashioning her beneath the stone.

"That is my cloud sprite," said Leswing, enjoying Dale's silent wonder, "from the private collection of a roguish old rajah who became hard up after a fling in Paris. There she is—drifting to sleep among the clouds. Dale, that stone is worth half a million."

Dale laid it in the palm of her hand. She was still silent. Half a million! Piles of dimes for a grave marker!

"If I ever came a cropper and went bankrupt," he added, "I should toss the cloud sprite into the sea before I would let it go to the vulgarly rich. But if I loved someone very dearly I should give it to her as a mascot. Jewels are mascots, Dale.

"Here is my Cobra, wisest of the wise," he lifted his finger as he spoke; "my cloud sprite is my religion. Then I've a black diamond, the Imp, which goes with me on all my reckless expeditions; and an emerald—the Divine Grassplot, I've named it; and a sapphire, Angel's Smile. But they are at Paradisio. I brought the cloud sprite because I could not bear to leave her."

"Will she ever waken?" Dale's fancy played along as Leswing's had done.

"Sometime—if I could kiss her eyes. I often dream of her wakening. I tell myself she is an imprisoned princess banished there by the old rajah. Other times she is an exiled angel. Again she becomes the dead wife of an unworthy man, who chose a jewel for her casket in order that when he repented he could not know where to mourn her—a thousand dreams. Well, what would you say if I gave her to you, Dale?"

Dale put up her hands in protest. "Please take her to Paradisio—I'm afraid she would surely dream bad dreams in a log cabin."

Like a physical caress Leswing replaced her in the case and then in his pocket.

"And now," said Dale, forcing herself to speak, "we must decide."

"Decide what?" He came to sit near her on the coral tête-à-tête.

"About John-Giant. . . . I don't want to be a farmer's wife, Philip; so much I admit. I don't believe I could make him happy—do you?"

"No, Dale." He stroked her cheek cleverly.

"If we were married now and I could help him a little longer he could manage to find a position."

"What do you call a position?"

"Two thousand a year would be excellent."

Leswing's face was a study.

"I know it isn't as much as the keep of your horse," she said a little bitterly, "and you paid a hundred thousand for your yacht—and all the rest. You've taught me to know such things—and to like them. I must begin to forget."

"You never will," Leswing murmured.

"No?" Her head tilted defiantly. "Well, where were we? Oh, yes! John's position—two thousand a year. I shall ask him to use my money until he has fitted himself for that."

"Why marry until he has?"

"We must marry—we can't wait years. Besides, John needs the money and he wouldn't take it unless we were married—he'll rebel against taking it as it is. Only—I wouldn't be happy.

Dale had learned to take herself seriously. Hitherto she had been merely an untutored, charming child with an impulsive, tempestuous little heart. She had watched Leswing's set take themselves seriously, admire their bad qualities and overemphasize their good ones, pamper their tendencies and adore their own peculiarities—it was all a part of the game. Dale was beginning to do likewise.

"Suppose he refuses?"

"But he must ——" She turned to look at Leswing. Something in his face, which he had repressed for a long time, frightened her—a starved-beast look, pathetic, menacing, fatal!

"Philip, are you angry?" She stirred uneasily.

"I love you." His soft hands closed on her wrists like cold chains. "You will marry me and come to Paradisio."

(Continued on Page 26

Save For—And With—The Republic

The necessity of tire saving is becoming more acute every day.

The American people are breaking away from the old, haphazard habit of choosing any tire at all.

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STAGGARD
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Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 24)

Dale laughed confusedly. "I'm years younger—how foolish ——"

"I grant you that," he said swiftly; "but in heart I'm a boy, younger than even this John-Giant. You must come back with me, Dale; you are the only thing in the world that I want."

She was silent, rather stunned with the confession.

Leswing waited briefly and then continued. "And since you ask about the money, insist upon bringing it to a direct issue, I shall tell you the truth: There is no money, Dale, except what I have given your mother and yourself—not a ha'penny! You don't suppose, my child, that Aldis fancied he was to die overnight—or that, having done so, his wife would help the woman who had taken her husband from her, outraged her own title of wife? My dear, men and women are queer creatures and the most loving of them often fail to protect their loved. That was exactly your father's mistake.

"At the time I was a chivalrous youth, romantically inclined, and so I came to the rescue. I brought your mother to America, at her wish, and built her house; and never let her know it was my pocket money, not her dead hero's. The London world never knew. It was nothing to be praised for. I wanted to do it. I deserve no credit. Then—after a little—I went to Africa and luck came fairly to haunt me. What was a few thousand a year compared to a woman's abject want, a woman with an unnamed child, a girl-child as well? What could she have done? She was mentally paralyzed from the moment word reached her of his death. She had loved so fiercely that sanity in certain phases left her when that love was thwarted. I, who had watched, understood. Perhaps it was a queer thing to do—you asked me once what I did in the way of charity—*voild!*" He shrugged his shoulders.

"All these years, never seeing me, or caring—or anything—you have supported me." Dale put her hands to her eyes as if to shut out present reality and slip back to the dormitory days, the strange home-coming, the mystery of that fading mother. "She would have had to work like a charwoman; I should have been in an institution—oh, no, Philip; tell me it isn't true—that he did provide ——"

Leswing shook his head. "Not a ha'penny. Why attach importance to what I did? I don't. Merely that since you ask, even demand—and since this John person would demand as well, I must tell you. There is no money."

"You came again to bury her in Florence—you came here to see me ——"

"Not another second's thought about it! Merely a compliment paid to a splendid, daring love story—Aldis would have done the same for some other man. Dale, darling, you can't marry this John-Giant; you're a tender baby thing and you don't realize. Don't go getting red eyes from crying, or turn away from me. You want to thank me? Marry me. You shan't shut yourself away from the world on a farm. You can't—you'd elope with a circus man from sheer ennui. No child of Mirza and Aldis ever could. I've known it all along. I thought I was taking the slow, kind way of showing you the difference—you were made for this sort of life—not log cabins!"

Dale walked to the sham fireplace, looking down at the smartly imitated logs.

"Marry me and we will go to Paradisio." Leswing came beside her, the Cobra sparkling enthusiastically. "Please, Dale, look up and say you will. Don't you suppose I know how to make you very happy? Don't you suppose it is much kinder to John? He will thank you later on—some broad-hipped farmer's daughter will be a recompense. My dear, what would you do without a dollar in the world—and a few silk frocks which were never intended for berry picking? What would you do? Remember Mrs. Abner; that is no far cry! Don't look at me with such startled eyes, Dale—like a deer facing a gun barrel. Have I been such a cad? Have I rushed you? Did I say 'You shall never marry this dolt!' Did I blurt out my secret about the money like a stage villain? I grant you that it was a wise experience—this pretending to be in love. Go on dreaming that you are, if you like. But marry me—that is all I ask, Dale—and come to Paradisio. There I can fight phantom John-Giants. Well—will you accept the cloud sprite?" He was bending down, his scarred cheek touching hers.

"I must tell John first," she whispered. "I want to think—think—think!" She beat her hands together with frantic helplessness.

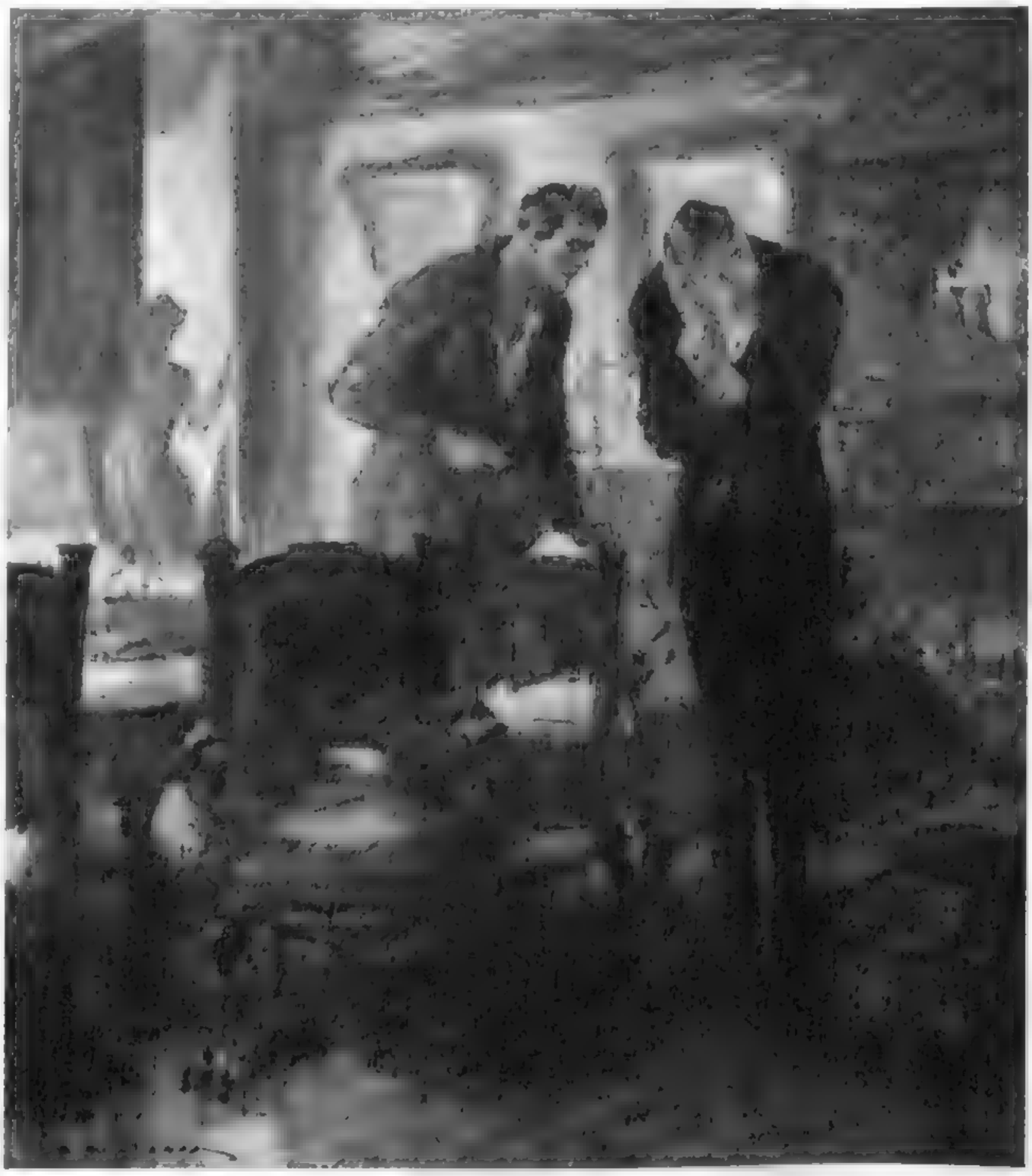
"That never gets you anywhere," laughed Leswing. "Kiss me, Dale! You don't suppose I'll give you up?"

"I must tell John," she repeated.

"Tell John-Giant—but you will marry me. Paradisio—the sea booming, the lions on the rocks, the yacht, moonlight, rose gardens, lacy frocks and ——"

"Philip, I must get it all clear first. There was never any money—never. You did everything for us—everything. Then John came. John won't take the money, he says—and I can't be a farm woman. But there isn't any money."

She looked at him, the eyes still the startled ones of a deer at bay, and a hard little line crept across her forehead. Dale was all woman.



"You Can Have Her—I Don't Want Her. Only Don't Try Jesuit Tricks and Then Tell Dale I Took a Bribe"

"We will have a quiet wedding, for I loathe a crush, and sail off in the night, so to speak." Leswing was stroking her head.

"John-Giant—he ——" She struggled to free her thoughts.

"Shall we tell him or be married first? That would be best—and then go together; tell him there is no money and you could not drudge away youth in a log cabin; say if he really loves you he will be glad. A person who really loves another wants only what is best for them. I can give you the best, Dale ——"

"When did you begin to love me?" she asked.

"At World's End, of course, dear stupid! Men of my age and position do not ask young girls in no way connected with them to come to New York and proceed on such an elaborately formal scale. It would be absurd. The people you have met know I intend to marry you. They needed no clumsy announcements. Don't you understand, Dale? I wanted to show you my side as well as John-Giant's. I must marry you and take you to Paradisio!"

"We shall never come back?"

"Never! America is entirely too efficient one moment and too extravagant the next to foster the romance which I am determined shall be ours. At Paradisio the very elixir of love is to be had for the wishing. There is nothing that is not beautifully worth while. My cloud sprite belongs there—but you shall judge for yourself. I feel you will be so much more mine at Paradisio—the very presence of the natives will emphasize the contrast, the dependency for companionship. I want to shut you away from everyone, Dale, for a long, long time." Leswing's eyes were as ardent as a schoolboy's.

A strange languor seemed to spring from Dale's heart, not her body. Subtle flattery had spun its web, and when she struggled to escape the effort resulted in naught but defeat.

"How can you love me so much? I, who have so loved John-Giant!"

"Love is not meant to be understood, Dale." He took her gently in his arms. She felt chilled and dreary, as if she must break back to the fire to dream simple dreams of O. and E. suppers and darning for John.

"I have waited many years for such a love as this. For what else is such a place as Paradisio? For what else is the rest of my life?"

"You are many years older"—she stared with the frank eyes of unflattering youth—"nearly thirty!"

"I shall not live to be old with you," he begged. "Just a few brief years and then you will be alone—with everything I shall have ever owned. You will have no need of anyone to protect you"—Leswing played his last card—"as I protected Mirza."

"You did everything," she repeated, turning back to him; "all these years with no thought of return, no idea whether I ——"

"Whether you were snub-nosed and crossed of eye or whether you were Dale, the most willowy fay creature imaginable. I merely paid my tribute to romance. Tell me, do I deserve nothing in return?"

A moment later she answered: "Let me tell John."

Leswing gave a joyous cry. The Cobra flashed its ecstasy.

"I will give World's End for a hospital; the town needs one," she continued evenly. "You need not come with me while I tell John. Glenny and I will meet you here."

(Continued on Page 28)

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(Continued from Page 26)

"I think I had better," he said anxiously.

The gray eyes flickered. Being all grown up and dreary of heart Dale understood that Leswing still feared John-Giant. With all his worldly supremacy and past record for unsurpassed charity he feared him because he was young and strong and white of soul.

"Very well," she answered: "and now, Philip ——"

"Kiss me!" he whispered.

As she did so John's words repeated themselves: "No one shall ever kiss you like this—you are mine—mine—mine!"

She had said her heart and her body were John's, and he had answered that such a union bespoke a soul and so her soul was his as well. What else had she to give Leswing? Her mind—a worldly mentality won by a clever siege of luxury! That was all. It seemed that Leswing was getting the worst of the bargain.

She was thinking of John's bruised, withering dreams, wondering briefly as Leswing released her if anyone had really loved him with the passion of youth and the purity of maidenhood—as she had loved John-Giant? And what would become of her heart and her body now that they could not belong to John-Giant?

"You can finish trousseau hunting in France," Leswing was saying. "We ought to be ready to sail in ten days."

XIII

"SHE expects a tip," Dale said scornfully as Mrs. Wicks rustled about, preparatory to Dale's departure for World's End.

Always ready for such occasions, as any true fairy godfather ought to be, Leswing produced a set of elaborate jet combs which caused much flecking of an embroidered handkerchief and the request that Dale always love her.

They motored to World's End, reaching there at dusk of the third day. It was fallish and Leswing shivered from loathed cold.

"France is often beastly this time of year," he said. "I say we go direct to Paradisio, Dale, and run over to Paris in the summer."

Dale merely smiled. She was turning an eager face toward the old green house, noting that the gate was relocked and once more the convent order of bell-ringing existed. Glenny came to the gate, curtsying like an animated manikin. Toinette, whom Leswing had suggested accompanying them, stood by in supreme scorn.

"You've come into your own, my lamb!" Glenny whispered.

Dale nodded vaguely, pushing by them and rushing up the walk. The drawing-room door was ajar. She hesitated before she entered—it was the last time she was to see the drawing-room, since it was to be dismantled and disposed of in Leswing's efficient fashion once he had a proper incentive. He had suggested that they give the house and grounds to Amherst. Dale consented—nothing seemed to matter since this incombatable ennui of the soul had come upon her. To have told John and seen the stab in the deep-sea eyes were the only things of importance. Paradisio mattered very little!

She saw herself—a long-legged, unwanted child—returned from the convent, begging for cinnamon buns and chocolate, and Mirza answering fretfully to go to Glenny. For a moment she almost wished she could relive those lonely years.

She saw John-Giant as he had come the first time to be her guest. She could almost hear his awkward tramping round the room as she pointed out this picture and that and the little marionette theater, long out of use, which had been Mirza's. Well, Leswing was coming up the walk and Humphrey and Toinette were piling bags out of the motor. Leswing was very soon to be her husband and they would sail for Paradisio, where she was to be as imprisoned as the cloud sprite, while Leswing psychically gathered back his youth!

"There isn't much you want, is there? How about burning the letters? I think it would be best." Leswing had waved the servants round to the back and was close beside her. "I fancy they'll have to tear the whole place down and rebuild ——"

"Oh, no doubt!" Dale passed inside and threw her fur coat on the nearest chair.

"This marionette theater ought to be put in working order—it would amuse the children. And how about all this?" He indicated the furnishings.

"I don't care for anything," she said steadily.

"Nor I. I never want to take anything to Paradisio save what I have selected. It has never been cluttery in a single corner. These things belong to a lived-out tragedy, Dale. Let them stay to furnish the parlors of the Amherst Hospital."

"I shall go upstairs to dress," Dale answered.

Leswing kissed her. "It won't be very long, darling, will it? We can finish here in a few days—then New York—then ——"

"Can we—in a few days?" There was a hidden note of regret.

"About four, if you wish—no longer."

"Then we'll say four ——"

"What worries, dearest—the telling him?" Leswing's lips pinched in a trifle at the corners. "Let me ——"

"Oh, no! I must tell John myself."

"Shall I be present?"

"I want to be alone with him, Philip—to go to his cabin."

"Nonsense—such primitive youngsters are too savage!"

Dale smiled. "You don't understand—not at all. Of course I shall go alone to tell him!"

"Why not here?" Leswing asked.

"It would be kinder," was all she answered.

Tired from the wooing and winning of youth, Leswing stayed in the old guest room, oblivious of creases in his brocaded dressing gown or stray threads on the carpet. He was considering a number of things: First, he must not let it be more than four days—the memories of those deep-sea eyes were unpleasant in their possibilities; secondly, he must compensate John-Giant for his loss. It would hit two birds with one stone—this last: John, being only an "American peasant," Leswing had deceived himself, would be more easily soothed, and Dale with the aristocracy of her birthright would see that John accepted a tip—even as Mrs. Wicks the jet jewelry. Besides—here Leswing's grizzled head dropped thoughtfully a moment—besides —— And he stopped his very thoughts lest they go to wooing latent self-sacrifice! After all, he told himself a moment later, Dale would come to look upon this as a disgraceful little incident, something to blush over when she was forced to recall it. There was the setting of the cloud sprite to be determined on, for the third thing; and Dale's rooms at Paradisio to get ready, for the fourth. And a certain full-faced Spanish woman who lived in elegant isolation in the hills must be sent flying and the villa pulled down. It could all be arranged; money could arrange everything—both the selling and the stabbing of youth—both of which Leswing knew.

He rang for some brandy. "Has Miss Aldis gone out?" he asked, not imagining in the least that she had.

"Yes, sir," Glenny told him. "It's to 'is 'ut, I fancy, sir." Glenny was darkly disapproving.

"Ah!" Leswing placed his tapering finger tips together. "This house is like a barn. Get some heat into it and bring me a brandy. Then order the car. I'll drive until the place is fit to stay in."

Glenny curtsied. "And what will you do after Miss Dale has gone?" he continued.

Glenny's face turned white. "Hafter she 'as gone, sir? My lamb needs me! Oh, no, sir, I couldn't be left be'ind!"

"You in Africa?" Leswing laughed. "The lions would spoil your slumbers, and you'd start in to convert the heathen and thereby ruin their dispositions. We'll ship you to London town—you can start a shop."

Glenny's knotted fingers twisted the crisp apron ruffle. "I choose to go with my lamb," she began faintly. "I was with 'er mother, sir—and I was with 'er from the moment she first drew breath ——"

"Other times, other manners. You'd keep bringing things up to mind. Things about—ah, what's the use of arguing! We will send you to hear the Bow Bells, Glenny; I am sure that would be best."

Glenny turned away. So Dale was to go alone to Paradisio; Glenny was to see none of her triumph! Yet she did not dispute Leswing's word—no one disputed it, for that matter. She went back to her kitchen. She, too, saw a phantom Dale in her short lacy frocks, sitting on a chair waiting until the cinnamon buns were baked to a turn. She could hear her whispering, "Glenny, could I eat to-day's share and to-morrow's share now—and next Tuesday's? Because I'll be back at school Tuesday! I want to take them over on the island and play I'm shipwrecked!" . . . London and a shop with a bell and living rooms in the rear, and her lamb alone at Paradisio. Some fine-aired Frenchwoman like this Toinette to take her place. John Coventry had planned no such exile—Dale had told her John wished Glenny to stay with them. He planned for and expected it.

She turned to the cupboard to begin dinner. "Like an old 'orse turned out to pasture when 'e's done trottin'," she ruminated; "and an old woman is sent off to keep a shop—and 'er tongue silent. That's the way of the gentry," she added—Glenny's first democratic speech. "John wouldn't 'ave done it—'e'd been willing to listen to me scold, because my lamb needed me."

Dale Hesitated Before She Entered—It Was the Last Time She Was to See the Drawing-Room

John was not home when Dale reached the cabin. As a matter of fact he had gone to see if a letter had come from her; there had been none in three days. The dried leaves crackled underfoot and the vines, stripped of foliage and blossom, rattled in the fall wind. Dale shivered as she reached the door. She knew just where John hid the key, for they had often joked about it and she had hid notes as a surprise. Mechanically her fingers stole up to the cubby-hole. Then she opened the door and went inside, moving with the slowness of one who is dreaming.

The raffia baskets she saw first of all, piled in a heap on a homemade chair—a gift offering for when she should return. She could tell from the appearance of her last letter, lying on the table, that he had carried it with him. There stood her new writing desk, an admirable bit of home work, with the curved chair which she had fancied to match. Across the front panel was cut in Old English style: The Key That is Used Grows Bright.

Dale understood—it was to be inspiration for her in the midst of her new labors.

John had neglected housekeeping. There was dust of long standing here and there, and the kitchen harbored unwashed dishes. A diagram of a new house lay beside her letter—John's dream pastime; and outside was stacked the new lumber for their addition—a sun parlor, a dining room, and a bedroom for Glenny if she chose to stay. One time Dale had tidied up for him; she laughed as she thought of it—but it was not a laugh inviting response. The fire in the hearth had died down, the room was cold, and she knelt to poke it with a stick until little sparks flashed here and there. She wondered how long it would be before he returned. Yet she did not care—it seemed pleasant in the cabin despite the dust, even though she had come to say good-by! An atmosphere of work permeated the place. She felt as if she could begin to plan again—plan for something besides supreme, unmarred pleasure and perfect isolation.

John bounded through the door, guessing rightly when he spied it was unlocked.

"Darling!" he said, tossing off his shaggy coat, "you surprised me! Just when I was as blue as indigo because there was no letter ——"

Dale rose swiftly to face him. He knew when he looked at her—something in the pale grave face chilled and frightened. It was a different Dale, just as he had prophesied!

"John, don't kiss me—wait until I explain. There is so much to explain and I am tired of trying—even to myself. Perhaps I better tell you what all the explanation has led to—shall I?"

"If you like—won't you kiss me?"

She shook her head. "Not until I tell you; then you may kiss me good-by if you wish. . . . In New York I've been among the world—the world Lord Aldis and Mirza lived in. I'm not a splendid, high-idealed girl but a weak, yielding creature dependent on the nice things of existence. I would not do for your wife. I'd drag you down by my own discontent—be a parasite. I can't marry you, John-Giant. It would be unfair to both of us—one time you told me there was a caste of justice struggling for existence in this country.

(Continued on Page 30)

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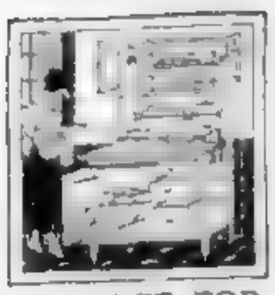

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

McDougall

THE FIRST KITCHEN CABINET

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

(Continued from Page 28)

Well, I shall help it a bit by not marrying you. It wouldn't be fair"—she was looking out, beyond him, trying not to let those deep-sea eyes make her heart stir with longing. She was thinking of the contrast between John's rugged face and Leswing's scarred, softish cheeks—with a tendency to a flabby chin!

"Are you joking, Dale?" he said quietly, but he wondered if she could hear the way his heart thumped.

"No, John," she added in the same quiet manner. "I wish things might be different, but I couldn't do my share of the hill climbing."

"Won't you wait and let me try to make enough money?"

"Please, John—it is settled."

"He has convinced you. I knew it." John turned away and took his pipe from the wall rack.

"He is right; you will see as time goes on."

"Of course he is right! I'm not saying he isn't—only why did you make me love you, Dale—and then snatch it all away? Well, I can sell the place and clear out—it would be easier for you."

"Oh, no, no!" she urged. Her lips began to tremble. "For it is I who must go. World's End is to be given to Amherst for a hospital. . . . I shall never be here again." It was so much harder to tell him than she had dreamed. She found herself wanting to creep into his arms and have him kiss her and say, with the fierceness of youth, that she was his. Something in the quiet fashion in which he listened frightened her.

"Where will you go, Dale?"

"To Paradisio," she answered. "I am going to marry Mr. Leswing." Then everything sung round her head in a peculiar fashion.

"Thief!" she heard John say harshly. "Well, I wouldn't have thought that!"

"You must not say that, John; you must understand!" She was all hysterical girl again—the prematurely calm woman had vanished. Youth had called to youth and been answered.

"I know better than you; he wanted you because you were young and innocent and because he is old and scarred with the things men do." John's voice rose to a sharp, incisive tone.

"There never was any money," she protested—"I mean from Lord Aldis—it was Philip who did everything, brought Mirza here and built the villa and supported us. You see, there would be no money to give back."

"I suppose you are paying the debt." John's face was white and filled with shadows like that of an overworked mill hand. "That meant no more to him, Dale, than to keep an old hunting dog in his stable. He hardly realized what he was doing. Men with millions don't. It wasn't anything that cost him self-denial; he didn't give of himself. But then, what's the sense in talking!"

"He would not have told me if I had not asked. I forced him to tell," she kept on steadily. "I think he was quite right to have me come to New York—it is really fair to you, John. Suppose I had married you and been wretchedly discontented?"

"You needn't work so hard, Dale; Leswing's sophistry does not interest me; he's an old man and he dreads it. He wants youth, a hard thing to buy and make one's own—the right sort of youth. Well—he'll marry you and load your hands with sparkling things and take you back like a slave girl to this place of his, and there you'll stay, to give of your youth until it is faded. He talks of working hard and wearing cheaper clothes and cooking your food and washing your dishes. It's true that is drudgery; but drudgery is the finest thing in the world if it isn't overplayed.

"But he never has hinted of your giving him unwilling kisses and letting his age feed off your youth to stave away the grave. That is what he never mentions. Besides, it can't be done! But you've that to find out. Why, you don't fancy for a moment, do you, Dale, that you have Leswing's love? You have his fierce desire to remain young through the mediumship of yourself—and his fear of wrinkles and canes! You're to be the shield which he holds before him as age advances. . . . That's mighty cheap stuff—that money argument. It was a rich man's prank when he brought your mother here. It pleased Leswing to do it—and he's kept sending the money the same as a man keeps up dues in a club he never attends—a matter of sentiment. But marrying you, Dale, has nothing to do with it—nothing whatsoever. He merely wants you because you are young and he is old. . . . Well, is there anything else you want to say?"

"He thinks I will be happy," she added faintly.

John's lips curved mockingly. "And has he spoken of children?"

"No."

"He will never speak of them; he cares for nothing but a selfish life hidden from the whispers of the normal world. Leswing wants no home, Dale, no family—but a refuge from age decorated with glittering things to tempt the foolish side of a young girl's heart. You told me you were at the end of the world and you wanted to find your way back to the beginning. I tried to show you. The beginning of the world is always a bit of a struggle, just as some things about our life together would have been. We are real, Dale, you and I—not in a storybook with the proper incidental music being played at the proper moments. Leswing has created such a storybook for his own edification—and defense. The book will end some day by an abrupt period, and you'll still find yourself at the end of the world. World's End and Paradisio are identical, but you can't see it now."

He knocked his pipe against the table edge with a studied gesture to conceal the trembling of his brown hand.

Dale was silent.

"Do you love him?" he asked presently.

"I shall marry him."

"You have answered me."

"What will you do with yourself, John?"

"What does it matter—why should you care? Tell me, do you still love me?"

Dale covered her eyes with her hands, the sparkling ring shining in triumph. "I—don't—know," she began confusedly.

"He's stolen in like a well-trained thief; he knew just how to proceed, just what to say and what not to say, and what to give you. He's taken advantage of age—it isn't fair. . . . Well, by God, if he's stolen you from me—I'll—I'll steal some woman sometime!" His voice sank to a whisper.

Dale made a pretense of fastening her coat. "I'm sorry," was all she said.

John looked at her in fierce anger—then his face quivered like an unjustly punished child, and he smiled tenderly.

"Are you, Dale?"

Instinctively she came near him. "I want to kiss you good-by," she said brokenly. "If I am going to another World's End—it is fate, the unmatchable. What's the sense of my dragging you along? It wouldn't be worth the try, John-Giant, to marry me. Just let me stay a dream." She raised her face to his. "Don't you see it is all I can do now? I must marry him because ——"

"Because he knows how to make you—because he's a thief! Well, you shall marry him!" The enraged anger of stabbed youth surged to the surface. "You could come here on your knees and beg of me to marry you—in vain. I told you in the first place to be sure—very sure—before you went twisting up someone's destiny. You said you were. I guess all women lie. I guess the things books say of them are true"—he gave her a little push. "I want you to go out of here and stay," he finished. "I'm through! Don't try to make eyes at me and say it's inevitable, and chatter-chitter about World's End and gratitude and this and that—go back to your old man and be dragged off like a slave girl. I don't want you!"

Dale went slowly to the open door. John did not turn to watch her; he was apparently building the fire. She tried to call his name, but she could not seem to make him hear or else no sound came from her lips—she did not know which. He kept on breaking fagots, humming in a forcedly gay tone. Finally she went out the door and over to the road. A scarlet car was waiting just beyond the trees. Leswing waving a walking stick came to meet her.

"I took the liberty of coming as near as was proper," he said. "Was the young savage hard to manage?" He had the magical power of making the whole thing one of unimportance—a disagreeable trifle.

He helped her over a bad place in the road and into the car. She sank back among the cushions while the machine shot ahead. She wondered if John saw.

"Well, my dear, are we to be dumb? I'm afraid the cave man has no sense of humor—a disadvantage of being primitive! Or did he overdo the agonies? He is too young to lose gamely, I fancy. . . . I think we shall have a decent dinner—filet mignon and artichokes, with a sauterne cup. You must tell me what sort of wedding you will be satisfied with, because I've arranged about the gift of World's End and there is no sense in our staying longer than another day."

"Very well, Philip," Dale turned to him without emotion. It seemed as if the world and all therein were like a Noah's Ark crew moving mechanically about, quite indifferent as to whether they were placed on the sunny nursery table or flung from the window into the wet, leaf-ridden curb.

John-Giant did not want her—that one fact remained paramount. He told her so—it was quite wise that she marry Philip. John-Giant's love had been like having a little child who lived but a day.

That night Amherst said "I told you so," and might have added "We should have been disappointed had it not come to pass." For John Coventry had staggered about the main street in a drunken state as his father had done, and given away his cabin half a dozen times, offered his hand in marriage to the mill girls, and cursed in horrid fashion when someone asked him as to Dale Aldis!

XIV

FOR SALE: Ten-acre farm in excellent condition; log-cabin house; lumber for addition; two wagons; farm implements—any reasonable offer considered. Owner leaving state reason for selling.

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LESWING read the printed notice in the station and redirected his orders as to driving direct to World's End. Instead, the scarlet car halted before the ramshackle justice's office.

Leswing went inside with his jaunty tread, glancing neither to right nor left. In another five minutes or so he was returning, telling the driver to go on to World's End. He turned the collar of his coat round his face, though the wind was not sharp and the car was sheltered. Looking in, all one could see was the figure of an elderly man seemingly in deep meditation.

He discovered Dale packing the trifles she wanted. She was engrossed in a cabinet of keepsakes, scarcely glancing up as he came into the room.

"I shan't take any of these," she said in an indifferent voice. "Glenny is going to make a fire and we can burn them ourselves." She threw a faded pink fan on the heap with a discouraged gesture.

"Quite right!" Leswing took off his things. "Aren't you tired poking over that stuff? Let's desist and let Glenny attend the funeral pyre."

"Thanks, I'll see it through. By the way, Glenny is quite broken up. So you intend shipping her to England? She fancied she was to share the romance of Paradisio." If one had heard Dale speaking he would have said she was a cynical woman of the world, master of any situation.

"I can't imagine Glenny in Paradisio—the lions might chew her shawl fringe." Leswing stroked Dale's head. "She'll settle down in London—I'm going to fix her up. She thinks she'll pine for us but she won't. Time heals anything, Dale, don't forget." He watched the expression of her narrowing gray eyes.

"I have quite finished," was all she answered, rising and unpinning her apron. "If you will open the door, Philip, we can get these out of the way."

"How long will it take you to pack?"

"A few hours; there is so little that pleases you—I mean about my clothes. I am always getting new and gorgeous creations and then tossing them aside."

"That is because we can find very few things that are lovely enough." Leswing adjusted his monocle. "We will remedy that by a good Paris shop. Suppose you try to make the night train to-morrow, and I'll follow on by the machine?"

"Very well." Still the same listless interest.

"And if we corral Mrs. Wicks as a necessary evil for a day—may we plan for our wedding on Thursday?" Leswing's eyes were boyish.

"I should think so." Leswing might as well have planned that they inspect a fish aquarium.

"That is all you shall be bothered with—you shall never be bothered at Paradisio. You clap your hands so—as the fairy tales say—and lo, in come two black imps to do your bidding. I never fancied I could endure a conventional existence such as this for so long. Think what you have done, Dale: routed me out of every habit and driven me into being the most ardent lover in the world. . . . Kiss me!" His soft cheek touched hers; she shrank almost imperceptibly.

"I don't mind detail—and now I must finish this débris." She slipped by him, the large basket in her hand.

Leswing stood at the mantel, stroking his scarred cheek. Trig whined to be petted, but he did not notice. Glenny tiptoed in to ask about the dinner, but he frowned as he saw her and she tiptoed away. After a little Leswing nodded at the medallion portraits of the dead still standing on the parlor table.

"*Mes amis*," he said softly; "I too shall know a great love."

His eyes almost closed as if he recalled some long-forgotten and quite dead memory. His hand trembled as he touched the scar, and for an instant the grizzled head sank down as if he would have prayed!

Then he went in search of Dale, to find she had escaped him and was seeing about the disposal of something else. An old woman in the village needed furniture, and Dale had promised she should have a plenty.

Newly appointed trustees of the hospital, bristling with importance, were coming up the walk. They wanted to revel in the possession of the most shameful attraction and speak of moral crucibles and of the infinite good this would do the suffering! It was to be called Amherst Hospital; Dale wished no other name attached to it.

Leswing dismissed them in his inimitable fashion. The trustees found themselves walking down toward the green gate, admitting that the South African diamond king was a man of many moods. After all, Amherst could settle down and tell itself it was a thoroughly respectable settlement—as soon as the new structure rose on the hilltop and Dale and Leswing were married and away.

Dale vanished until dinner time. Toinette sternly stood Leswing off when he tried to find her. Toinette would have liked to advise Dale on being less reserved—it seemed to Toinette a very easy thing to love a diamond king; Dale was entirely too distraite to please her idea of the fortunate fiancée.

"I approve that gown, darling," Leswing told her at dinner. "That silver embroidered black gauze makes you like a star—you must wear that at Paradisio."

Dale nodded her thanks. "I think there is nothing more to be decided, is there, Philip?"

"If there is, someone else may have the burden. We've posed for shoulders of Atlas long enough. Dale, have you ever played *jeu de barre* on horseback? I've an Arabian mare in mind for you—and I'll get Marigold, of Vienna, to do your habit."

"You are always talking of clothes and effects and perfect moments of posed pleasure, aren't you, Philip?" Dale leaned on the table characteristically. "What would happen if you lost your money and we had to live in—in a log cabin?" she added unconsciously.

"If I lost my fortune the sun would neglect to rise," he assured her; "one is as probable as the other. So please stop conjuring up new shadows. I won't lose my fortune—unless the Bank of England fails." He brushed at his grizzled hair impatiently, the Cobra blinking disapproval.

"Philip," she said after a pause, "would you mind if we are not married for another week? Is there a rush about sailing?"

Leswing's brows drew together swiftly. When one nears the completion of a victory straws of delay sound a tocsin of alarm.

"Why, *chérie?*" he managed to say lightly.

"Because I wanted to go to the convent to say good-by."

"Wait until we are married. Let us go together," he urged. "Let us give them something for a remembrance—something they have given up hoping for."

"That would be splendid in you, Philip; but it was not what I had meant. I wanted to stay a few days alone—I am tired."

Leswing pushed his plate away, debating his answer. Glancing at Dale, he noticed that the healthy pallor was deserting her; there was a gray, wishful look.

"Very well," he said briefly; "then we will say in ten days—the marriage?"

"Thank you, Philip." She spoke more happily than he had heard her since they had returned.

(Continued on Page 32)

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(Continued from Page 30)

Humphrey tiptoed into the dining room to whisper in Leswing's ear.

"May I be excused, Dale?" Leswing thrust out his lower jaw in indecision. "Something has come up to be seen to."

"Certainly, Philip." Always that monotone, as if he were a stranger with whom she was chancing to dine.

She wondered when she was alone if she was always to feel the same deadish creature. She recalled the June morning when she pushed open the windows of her dressing room and said, as only youth can say on a June morning, "I'm glad I'm home." Was it the last June—or the last lifetime? This June would see her at Paradisio, with the lions sunning on the rocks.

Leswing had entered the drawing-room, to find John standing in the outer doorway as if he begrudged even entrance into the room. "I came to tell you you can't tip me—like a waiter," he said swiftly. "I'm not to be bought off like your blacks."

"I beg pardon?" Leswing began in a hushed tone, lest Dale hear and recognize the speakers.

"You thought you were too smart to ever be caught, didn't you?" John's face, with the trace of his night's revel, was unpleasant to look upon. "Thought I'd stop whining if you got someone 'from New York' to buy my place for twice its worth—that I'd never know—count myself lucky, go away to find a cheap woman who would be my equal. Why the devil did you bother? I would have more respect for you if you hadn't ——"

"I am sorry you misunderstand." Leswing came closer, still speaking softly. "I wanted to give you a start ——"

"A start!" He laughed shrilly, like an angered woman. "You've given me a push—you take your young girl and drag her off to Africa to gloat over her, you old man! Never mind about me! A lot I'll care after—a little. I'll make my pile like you've done, and when I'm old and clever and able to buy souls as easily as I buy shoes now I'll buy some boy's sweetheart and take her off—and pay back what you've done to me."

Leswing's face turned white. "John," he said softly. "John, let me talk to you. But how can I?" he asked of himself. "How can I?"

"Don't talk to me—we're not in Africa, where you could have me spirited off if I displeased your majesty. We're in a country where a man says as he thinks—and does pretty much too. Don't you suppose you've stolen Dale—as if you held me up at night and took my purse? You knew how, didn't you? You had a long apprenticeship. Well, if clean living makes a man a dupe for such as you, I'm done with it. I'll learn how to steal the youngest girl I fancy—when I'm nearly fifty."

Leswing put his hands to his face.

"If you had lived the way men should live you'd have married and had your family—you wouldn't have conjured up some wild existence beyond civilization where you could live with the morals of a Bushman. You're afraid of civilization, Leswing—because civilization defines the boundaries for old age. You know what happens to old men who can't buy loyalty—hired lackeys. You've got Dale, haven't you? You think her youth will hold your age at bay? It won't. But you can have her—I don't want her. I wouldn't take her if she asked—only don't try sneak tricks, buying off my land at a bonus and then telling Dale I took a bribe. I'm no peasant, Leswing—I'm an American farmer."

"If you were my son I'd be proud ——" Leswing mumbled vaguely.

Dale had opened the door. She stood like a carved figurine, her eyes cool, shining slits of gray.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Leswing," said John in stilted fashion. It is not normal for youth to be tragic, and therefore when tragedy is forced upon them they meet it in a ridiculous-pathetic fashion.

Turning he left the house.

Dale came into the room. "Philip, what have you done?"

"Did you hear?"

"Just his voice."

"I tried to get someone to buy the little place—I wanted to give him a start. But they must have told."

"Of course they told—all Amherst loves John."

Leswing moved uneasily about the room. "I was in error."

"What will become of him?" asked Dale suddenly. Then she gave a frightened cry: "Philip, we've ruined him between us! With all this muddle of everything—he's going down hill instead of up. It isn't fair to do that to any—young—thing. He will never believe in anyone again. That is very terrible, isn't it?"

"He'll get over it." Leswing's voice was metallic. "I did."

"You?" Dale looked in silent interrogation.

"Well," said Leswing hoarsely, "I seem to have foozled all the way round."

"What did you get over? What happened to you when you were young that made you the bad man of Africa?"

He glanced at her under his heavy eyebrows; curious lines crept into his face, as if age were suddenly springing from nowhere to claim him despite his efforts.

"What happened?" she repeated.

"Why should you care? You—who don't give a damn for me!" He put his fingers up to his head. Dale saw that even with their well-kept appearance they betrayed little pouches about the joints and a withered symptom at the tips.

"I do give a damn for you," she told him in the same low tone; "only you forget that mentally I am no longer young. It is not time but happenings which govern the hourglass. I am old enough to be told what happened."

He looked at her for a long moment. "I must have seemed quite a q-queer bad man," he said finally; "sort of combination genie bringing forth rare jewels and incense, and a whining slacker afraid to admit that the time for skullcaps and after-dinner naps has come. Come here, Dale, let me see you closely! There, what a tired child it is—for it is a child even if it tries to be grown up." He laughed—a hollow sound like someone trying to bring harmony from tinkling cymbals. "I'm in the same class as the people who rush their three-year-old infants into typewriting and reading Greek. You shall be a child again. I've been quite impossible." He laughed again.

Dale shivered. He seemed driftwood; the debonair man of the world, slightly insolent and expecting universal homage, had vanished. Leswing remained, the Leswing of bruised youth who "got over it." At that moment she felt more in love with him than ever before.

"What happened?" she kept repeating. "Tell me—was it something such as happened to John—tell me—for if it was you did not get over it."

"Do you care so much what has happened to John?" He reached forward and took her face between his palms. They were cold, almost feeble; and she would have rather that he let her alone.

"I care so much," she told him. "All the young in me cares, Philip. I've so little to give you—have you never thought of it? My very self is John's—even if he no longer wishes it that way!"

"Do you dread Paradisio?" he whispered.

Her eyes narrowed. "What happened to you?" she continued.

"I see!" Leswing released her, dropping back into his chair. "I'm afraid I made a bad mess of it—forty ways round the jack," he murmured.

Dale stood up before him. "If I were your daughter and two such men as Philip Leswing, diamond king, and John Coventry, farmer, asked for my hand, what would you honestly say?"

"Dale ——" he began in protest.

"If I were your child, Philip—can you never think of me as that? Not even for an instant? What then? Would you send me to Paradisio—to another World's End?"

He moved uneasily in his chair. "So!" was all he answered.

"If John Coventry were your son ——"

"I can't go on!" Leswing sprang to his feet. "I'm an old man, Dale. There, you're well rid of me!"

He went to the mantelpiece and buried the grizzled head in his arms. She waited in silence. Presently he faced her.

"When I was a boy, Dale—to be exact, on the ship going back to London after I brought Mirza here—I fell in love, just as John-Giant has fallen. She was a young girl such as you—and she cared for me—as you care for John-Giant. We were amiable babes in the wood—she the youngest daughter of an exceedingly aristocratic but poor Russian noble, I the youngest son of a properly born and fairly wealthy English family. . . . There was a duke of her own country, quite a bad man such as I have become. He was over twice her age, with a record not belonging to a young girl's diary. She had come to loathe him. We were planning to be married and begin the usual dovecot existence—I should be able to buy her decent bonnets and still keep my riding horses. We could even winter on the Riviera in a modest way, and Mirza should not be neglected. You see, I was not the diamond king then—nor a bad man. There was nothing unusual about it, Dale; the ordinary fragrant boy-and-girl affair—just as yours and John-Giant's has been. But she had an annoying family—the b-brothers kept getting into card games and gambling off a bit of the estate—that sort of thing; then political influence was brought to bear on her father. Of course I wasn't up to providing for that sort of emergencies. In an amazingly short time she sent word she was to be a duchess and she hoped I would forget.

"I remember I made a great night of it. The conditions were a bit

"My Lamb Needs Me! Oh, No, Sir, I Couldn't be Left Be'ind!"

different from John-Giant's but the impulses the same. I delivered a socialistic speech from the bar-room table and kissed the maids at intervals—and went home to burn up our letters and the cravats she had made, and send back her keepsakes—all the bleeding trifles. Then I thought I would go to the devil, but being a fastidious youth the devil seemed unattractive. I planned to enter a Trappist monastery—but that, too, wore away in time. . . . I even went to her wedding uninvited and watched her as she pledged her youth to a world's end. She only lived a few years—I fancy she never quite forgot.

"Then I disappeared into the heart of the African jungle—and let the gossips say what they wished. I made up my mind to love no woman seriously until I, too, was middle-aged and rich and incombatable and no young man could override my inducements. I believed it was the way of the world. I, who had been crucified as a youthful lover in deadly earnest with ideals as an incentive, would be victorious as a middle-aged husband with money to jingle before the lovely young thing's nose. But I have been wrong.

"John-Giant hates me, Dale; but he will never know how hard it was to stab him, to keep back memories of myself similarly stabbed! After all, Dale, it has not been you who have made me change—but John-Giant. I wish to God he might have been my son. This custom of civilization's unequalizing age in marriage is a sad fault which must be overcome. This marrying of girls to oldish men who want to hide behind the sweet flesh of youth is quite a coward's tactics! I'm afraid I've made you very unhappy, Dale. Can you forgive me?"

"Philip!" she put her arms round him tenderly

"You see I am not all bad, am I?" he asked almost gayly. "How well I can argue on the other side of the question—once started! Don't be afraid, Dale—I shall give you back to your John-Giant. I could never marry you. I had tried telling myself that you did not care for John-Giant, that it was a girl's dreamy vision. I see that it is the sacred white love of youth, which all the world should reverence—and so I give you back. Nor shall I spoil the romance by trying to heap worldly things as a penance. As I have refused to glorify age and am honest with my hourglass, so shall I try to leave youth unspoiled for both of you. Youth means struggle, Dale. I shall not try to make it easier—much easier," he could not help adding. "Later, when Paradisio has lost its master, do not refuse what shall come to—not you but John-Giant! For you will have learned the rugged beauty of work, and riches shall not spoil you." He kissed her on the forehead.

"Will you go back alone?"

A shadow seemed to settle in his eyes. "I shall become acquainted with old age—and I shall not be lonesome. I shall learn how to be an old man, Dale—that will keep me busy. You said a true thing when you told me Paradisio was but another world's end. World's End was not lightly named, my dear; it was not merely a romantic villa, but a limbo filled with those who have tried tricking Father Time! There are many such world's ends. Time lets the mask proceed a bit and then sentences us to world's end. It wasn't quite cricket of Aldis, Dale, to take from Mirza the joy of living. Youth must be with youth, the same as roses belong to June. The beauty of first love is something almost spiritual; later loves speak of material things. Strange as John-Giant may think it, it is better for him that I give you up than for your own self. In time he would grow into such a sardonic, careless man as I and steal from some other boy. I am going to world's end, Dale. I shall never try again to be young; I missed my chance at it—more's the pity. Tell John he must be very, very good to you."

Slowly Dale drew off the sparkling ring. Leswing accepted it without comment. "Time is not such a harsh parent if you treat him as he deserves." He stroked her hair as he had done those first days at World's End. "But we who have cheated must expect world's end!"

"What has made you give me up?" she whispered.

"No great crisis or unexpected dénouement—merely that Truth, a great ally of Time, lent his arguments to the quiver of your lips when you tried to kiss me, and to the wild despair in John-Giant's eyes. . . . That was enough. John-Giant does not feel the quiver of hesitation when you kiss him, does he?" Leswing seemed impersonal in his questioning. She shook her head.

"This is quite the end. All the Paradisios and jewels in the world, with the sea booming at one's feet and a cloth-of-gold frock for each hour in the day—all that, Dale, is like a withered leaf in the scale against the unwilling quiver of your lips. I have been blind—what is it you Americans say?—I lost my step." He turned, pacing up and down the room.

"We shall stay in Amherst," Dale said presently, "where John has worked so hard and won so little. It would not be fair to ask him to go away."

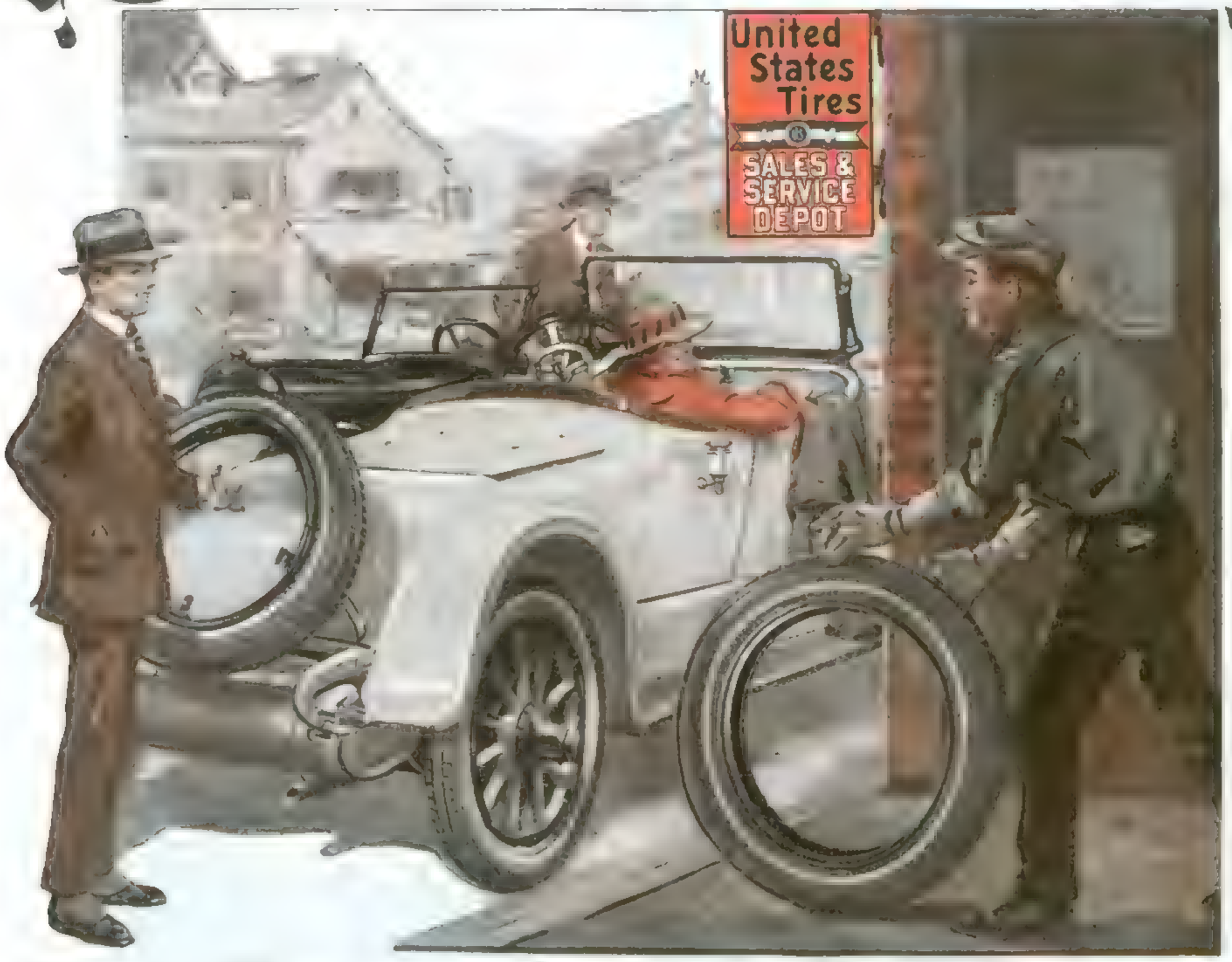
"Quite unfair," he assured her even cheerfully. "Become one of Amherst. I dare say it can be as beautiful as Paradisio if one looks through Love's projectoscope. Make Amherst know the real Dale, even if it did refuse to come to your first party. Make your life in accord with the life about you, and when you grow old you will have comrades instead of black imps of lonely despair. A stabbed youth, I tried to become different from everyone else in the world. I told myself that whenever I chose I could gather youth, too, into my treasure chest. I am quite alone, Dale, except for hirelings. Don't, I beg of you, repeat the mistake."

"I am not afraid of Amherst or work or age—if John is with me," she said.

"Even if you come to a forked road—you and this John-Giant—and in after years each take your own ways you will have started normally, as youth should start; and you can by that very beginning have the wisdom and the honor which shall make the parting sane—not like an oldish man's vague dreams of Paradisio."

"Ah, but we could not part," Dale almost whispered. "There would be the children ——"

(Concluded on Page 34)



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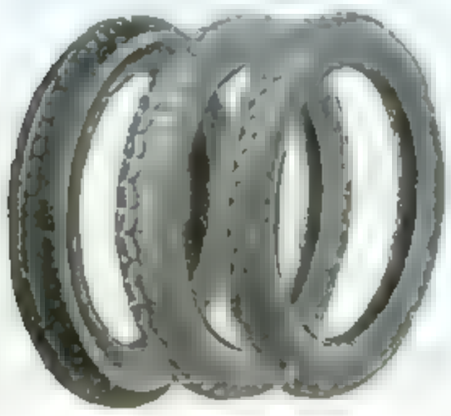

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(Concluded from Page 32)

Leswing was silent.

"But I have learned from you, Philip. Not even John shall know all I have learned." She kissed him gently. Then her eyes gravened. "He said he did not want me——"

Leswing smiled. "So I said—one time; but had she come back, Dale, ah—ask this John-Giant. I will vouch for his answer."

"I want to go to him now!" Dale was unconscious almost of the tragedy before her. It was John-Giant she must reach and kneel before and beg of, John-Giant who would take her fast in his strong young arms and tell her the things which only John-Giant could murmur in loverish fashion.

"May I drive you up there?" he asked.

"Just to the last turn of the road." She glanced at the clock. It was after nine.

"I shall not wait this time to bring you back—for you belong to John. He shall bring you back when he chooses."

They drove in silence to the forked road. Then Dale slipped out of the car, Leswing grasping her hand gently and telling her to be careful of a jagged root he could just spy over by the turn. There was something infinitely patient and benedictory in his voice, though he spoke merely of a jagged root

Turning, Dale fled; and the wondering chauffeur drove the scarlet car with its single passenger back to World's End.

The cabin was lighted. Sobered and ashamed—and slightly bitter—John had set to work at his lessons. She could see him bending over the round table with its mannish litter of books.

Dale rapped. When he opened the door she drew back; it seemed as if she could not tell him, he had said so positively that he was through. But Leswing said it was the way of stabbed youth, and that he would vouch for his answer

"What now?" he said harshly. "I shan't sell your love letters to a magazine!"

"I want to come back to you," she began; then she stretched out her hands, but he did not respond. "Please, may I come in?"

Almost unwillingly he let her pass inside. "I love you, John-Giant. Will you marry me? Please, will you marry me?" Her face blurred suddenly because of its closeness to his own. "Mr. Leswing sent me to you; he is sailing back alone. It is a long thing to explain and I am tired—a little later, John, I will tell you. He sent me here and said we were to marry and work together." The dusky head dropped onto his shoulder. "John-Giant, I love you—please, I love you——"

Slowly the strong arms encircled her. "When?" he asked, wondering if this too was a mirage.

"Now!" she answered impulsively. "Now, now!" She stamped her little foot. "We won't go away from Amherst, John—we won't sell the cabin—we'll build the addition. We'll stay, and Amherst shall have World's End for a hospital; and perhaps it will come to my next party. John, kiss me—please." Slowly their lips met.

"He said," Dale told him a moment later, "he left you to bring me back because I belonged to you—John-Giant."

Convinced that neither John Coventry nor Dale Aldis was unduly influenced or in a delirium, the justice was prevailed upon to marry them, his nightcap atilt and his blood pressure running amuck, while his wife and daughter served as curious witnesses. The flickering lamplight showed Dale's eyes shining like stars while John-Giant towered above her, saying, "I, John, take thee, Dale ——"

They went back to the cabin to talk until the stars gave way to pinky dawn. They talked of Leswing, as if he were a kindly friend long since dead; of Mirza; and of Amherst, with its beauty and ugliness alike; of John's future; of the big house with its white pillars and curtains draped at the shining diamond-paned windows; and then of love—as only unstained youth dares speak!

When they reached World's End, Glenny, red-eyed and tremulous of voice, told her lamb that Leswing had left. He had gathered his bags that same night. But there was a small package for Mrs. John Coventry.

The accompanying note was characteristically flippant:

"*Madame Coventry:* As the Russians say, God bless you and may your husband be raised to the rank of a general! Forgive my hasty leave but I should be *de trop* Besides I must cancel the orders for frocks and frills.

"Even Glenny is convinced that all ends well. I gamble she will come to smile upon John-Giant as she does upon her lamb. I hereby bequeath Glenny to you both: first, because she can be of service; and last, because she would not be happy elsewhere. Neither Paradisio nor a Lunnon shop would compensate her for the loss of one Dale Aldis Coventry. She is fully reimbursed for the future—that is my wedding gift. And be not surprised or angered at any trifles she may present from time to time. It is not I but Glenny who presents them. Don't scold, Dale and John-Giant, for I cannot think of Dale without a smoky gray frock or John minus a bit of help toward the cattle venture! Besides—Glenny wishes to give it.

"Meantime, do take away your bags and boxes from World's End; you can be quite larky when you are done fixing up the cabin. Promise me, Dale, that the ermine blanket will hang over your bed and the Brittany needlework shield the windows.

"Of your future I have no fear—but you will write me? Coventry *mari* could not be such an ogre as to forbid it. I kiss your little hands—and when the sea booms extra loud and the lions lie sunning on the rocks under the windows of the St. Ursula room, may I envy John-Giant? PHILIP "

Inside the flat case lay Leswing's religion—the cloud sprite.

(THE END)

BOLSHEVIKING THE SWISS

(Continued from Page 14)

terms were published in the Swiss press, because America had pledged the grain without demanding scores of concessions such as the German Government demands when it agrees to supply Switzerland with coal or any raw material. The United States agreed to begin delivering the grain in December, but by the middle of March, nearly four months after the agreement had been in force, only four ships had arrived at Cette, France, with grain for Switzerland. This situation proved to be exceedingly embarrassing for the American officials, but because of the shortage of ships it was impossible for the United States to send grain to Switzerland without neglecting the Allies and the needs of the American forces in France.

The German propagandist, who is the most active worker in the republic, seized this situation to arouse in the minds of the Swiss people suspicion of the United States Government and the American people. By March it was common gossip in the cafés and hotels that the United States had no intention of keeping its agreement, and that the American Army, encamped near the Swiss border, was about to invade Switzerland!

Though every American knows that it is far from the intention of the United States ever to violate the neutrality of Switzerland, there is to-day, especially in German Switzerland, a deep fear of the United States. The question of an American invasion has been discussed in the national parliament. President Callonder had to state publicly that the government does not fear such a move by the United States, but the German propagandists continue to spread the report. Switzerland has been made afraid of the United States! Though last fall the Swiss Army was mobilized almost wholly against Germany for fear of a German invasion it is now reported that special defensive measures have been taken along the French frontier.

Is it not possible that Germany may be camouflaging her own intentions by directing suspicion against the American Army in France?

Prof. William Rappard, of the University of Geneva, who was chairman of the Swiss Commission to the United States, has been lecturing on our war aims and the reasons for our declaration of war upon the German Government. In all parts of Switzerland he has encountered the poisonous gossip of the Germans, and he, knowing America's ideals and devotion to the cause of liberty, has been denouncing these statements from the

(Continued on Page 37)

Up—Up and Up jump the sales of Globe tires

The complete success of the longest-mileage, hand-made tire is finally assured. The short-mileage, short-guaranteed tire has had its day.

Globe Tire dealers report such enormous increases in sales that more than 1500 new dealers have recently rushed to the Globe Tire colors.

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With all costs shooting skyward, the need of economy is greater every day. Above all, stop power-wastes.

WORN-OUT belts, belts of inferior material—even good belts at the wrong work mean needless waste.

Low first-cost of material doesn't always indicate economy. To us, the largest belt makers in the world, all materials are open for use; but sixty years of experience has impressively convinced us that for power transmission, well-tanned leather is the most durable, efficient, economical belting material. Its natural friction *grip* gives it the maximum *pull* on the pulley.

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In reality, power economy is simply a matter of using the right belt for every drive. There is a Graton & Knight Standardized Leather Belt for every transmission requirement, a belt scientifically constructed to transmit the utmost power for the longest period of time.

It will *save you money* to let us recommend belts for every drive in your plant. Then, in buying, specify "Graton & Knight —— Brand or equal." This does not commit you to buying our belts. It does put your buying on the one economical basis—that of *the work to be done.* ***Write for information about Standardization as applied to Belting.***

The Red Cross is healing thousands, feeding thousands. It is for your purse to say whether this work shall falter now, or sweep on more helpful than ever.

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Continued from Page 34

platform; but the fact that the United States Government has made no statements denying the reports of the Germans has left a doubt in the minds of many Swiss as to America's real intentions."

It is easy for Germany to conduct this sort of propaganda in Switzerland, because the so-called "American experts" of the German Government have been sent here to make this country the base for political operations against America and the headquarters for military and economic information about our country. At the head of the political experts is Count Montgelas, former chief of the American division of the Imperial Foreign Office, and assisting him are men who have been in the United States from time to time for the German Government. I have passed on numerous occasions in the streets of Berne and Zurich men with whom I had to deal in Berlin as an American correspondent. There are staff officers from the General Staff, officials from the wireless bureaus, political agents and Reichstag members—studying every possible report that may be obtained from the United States. Until recently a German agent in Geneva was receiving daily telegrams from a German newspaper published in America, on political and economic developments in America. And the French authorities were the first to discover and stop these messages!

A messenger from the American Legation in Berne was assaulted one night while en route from his office with important papers. This encounter ended in our first European victory, because the German had misjudged the strength of the attaché, who succeeded in beating him with his cane until he collapsed on the sidewalk. Then the American gave him an additional punch just for good measure.

The first two nights I was in Berne attempts were made to enter the room which I was using as an office. One night three men rented an adjacent room and made a mass attack on the door, but failed to enter. When I reported it to the German manager of the hotel the next morning he assured me I was mistaken, that no guest of his hotel would try to rob another; but within five minutes after my complaint the three men were hurrying from the hotel to the railroad station, fearing, probably, that I might complain to the police.

Other Scraps of Paper

A few days later I was sitting in the writing room of the hotel preparing some telegrams. After I had them written I walked to the telegraph office, where I rewrote them on telegraph blanks. The originals I tore into small pieces, chucking them into my pocket. About two blocks from the telegraph office I saw an opening to a sewer and threw the scraps away. Before I had walked fifty feet farther someone was on his knees picking up the bits that remained scattered in the gutter! It amused me to know that Germany to-day apparently has more regard for scraps of paper than she had in 1914.

These incidents are related to show how Germany has centered practically all her efforts in Switzerland upon the United States, because America is the one power that Germany fears in this sphere of influence. America is also the one power that the Bolsheviki fear, because if America succeeds in sending food to Switzerland and if the United States later sends raw materials the economic crisis, which the Germans and the Bolsheviki are expecting, may not develop, and without an economic crisis there can be no revolution. Without an economic crisis Germany will have no excuse to invade Switzerland! America is in the path of the revolution as she is in the path of a German invasion.

When the Germans had launched their charge that the United States had no intention of keeping its economic agreement with the Swiss Confederacy I had a conversation in the federal palace with former President Schulthess, who is now a member of the Federal Council in charge of the Department of Economics and Commerce. His office, he said with a smile, was the battlefield for all the belligerents in Switzerland, despite the fact the representatives of the fighting nations never meet. He emphasized the very serious consequences of our failure to send grain, though he added that the Swiss authorities did not doubt America's intentions. Mr. Schulthess said that unless the United States was able to send the promised quantities of grain the bread ration would have to be decreased from two hundred and fifty grams—about half a pound—to one hundred and ninety grams per day for each person. Being a temporary resident of Switzerland myself I was impressed by this figure, because not only the quantity but the quality of the Swiss bread is very poor.

During our conversation the question of Swiss shipments of food was brought up, and I stated that it was my impression, and probably that of other Americans, that Switzerland would not be in such a predicament to-day if she did not ship so much food to Germany. My statement was equivalent to the premature explosion of a bomb!

To-day, in addition to the shortage of grain and coal, there is a lack of milk and fats. Though the federal government issues only two kinds of cards—for bread and fats—many of the cantons have cards for rice, milk, sugar, flour and macaroni. In Lausanne, for instance, children are permitted but half a liter—about a pint—of milk each day, and children over two years of age cannot have cooked cereals.

A Nest of Anarchists

Among the working people this scarcity of food has already produced bitter dissatisfaction and the authorities fear the ultimate consequences, because the food shortage, the lack of raw materials—which is increasing the unemployment because the factories are closing—and the high prices are all trump cards in the hands of the anarchists.

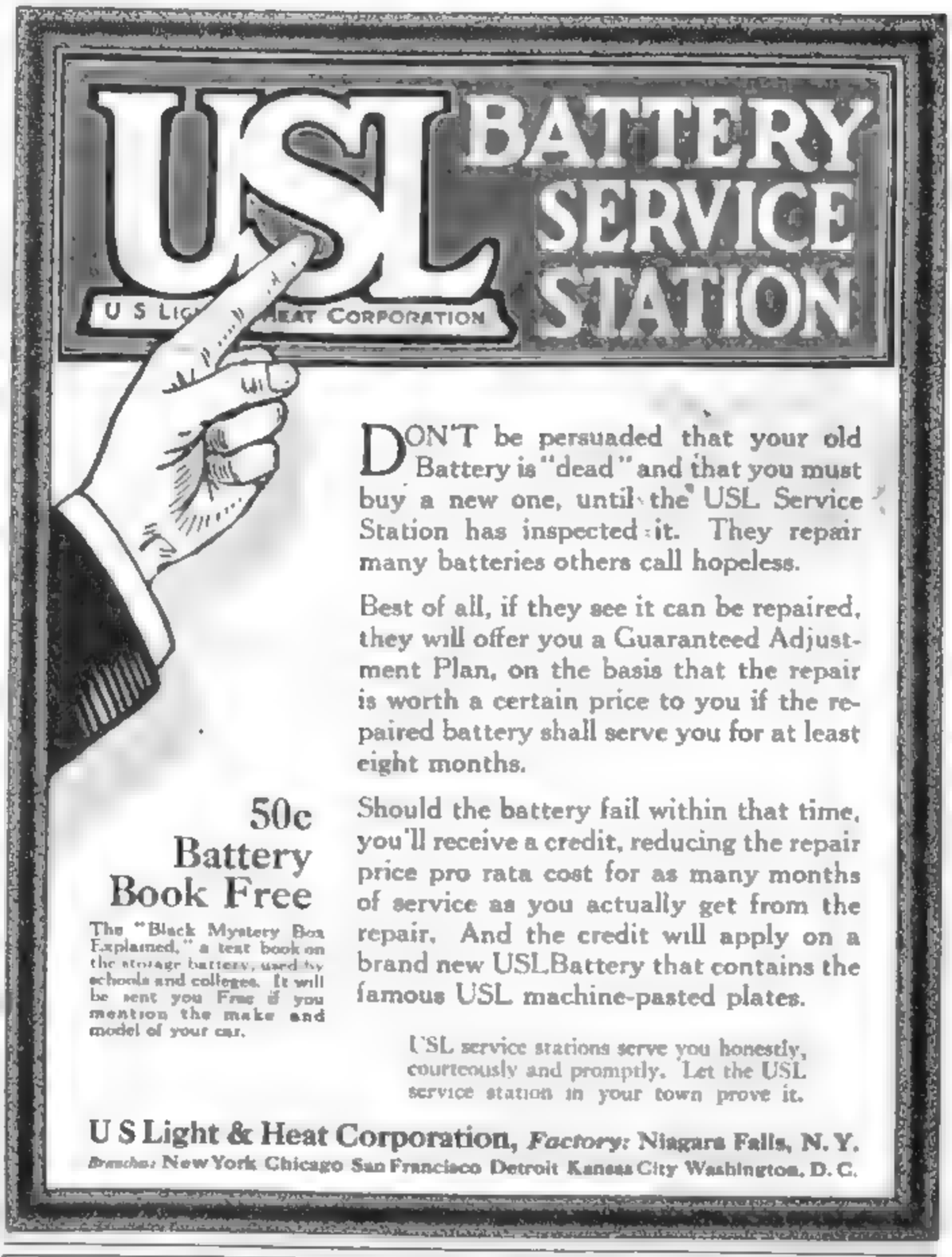
"Down with capitalism!" "Down with the government!" These are the cries of the Bolsheviki, who maintain that conditions in Switzerland will not improve until the war ends—and the Bolsheviki, being pacifists, are trying to end the war.

Early this year the Russian Committee of Workmen and Soldiers sent a special representative to Switzerland via London and Paris. Upon his arrival in Geneva he delivered a Bolshevik lecture to the followers in that city, but because the authorities feared the consequences they refused him permission to hold other meetings.

He issued an appeal to the Swiss people stating that the Bolsheviki recognized no government and that he would not recognize the Swiss Government. From Geneva he went to Zurich, where he thought conditions might be more favorable, and from there he sent numerous telegrams to the Swiss Federal Council, among them a demand for the immediate release of all interned Russian soldiers. After several weeks devoted to revolutionary agitation he applied to the French Embassy in Berne for permission to return to Petrograd via France and was refused. Then he asked the German authorities for permission to cross Germany, and one day he disappeared! The gates were opened.

In Berne there is a man who is a personal friend of Trotzky and Lenine. He stands accused before the public at least of having negotiated agreements between Germany and these two leaders. Everyone knows him to be an anarchist and he is proud of the distinction. In February there was an election for the Gemeinderat of Berne, and he was elected by a big majority. Not far from Zurich there is a little manufacturing town, Brugg, of three thousand people, and most of the city officials are Bolsheviki. In Winterthur there is a large manufacturing establishment known as Sulzer Brothers, one of the owners being the present Swiss Minister in Washington. Throughout the winter the Bolsheviki have been trying to spread dissension among the workmen there. In St. Gall, where millions of yards of lace are made for the American market, the Bolsheviki have been campaigning against the United States, charging that President Wilson is prolonging the war!

In Zurich there was until recently a German named Muensterburg, who with his co-workers edited and published three revolutionary newspapers. These three papers were avowedly Bolshevik; and because they urged the Swiss workers not to serve in the army—because even the Swiss Army, they said, was an agent of capitalism—the Swiss Government suspended their publication and ordered Muensterburg deported to Germany. When this action was announced the workers flooded the government bureaus with protests, but Muensterburg and his allies had to return to the land that gave them birth. The federal government has been forced to adopt an uncompromising attitude toward those who are



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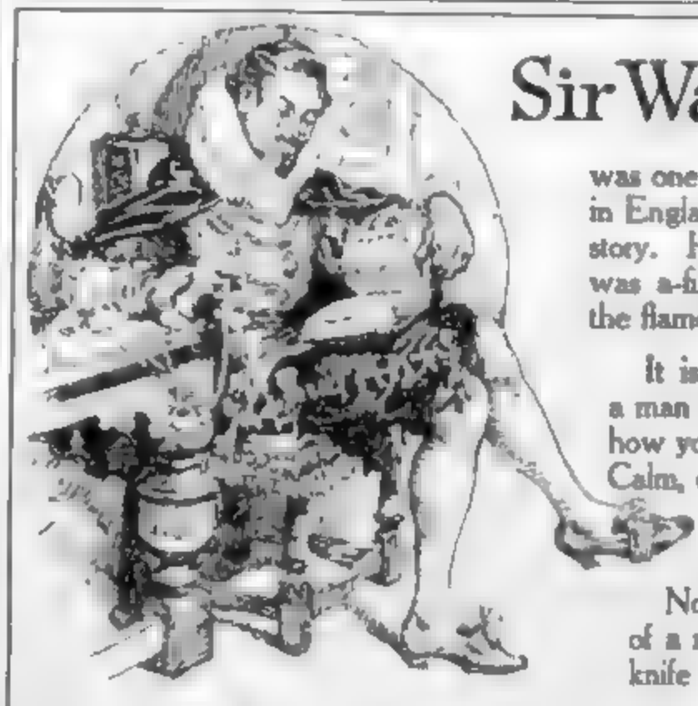

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trying to Russianize this republic for its moral effect upon the neighboring belligerents.

From time to time the Swiss Government has feared an invasion from Germany, and several hundred thousand men are kept mobilized all the time for possible developments. According to the Swiss military system all men have to serve from two to three months with the army. In various parts of Switzerland maneuvers are held annually, and between these events the army is used to prevent smuggling, which is another German pastime.

In January and February an active campaign was conducted by the Socialists, who are first cousins of the Bolsheviki, against universal military service. Public meetings were held in all parts of the country. Though one cannot say that the Swiss Government had difficulty in maintaining a mobilized army, one can safely conclude that the Bolsheviki are at work even with the Swiss soldiers. The Bolshevist are trying to form a Workmen and Soldiers' Committee here as they have in Norway.

Though there may be no connection between the Bolsheviki in Switzerland and the Imperial German Government—despite the facts that most of the leaders have German names and were born in Germany—both are working for the same end. Both hope for an economic crisis. If Switzerland fails to get food from the United States the Germans in the republic want Switzerland to ask for grain from Germany and the Ukraine. The suggestion has been made repeatedly in the press that the Swiss Confederation send a commission to the Ukraine to contract for grain; but the federal authorities, having confidence in the United States, have refused so far to listen to these German appeals—though if Switzerland actually faces the day of starvation the little nation will have to place herself at the mercy of Germany. But Switzerland will hold off until the last hour, because Germany's price may be permission for her army to cross Swiss territory into France. This is the ghost of the future which parades the streets of the capital.

All observers are unanimous in saying that the time is past when Germany will violate Switzerland's neutrality as she did Belgium's. They do not believe German public opinion will sanction it. Be that as it may, Germany has some big object in view in Switzerland, and it may be nothing more than a "peaceful" conquest which would leave Switzerland but a dependent state. German business men have already invaded Switzerland en masse, purchasing factories, retail shops and hotels. My experience in traveling in all parts of the country has been that I could not avoid a big hotel which was not owned and managed by Germans. This was my lot in Geneva, Lausanne, Berne and Zurich. It seemed to me there were no beds to sleep in that were not German, and I am quite sure there are no cafés where one can eat and talk without having everything one says noted by a German agent.

The German-Controlled Press

The Swiss press is sharply divided. In the French part of Switzerland there are no neutral papers. All are pro-Ally as far as the war is concerned, though intensely pro-Swiss at all times. In German Switzerland many of the influential newspapers are owned by German capital or are subject to German influence, both directly and indirectly. Some are so dependent upon Germany for news and coal that room cannot be found for American news. After a careful study of the newspapers over a period of three months, it was estimated that eighty-five per cent of the news about America in the Swiss papers was decidedly antagonistic.

Our failures and miscalculations have been advertised almost daily, with the result that many thousands of Swiss citizens do not consider America's participation in the war seriously. By April, one year after we had been at war with Germany, practically nothing had been done to explain America's position. Most of the news of us has been "made in Germany," because the German agencies have been particularly liberal in spreading dissatisfactory reports about the United States. The excellent reasons which the United States has given for not being able to ship grain to Switzerland immediately have not been explained in the press. Nothing has been done to contradict the German statement that the American forces in France will invade Switzerland.

German propaganda, however, is not limited to the Swiss press nor to the spreading of rumors about American intentions. All news stands in German Switzerland are controlled by a German syndicate. The leading news stands in Berne, Zurich, Basel, Lucerne and all the railroad stations handle only German and Swiss newspapers.

The first part of this year a correspondent of one of the leading Swiss newspapers returned from the United States with material for a series of articles on America's war preparations. The first article he called "Why America Entered the War." It had to be rewritten three times before the editors would accept it, because they feared his strong statements might antagonize the ten thousand German readers of the paper. Finally, when the article was published the German authorities sent word to the editor that unless a German writer was permitted to answer the articles the German Government would have to stop the coal supply to the paper.

When the great offensive was launched on the Western Front the French Council of National Defense closed all frontiers, especially the border stations between France and Switzerland. This was done to prevent news from reaching the German agents in Switzerland pertaining to the movement of troops. A few days later the German Government closed the Swiss-German frontier and there was an immediate reaction in Switzerland. The press discovered that Switzerland had only sufficient coal for her industries and trains to run about two weeks. While Germany may have taken this step to prevent news from Germany reaching Switzerland during the great military crisis in March and April, it is probable that the German Government had another object in view, namely, that of impressing upon the Swiss Government and people the dependence upon Germany of Swiss industries and railroads.

Between Two Fires

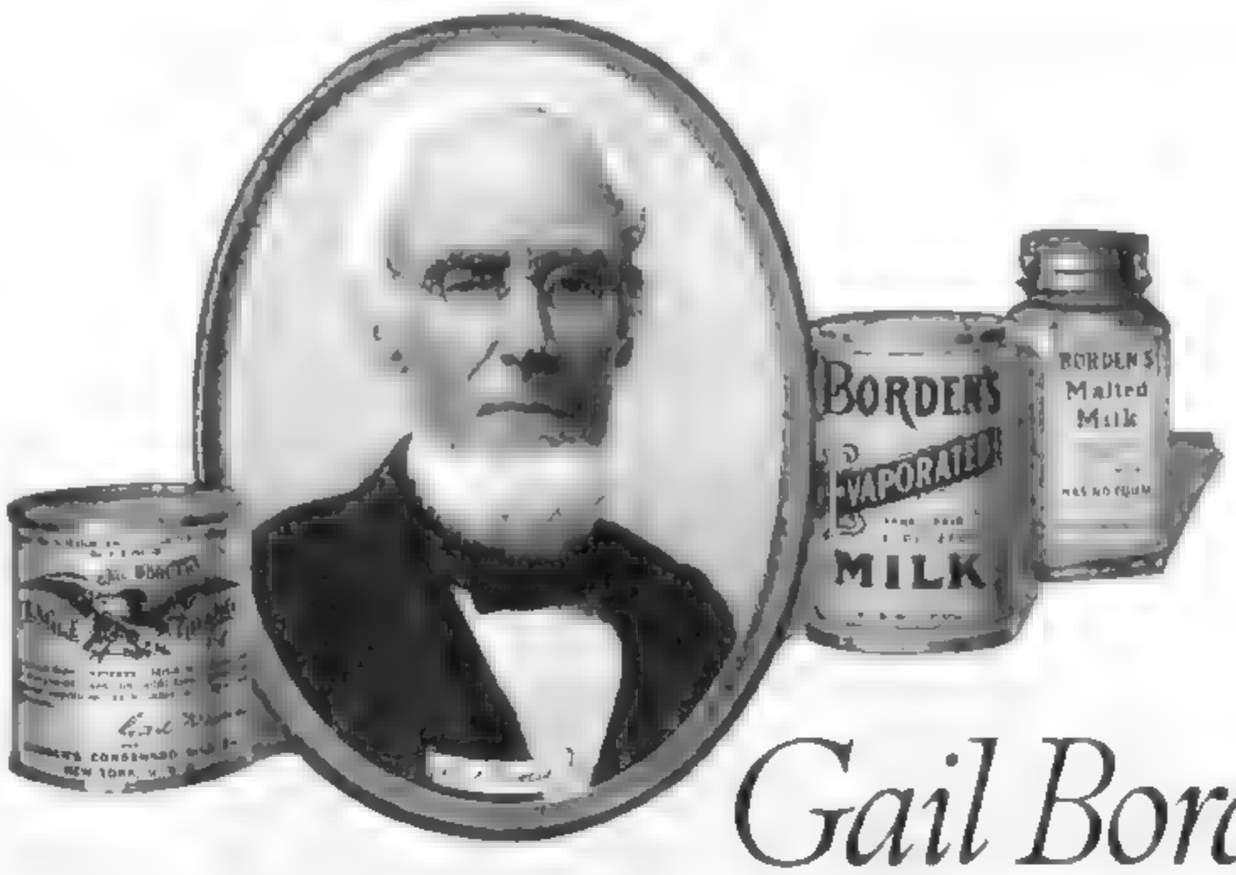
Germany is using Switzerland, also, as a base for smuggling supplies and information to the United States. Efforts have been made repeatedly to get Swiss citizens with forged passports past the American authorities. Other cases are on record of shipments of German goods to the United States smuggled into packages of Swiss goods. Recently a Swiss concern shipped a large consignment of electrical machinery to New York. Concealed within the heavy beams of the crate which was used for the packing were one million fine German needles for American knitting machines.

In thousands of ways Germany is making use of her organization in Switzerland to serve her thousands of purposes in Europe and the United States, and she is preparing not only for the present but for the reconstruction period after the war. Switzerland is to be the chief base for economic operations when peace is signed; and Germany may have her own way during the after-the-war period unless America and the Allies can come to the assistance of the little republic before the possible economic crisis arrives.

Switzerland has a solution for her war difficulties which she has suggested to the United States and the Allies, but which has been officially declined. Now the question has been presented again by disinterested parties to the Inter-Allied Councils in Paris and London. The key to the solution is ships. Switzerland would like to charter German ships interned in European ports, man them with neutral crews, subject to inspection by the Allies, fly the Swiss flag and send them to the United States and South America for grain and raw materials. Switzerland has already asked the German Government for its opinion, and Germany's terms, so I have been informed, are that these ships carry only supplies for Switzerland and return with ballast to the Americas.

France has already placed the harbor and port of Cette at the service of Switzerland, and Switzerland already has certain Dutch ships under charter; but the present tonnage and that which the United States has placed at the disposal of Switzerland—as reported in Berne up to March 22—is apparently insufficient to enable Switzerland to pass the economic crisis which is approaching with the rapidity of a storm.

Switzerland is striving to maintain her freedom, economically and politically. Switzerland desires to remain neutral and independent, but on the one side are the Bolsheviki and Germany, on the other the shortage of coal and food.



Gail Borden's Code —the Keystone of an Industry

Pure milk, next to pure water, is the one essential to life that your home, in common with every other home, can least afford to be without.

Purity in milk is so important, and the health of a community depends so largely upon the milk used, that now, state and municipal laws govern sanitary conditions at the source of production and at places where milk is sold.

Upon the Borden Sanitary Code, formulated more than sixty years ago, all subsequent protective milk regulations have been based.

That code, inauspicious and humble as was its beginning, expressed Gail Borden's idea. And later generations, long after Gail Borden had put his code into operation, recognized its elements as essential in preventing disease and sickness, and vitally important in saving the lives of thousands of infants.

The Borden Sanitary Code—itself stricter than most enacted milk-protecting legislation—made possible the realization of Gail Borden's great vision: To enable all the world to be supplied with milk in safe, usable, nutritious forms.

The Borden Sanitary Code is the keystone upon which an institution, world-wide in its scope, has been built. Adhering strictly to the spirit of the code the forms in which safe and nutritious milk can be obtained are grouped as Borden's Milk Products. Individually they are known as Borden's Eagle Brand, Borden's Evaporated Milk and Borden's Malted Milk.

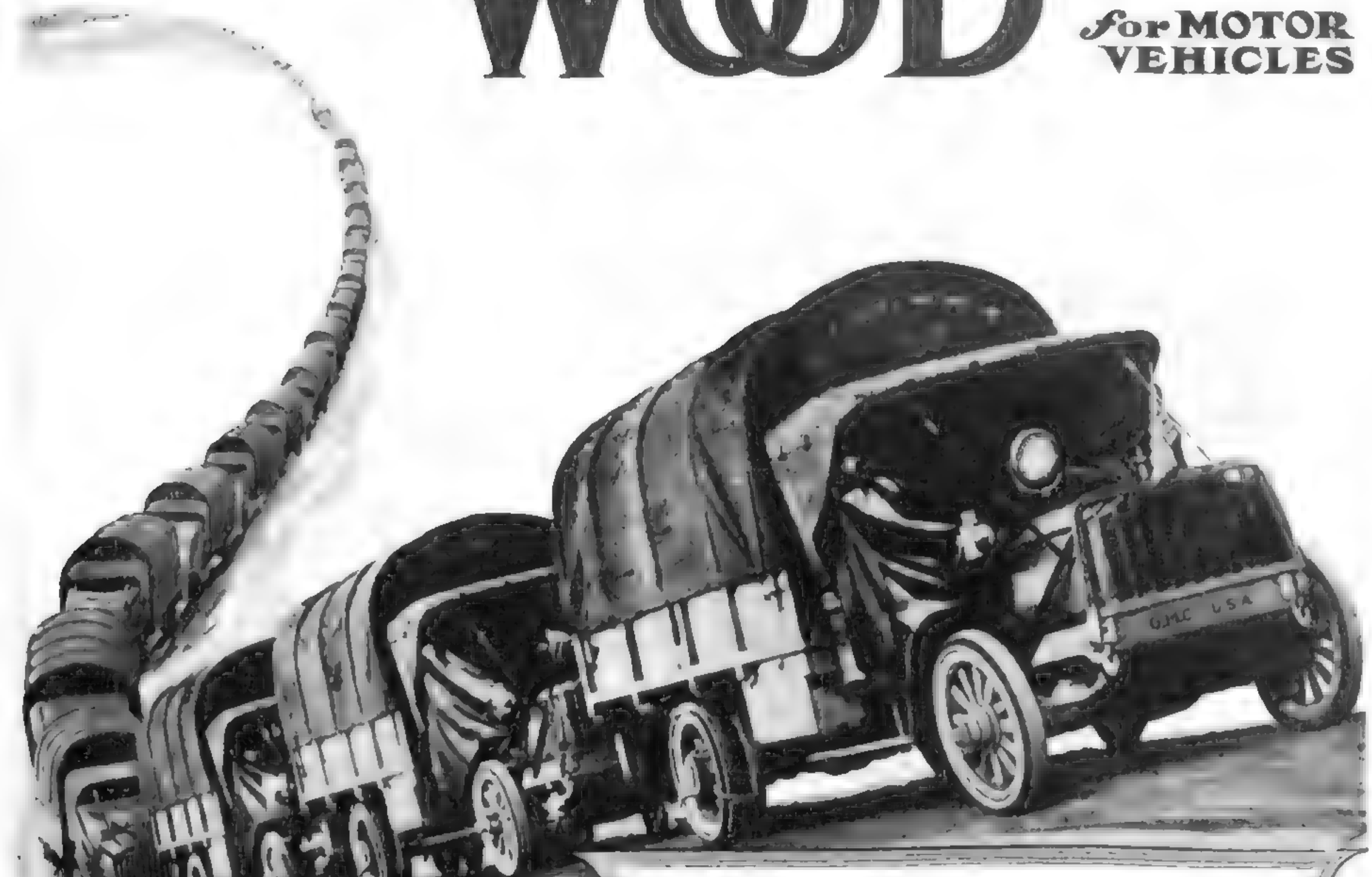
The Borden name on the container is an assurance of the quality and purity of the contents.

Borden's Condensed Milk Company
New York City

Borden's EAGLE BRAND
EVAPORATED MILK
MALTED MILK

The Nation's Milk

WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES



One day's output of a single motor truck factory—in Detroit—heading the trail over the snow-swept mountains of Pennsylvania.

To Washington on their own wheels

Transportation difficulties mean nothing to these big trucks.

They deliver themselves.

From the factory in Detroit, hundreds of them have journeyed across country to enter the Government service. Through drifted snow and driving rain, through hub-deep mud and over jolting country roads, long lines of these trucks—*all equipped with sturdy wood wheels*—have made this 752-mile trip without incident.

And the same strong, tough, resilient, dependable wood wheels which carried them to Washington will bear them safely forward over the shell-torn roads of France.

The United States Government has pronounced the wood wheel "physically fit."

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
105 NORTH 13th ST. PHILADELPHIA

Note the Wood Wheels EVERYWHERE

PRIVATE McCORKLE, PRISONER OF WAR

(Continued from Page 13)

With an almost superhuman effort Blink tried to stay the effects of gravity, but it was too late. His unruly legs shot from under him and he flew like a pin wheel, wildly revolving arms and legs, straight into the perilous darkness, and landed squarely on top of a pot of boiling-hot coffee, which promptly upset, scalding his legs. That pot of coffee was the exact mathematical center of a circle of Germans, who stood round it, aluminum cups in hand. It was a clean bull's-eye for Blink. He could not have nicked a neater one had he tried. Assuredly the stars in their courses were not fighting for him that night.

It is possible, however, that they kept an eye on him after all, for under ordinary circumstances that minute would have been his last. Germans do not enjoy being startled out of a year's growth any more than other folks. And anyway this was supposed to be a quiet sector. What did those young American ruffians mean by disturbing the peace of Europe? 'Twas scandalous! Thus it would have fared badly with the young intruder had it not been for one thing. That one thing was a laugh. For as Blink landed he laughed. It was a clean cheerful boy's laugh that somehow did not go with murder and sudden death. The enemy stared, stupefied. And Blink, seeing its good moral effect, kept it up. He doubled over and shook with mirth.

"Well, boys," he grinned, "I guess the drinks this time are on me! I certainly didn't go to spill your coffee."

He reached over, picked up a cup, poured the last remaining drops from the pot, and drank it off with a hand that trembled not a whit. For Blink was playing for dear life now, and he knew it.

"You've got guts anyhow," said a German sergeant in English, coming forward. "Do you call this a raid?"

Blink Introduces Himself

"You might if you don't care what you say," replied Blink, grinning. "But it's all over now except counting the corpses. I'm it."

"You mean you came all by yourself?"

Blink nodded.

"What for?"

Blink got to his feet. The ring of Germans closed in on him ominously. A few of them had already scattered over the top to reconnoiter. The sergeant explained briefly to his fellows.

"What did you do it for?" he repeated suspiciously. "Were you an outpost that lost your way and stumbled onto us?"

Blink shook his head. "It's just what I told you," he said. "It's a solo raid. I'm the whole cheese."

"But why?" persisted the German impatiently. Not in a million incarnations could he have conceived such a wild, rash, purely sporting adventure.

"I wanted a Hun," said Blink simply. "Sounds foolish when you put it into words, doesn't it? But it's the truth. I thought I might come on a nice little Heinie playing here all by his lonesome and induce him to come along with me. I'd taken you if you'd been alone."

"Where do you come from?"

"California. Round Fresno. Never heard of Fresno raisins? Best in the world. I'll send you a box when I get home."

Plucky but Rash

"Well, come along," answered the sergeant grimly. "You're a damn fool."

He gave the prisoner into the hands of two Germans, who stolidly led him off to the rear.

Thus Blink's career as a fighting unit in the Allied ranks was brought, almost before it began, to an inglorious close. And it was solely his own rashness that was to blame. He had given his individual will free rein, tried to play the big game off his own little private bat instead of waiting for orders. Suppose every soldier should do likewise? He recalled an episode of the Napoleonic wars. A dashing young French cavalry officer had, through direct disobedience of orders, turned the tide of battle to victory. And Napoleon, calling the brilliant youth to his side, had said: "For your valor you shall be decorated to-night. And for your disobedience you shall be shot to-morrow at dawn."

Something within Blink had always approved that implacable justice. There is inside every one of us a spectator, cool, alien, dispassionate, sitting up in the back of our brains, pronouncing stern judgments, pointing out with clear, merciless lucidity our shortcomings, our weaknesses and our follies. That spectator seized on Blink now and flayed him without pity. But he took his whaling as he had taken them at school, his teeth gritted and his lips fixed in a bitter little grin. "Oh, my dear son, be careful!" The words rang in the confusion of his mind with the very intonation of his mother's voice.

Between two guards he stumbled along the dark communicating trenches toward the rear. Once he was stopped by a medical officer, who skillfully dressed his wounded wrist and then relieved him of his pocketbook, his watch and his overcoat by way of fee.

"Go as far as you like," remarked Blink ironically. "All the house drinks to-night are on me."

Here and there a German jeered, but most of them looked on stolidly or muttered "Amerikaner" as he passed. Finally they emerged into the open, and here in

Convalescent American Soldiers in France

Whitman's Chocolates in War Time

The single aim of this company in war time is public service—service to the government and service to the people. To this end we are cooperating closely with the U. S. Food Administration, limiting our output to conserve raw materials and rigorously maintaining the high quality and food value of our products.

Can I eat candy and be a patriot? "Yes," answers the Food Administration, "if you eat the kind of candy that contains a minimum amount of sugar." First among such candies the Administration lists chocolate coated candies with nut and fruit centers.

There is an abundance of chocolate. It is pure and wholesome and has high food value. You are cooperating in the conservation program if you eat chocolate confectionery containing such centers.

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED
and Nut Combinations
A package containing sweets that are at the head of the list of candies that conserve sugar

Sold by Whitman agencies nearly everywhere
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A

Pipe-threading
with the bother left out

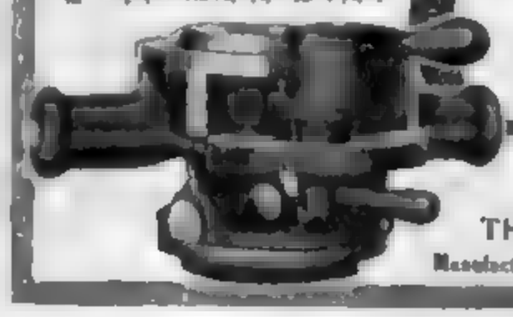
That's what "OSTER" means to trouble-dodging plumbers, steamfitters, engineers, farmers and every other pipe-threading industry—not in the United States alone but throughout the civilized world—

Take No. 102, for instance—it threads 6 sizes of pipe, has no loose bushings or lock-nuts, and gives you the time-saving convenience of self-locking dies and guides.

Folder on request

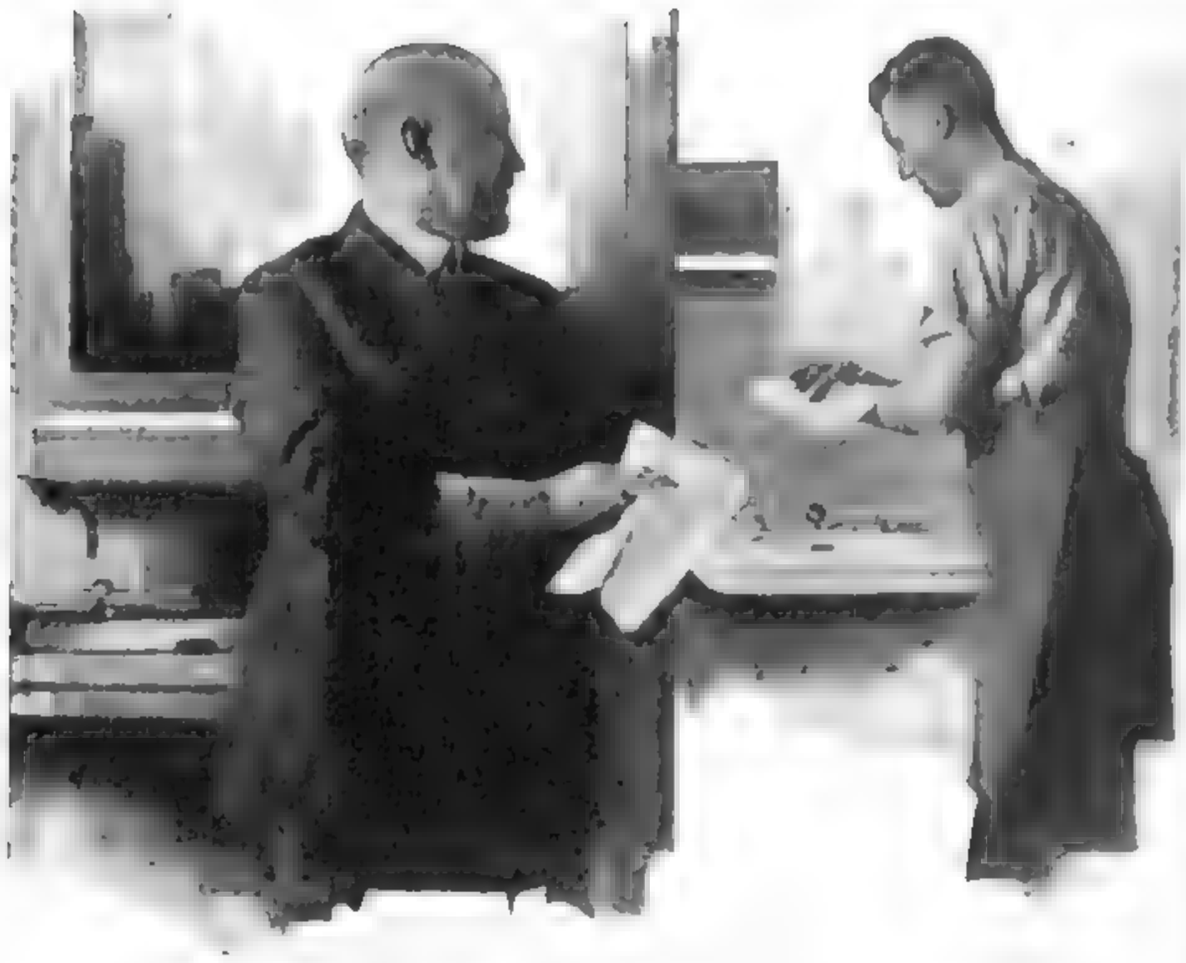
Ask your Supply House about

No 102 threading 6 pipe-sizes, ¼" to 1¼".



OSTER
BULL-DOG
DIE-STOCKS

THE OSTER MFG. CO.-CLEVELAND, OHIO
Manufacturers of Bull-Dog Die-Stocks and Oster Power Threading Machines



Have You Two Standards of Cleanliness?

One for yourself? One for your employees?

Your standard of hygiene for employees materially affects your Labor Turnover. Frequent changes in factory personnel are costly. But clean surroundings and sanitary washrooms play no small part in keeping workers contented and efficient.

Eliminating the loss incidental to unnecessary labor turnover will do much to offset today's inevitable advances in labor costs. The savings will pay a good proportion of higher wages. And hygienic conditions increase factory production.

Keep your washroom up to modern standards of personal hygiene. Give each employee a clean towel every time—a towel to be used once by one user—a new, comfortable, white, absorbent towel—a

ScotTissue Towel

Wherever modern standards of cleanliness prevail, ScotTissue is the economical towel. It costs little, eliminates laundry expense and prevents the washroom becoming a source of illness.

Not only the factory—but every office, every school, club, hotel, lodge, or store that maintains a high standard of cleanliness, will find ScotTissue the most economical and satisfactory towel to use.

Scott Paper Company

Originators of the Paper Towel

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

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ScotTissue

ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

an old tumble-down stone château which shook under the thunder of the occasional guns Blink was put through a searching third degree. Certain questions he answered frankly; to many more he responded quietly, "I couldn't say."

His boots, the pride of his heart, became the spoil of the taller of his captors. His pipe, tobacco pouch and warm knitted sweater went to the shorter guard. After that, far into the night he trudged, manacled to the hand of a German sergeant. Finally, dead with fatigue, they came to a railhead, where both dropped in their tracks and slept. And from now on his status changed, it dwindled, it disappeared. Hitherto as a free-born American citizen and soldier he had certain inalienable rights: The right to draw his regular rations, the right to draw his regular pay, the right to kick. Henceforth he could do none of these three things. He was nobody, nothing, a cipher. He had absolutely lost caste.

In the days and weeks that followed, when he was shifted and shunted from place to place, but always working eastward, this feeling of intolerable isolation weighed like a physical load on his shoulders, dragging him down. He forgot how to smile. He also suffered considerably from the inflammation in his wrist. In addition he was tormented by a lack of food, water, rest and sleep. The roadbeds over which he traveled were atrocious, the engines puffed laboriously with their worn-out pistons, and so violent were the bumpings and joltings of the train that Blink decided the wheels must be square.

At length one morning when Blink had fairly lost count of the drab processional of days he was herded together with several hundred English prisoners into his permanent camp. Here after the usual rigmarole of registration he was assigned a certain barrack, a certain company and a certain number. And then for a while, until they should detail him to some prison labor, he was left to his own devices.

That Down-and-Out Feeling

If ever Blink felt like making an exit from the world it was in that first bleak bitter hour after his arrival, when he sat on the doorstep of his barrack, his feet in the snow, cold, hungry, utterly miserable, utterly alone. In the first stages of his journey his thick comfortable uniform had gone the way of his watch and his pocketbook; and as a substitute he had been given odds and ends of thin cotton shoddy garments which were no protection against the vicious severity of winter. His shoes, made from a pressed-paper composition instead of leather, had already burst at the seams and let in the icy slush. For more than a week his feet had been constantly wet. Little chills succeeded by fever flushes chased up and down his spine. He was light headed from lack of food. With the loss of his status, of his independence as an American citizen, he felt diminished, unreal, as if he had become a ghost. He was as lonely as the first man in hell.

Presently another prisoner strolled up and accosted him.

"How are you?"

"Fine!" said Blink without raising his eyes. "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

"That's right!" responded the other heartily. "Keep your spirits up. You're American, aren't you?"

"I was. It seems now as if I were dead or had my soul amputated. I hardly know whether I'm myself or some other nut."

"Oh, you'll be as right as rain before long," the prisoner informed him. "It is a kind of a shock turning from a free man into a slave. But it's not quite so bad now as it was before our committee was formed. We'll fix you up with clothes and food until you can establish communication with your own authorities. You're the first American here. My name is Jenks—Charles Jenks, from Montreal."

"What committee was that you mentioned?"

For the first time Blink raised his bloodshot gaze and surveyed the speaker. He was a tall, lean Canadian of a sedentary, bookish type with a straggly mustache and a kind brown eye.

"The British Help Committee. It's elected democratically by the British prisoners to look after their rights, investigate abuses, and forward complaints of all treatment to the Spanish Government, which represents our interests in Germany."

"Does your kicking do any good?" demanded Blink pessimistically.

"Things have improved since we began. All kinds of abuses have lessened. Just now we're putting through a complaint against forced labor in the German mines."

"I hope you win. I heard that was triple-plated hell."

Blink's voice as he spoke sounded to him strange and thin, as if it came from afar. He rose abruptly, and as he rose he reeled. A thousand prismatic lights rushed before his eyes.

His new-found friend caught him by the arm. "Steady on!" he advised. "What's the matter?"

Blink laughed a trifle groggily. "Everything." His mother's words rang like a jingle of bells in his head. He murmured them aloud: "'Oh, my dear son, be careful!'"—and heeled over in a dead faint.

When, some time later, he came to he found himself lying in a cot in a small room, half office, half bedroom, which the Canadian called his flat. Blink's cheap shoddy coat had been removed, also his water-logged shoes; and he was comfortably ensconced in a warm woolly gray dressing gown and knitted gray socks and bed slippers. For the first half breath as he emerged from unconsciousness he felt rather than saw a figure bending over him and thought he was at home.

"Mother," he murmured, "I've been having the darnedest dream! Phew! The devil! Don't drown me."

He opened his eyes fully and beheld not his mother but the lean Canadian, his kind face full of concern, dashing icy water from a jug over his head. Blink sat up, but immediately sank back again weakly and closed his eyes.

"That's right. Take your time. That's one thing you can take in this hole. Now don't talk." Blink started to open his mouth. "Just lie quiet. You're starved. That's about all ails you. Oh, I know the signs by now. I'm going to fix you up a snack to eat. My parcel for this week hasn't been opened yet."

He kept up a battery of cheerful remarks as he lifted a small deal table over before Blink's cot, dived into drawers and set various objects upon the table.

"Keep your eyes shut," he ordered, "until I command you to open them. You're going to have the surprise of your life. Are you warm?" He flung his overcoat on the cot and continued without a halt: "Now you'll have to excuse me for a minute. I'm kitchen inspector here—have charge of the cooking. I'm off to heat up something of my own for you."

Blink opened one eye with a feeble grin, but his benefactor had already departed. Within a few minutes he returned, bearing a tray.

"Wait! Don't look yet. When did you eat last anyhow?"

The Good Samaritan's Dinner

Blink pondered. "Two days ago, about. They gave me some soup that tasted like decayed swill. It had some dark ropy stuff floating round the bottom which looked like dead seaweed or woman's hair. It sort of got my goat. Suppose I'll have to get used to it—but it takes time to tame your stomach so it won't buck at anything." He sniffed eagerly. "Holy Gee! That smells good!"

"Now then, open your eyes," commanded the Canadian. He supported Blink, still pale and wobbly, to a sitting position. "Look!"

And Blink looked. He gulped a deep breath and slid his tongue hungrily over his dry cracked lips.

"My God!" he ejaculated. "Pinch me, somebody. Is this a starvation pipe dream? Chicken bouillon!" He took a draught of the fragrant steaming liquid. "Hot beans! Marmalade. Say, where's the Neapolitan ice cream? And they try to put it over on us that there's a food famine here in Germany!"

"There is," said Jenks grimly. "You don't suppose all this is German prison-camp rations? It comes from our British parcels, which we receive twice a week. Food, clothes—all of it comes from home. If we depended on our jailers we'd die of hunger and cold. But every week two ten-pound parcels can be sent—though they don't always arrive—for each British prisoner of war. The contents of these parcels practically duplicate the army rations—so much fats, so much starch, so much sweets. It's been very scientifically worked out."

(Continued on Page 44)

Big Increase in Porcelain Efficiency

The Romance of Experiment 3450

TEN YEARS of constant research and experiment—day after day of unremitting laboratory work—with the laboratory furnaces glowing night after night!

Thousands of different combinations and mixtures of materials gathered from all over the world!

Each carefully recorded formula tested in the laboratory furnaces under different degrees of heat!

Steady improvement in spark plug porcelains all this time—but no great gain upon the increasingly severe requirements of new developments in gasoline motors!

3449 different experiments—until—finally—the startling results of Experiment 3450 showed a long stride ahead in all the essential requirements for spark plug insulators.

Champion 3450 porcelain is so far ahead of any other insulator that it stands today clearly and distinctly in a class by itself—unchallenged.

Literally, Experiment 3450 has developed undreamed-of qualities in porcelain for spark plug insulation.

Even the startling qualities recently developed in steel, by scientific heat treating, are no more romantic.

The microscopic views below show a great similarity in the recent development of new superior qualities in steel and the development of this new superior Champion 3450 porcelain.

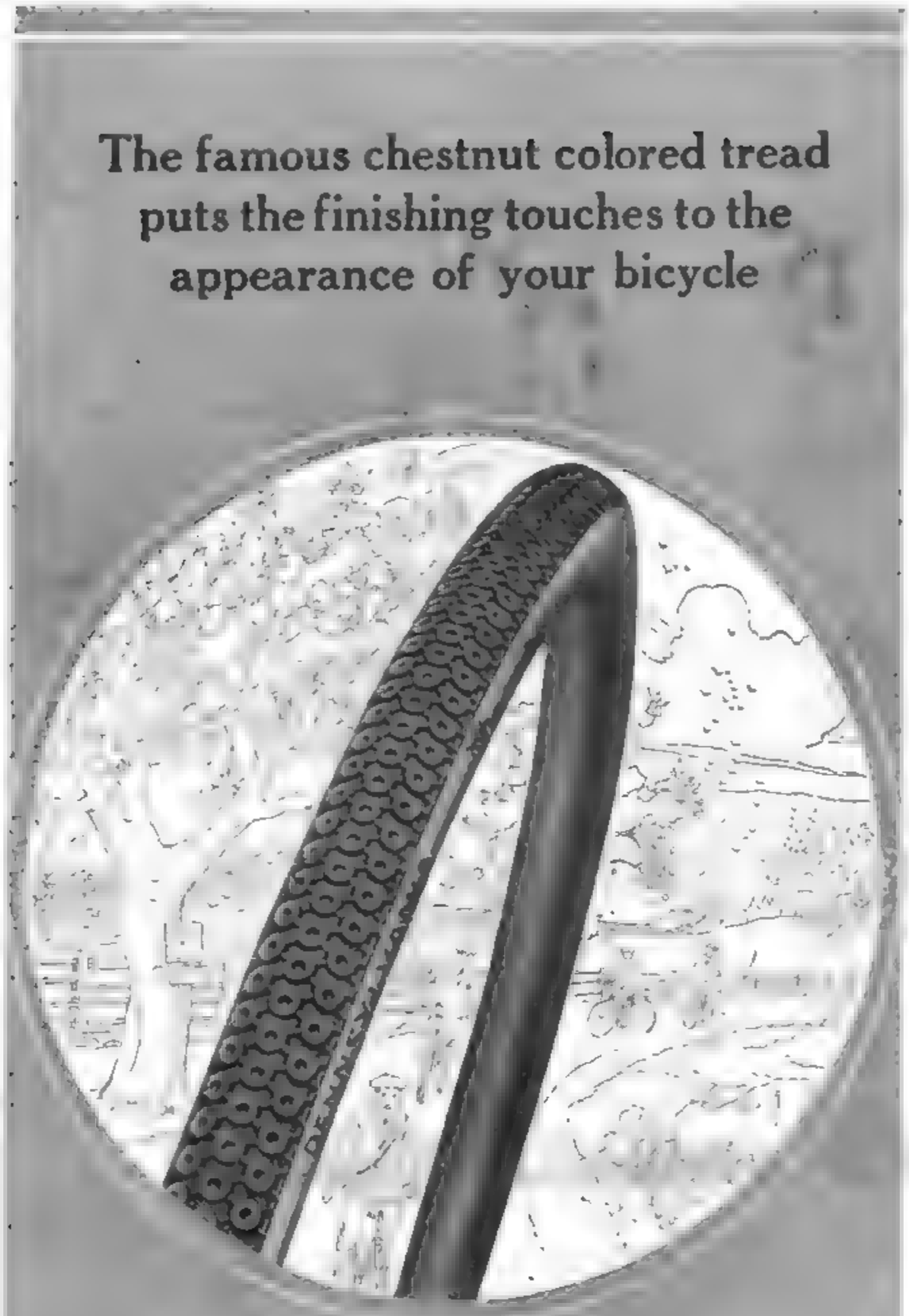
So Champion Dependability takes on new meaning—for no spark plug can be more dependable than its insulator.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion

Dependable Spark Plugs

The famous chestnut colored tread puts the finishing touches to the appearance of your bicycle



The Cups, slightly reduced in size, give great resiliency, speed, and wet-pavement riding safety to the tread of

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP
BICYCLE TIRES

Made of the same stock as that used in Vacuum Cup Automobile Tires, this tread is built over a carcass of highest grade fabric, a special strip being provided to facilitate cementing the tire to the rim.

One universal size, made to fit either a 28" x 1 3/8", 28" x 1 1/2", or 28" x 1 5/8" rim Also Juvenile sizes.

Price (Single Tube or Clincher) each, $3.75

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY
JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

(Continued from Page 42

"And the Germans let all that good grub through?" demanded Blink, shoveling the good grub inside of him for dear life.

"Generally. They have to. You forget that we have their German prisoners too. And there might be reprisals. But I'll explain afterward."

"Talk on, talk on!" cried Blink, his mouth full of food. "This is the sweetest music I have ever heard. Fire away. Enumerate. What are my rights as a prisoner of war?"

"Don't think," smiled the Canadian, "that one of them includes a gorge like this every day. This is just by way of celebration. As to your rights: First, correspondence. You are entitled to write one postal a week, and in addition one letter every other week. These of course are censored. If you are wise you will not animadvert upon camp conditions or any of the darker aspects of prison life, or attempt to get secret information through by codes or by hiding it under the stamp. You might lose all your privileges thereby. As to food and clothes, you should receive regular weekly parcels from your people or from the Red Cross. I'm not sure what the American method is, but doubtless it parallels the British."

"How will the Red Cross know I'm here?" queried Blink in some anxiety. "Do I write direct? Do I give my address? Do I have to pay? I haven't any money. They cleaned me out on the road."

"I'm not sure about the details, as I told you. But write to the American Red Cross in Paris. Write to-night. Give your address and prison number. Ask for their food parcels, and the entire information covering your case. Tell them to notify your mother —— What's wrong?"

The Rights of Prisoners

For at mention of his mother Blink had suddenly gulped, choked, then hurriedly turned his face away. But it was not thought of his mother which had moved him, for she had been with him in almost every hour of the long, jolting, sleepless, nightmare way. It was Katie. For the last week, in his misery, he had practically forgotten Katie. Now the memory of her rushed back upon him with almost the force of a blow. He faced back again to Jenks.

"All right," he said gruffly. "Go on. 'Notify my mother ——'"

"—— notify your mother of your imprisonment and the rules concerning letters and parcels. Probably the Red Cross will handle the entire affair. It's simpler that way.

"So much for your food and clothes and letters. Now about the labor question: As I said, the British Prison Committee, of which I am president—I've been here three years already and so I know the ropes pretty well—is making a formal complaint against our working in the mines. We'll receive a decision this month, and I am hoping it will be in our favor. Aside from the mines there are the construction gangs, factory and munition industries, and working on the farms. Now, what is your occupation? If you're a miner I advise you to keep it dark."

"I'm a hayseed," laughed Blink. "I run my mother's ranch, and one of my own which adjoins it. I have a car and I drive round to see how things are shaping up, and along in the afternoon I generally take Katie out for a spin."

"Taking Katie out for a spin hardly constitutes an occupation," observed Jenks dryly

"Oh, doesn't it?" chuckled Blink. "You don't know Katie!"

"What did you put down as your occupation on the card you filled out this morning? You know the Germans keep a clearing house for prison labor, and whenever they need miners or farmers or mechanics they just consult their files. Their system is very complete."

Farm Labor the Best

"I didn't put down anything," confessed Blink with a grin. "I was feeling too blamed bitter. So when they handed out that registration card with all those personal intimate questions about my nativity and age and predilections I just scrawled across its face 'Damn the Germans!' and let it go at that."

Blink leaned back and laughed heartily, but the Canadian looked grave.

"I'll get you another card in the morning. And you must answer everything they ask. It's simpler in the end. Write down farmer for your occupation. That's the best class of prison labor in Germany to-day. There you live in the country. And in addition you have your two weekly parcels of food and clothing, which suffice for your physical needs if they get through to you regularly."

"Then is it true about the food famine?"

"It's true," replied the Canadian grimly. "There's a famine in all except water and air. Bread, sugar, potatoes, margarine, meat, tobacco—all these articles are stringently rationed. There are no lubricating oils; no illuminating oils; no butter, tea or coffee; no rubber, soap or rice; few medicines; very little paper; practically no cotton, leather, soda, medical bandages or photographic material; no bicycles or taxicabs. But worst of all is the famine in fats."

By this time Blink had cleared the table as clean as if a swarm of locusts had passed that way.

"You make me feel sorry for the poor boneheads," he remarked.

"You needn't," retorted Jenks with a hard smile. "Any nation deserves its fate in the long run. Just let that fact sink in. These people have as good a government as they deserve; and the minute they deserve a better they'll make it—don't fear.

"Now about camp activities: You'd best join something. There's music, a French, and a Russian class, and a chess club."

"A chess club!" gasped Blink. "Oh, mumma!"

(Continued on Page 47)

Almost Ready to Return to the Front

Photograph by L. A. Hiller

Takes out all glare—Legal everywhere

Gives you 500 ft. range

BOTH these cars are equipped with Noviol (yellow tint) Conaphores. This scientific headlight glass is legal everywhere because it controls the light within the law's requirements, without diffusion and without glare.

The photograph shows the two cars as they meet at a dangerous turn on a dark road.

No confusing glare strikes the eyes of either driver. Both pairs of headlights direct the light where it is most effective—full on the road. Both drivers can see perfectly.

The main shafts of light illuminate every inch of the dangerous going for 500 feet ahead. Ample side-light shows the treacherous ditch at one side of the road, and the sharp, rocky turn at the other. Possibility of an accident is reduced to the absolute minimum.

Signals "Safety" to Others

The yellow-tint Noviol Conaphore is a recognized signal of safety on all highways. The instant a driver sees the yellow-tint Noviol lights he knows they will not blind him—and feels perfectly safe. The soft, mellow light is easy on his eyes, and helps him to see past the oncoming car.

Reasons for Conaphore efficiency

Four major advantages make the Conaphore the ideal headlight glass under all driving conditions.

1. ***Kills all glare.*** The Conaphore uses all the light, but patented corrugations control it within legal limits. Height of beam is not more than 42 inches from the road.

2. ***Range 500 feet.*** Corrugations throw a shaft of strong driving light along the road for 500 feet ahead of the car.

3. ***Pierces fog and dust.*** Projects a beam that is easy for the eye to follow through fog and dust. This is because yellow-tint Noviol Glass *(patented)* absorbs the blue and violet light waves, thus minimizing diffusion and "back glare."

4. ***Ample side-light.*** Cylinders fan strong rays out over both roadsides. Light spreads 25 feet at each side of the car 75 feet ahead.

Help make highways safe. Equip your car with Conaphores. They safeguard you, and make for the safety of others. Legal everywhere. Dimming unnecessary. Made in both Noviol and clear glass. Easy to install. Sizes to fit all cars. Order from your dealer; if he has not received his supply, write us.

The Conaphore has a smooth front surface. Easily cleaned. Does not clog with mud or dust

Manufactured by the World's Largest Makers of Technical Glass

CONAPHORE

Range 500 feet—No Glare—Pierces Fog and Dust

Retail Prices (Per Pair)	Noviol Glass		Clear Glass	
Sizes	U. S.	Canada	U. S.	Canada
5 to 6	$3 10	$3 10	$1 60	$2 40
7 to 8	4 20	5 30	2 50	3 60
8½ to 10	4 80	6 25	3 00	4 25
10½ to 11	6 40	8 25	4 00	5 75

Prices west of Rocky Mountains 25c per pair more than U. S. net.

Sizes are stamped on the face of the lens in each case.

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CORNING GLASS WORKS ALSO MANUFACTURES PYREX TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES AND PYREX CHEMICAL GLASSWARE

UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC Home Needs

THE spirit of war-time economy is shown not only in the saving of money and food, but also in the conservation of time and work in the home. It is the duty of every American housewife to aid in local war activities, but many are unable to do so because of the great amount of time required for household cares.

Electricity solves this problem by doing the tasks that ordinarily take the best part of a day in a few hours, giving more leisure time and accomplishing the work in a far more efficient manner.

UNIVERSAL Electric Iron

makes the hardest of all household tasks one of the easiest. Does the week's ironing in a few hours in a cool, comfortable kitchen and saves you countless steps.

Every housekeeper who uses a UNIVERSAL Bread Maker, Food Chopper, or Percolator, knows that the name UNIVERSAL stands for best in material, workmanship and construction and complete satisfaction to the user.

Back of every UNIVERSAL electric appliance is a manufacturing experience of over half a century.

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LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, New Britain, Conn.

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$5.00

This is the UNIVERSAL Trade Mark. It is the mark of quality and your guarantee of satisfaction.

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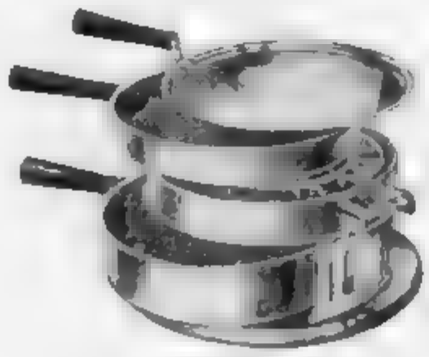
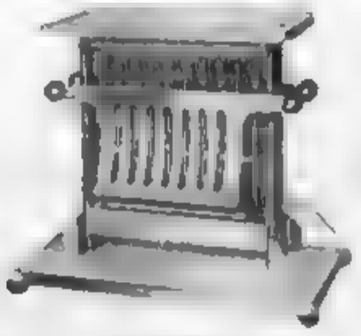
UNIVERSAL
Electric Waffle Iron
No. E930. $10.00
Makes delicious waffles right at the table. No grease, no odor, no smoke

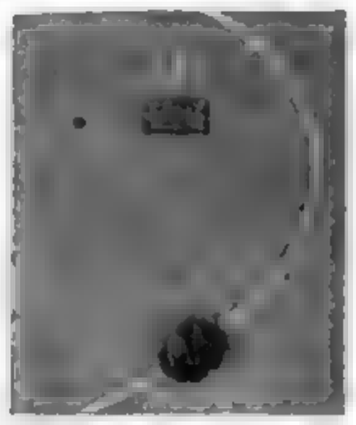


UNIVERSAL
Electric Toast Heat Grill
No. E984. $7.50
Broils, fries, toasts, stews. Will cook a complete meal for two or three persons.

UNIVERSAL
Electric Coffee Percolator
No. E9837 $11.00
Other styles $8.00 and upward. Makes delicious, full-flavored coffee and uses a third less.



UNIVERSAL
Electric Toaster
No. E946 $5.00
Makes crisp, golden-brown toast right beside your plate—a slice a minute. Twelve slices for 1 cent's worth of current.



UNIVERSAL
Electric Heat-ing Pad
No. E9940 $6.50
Provides best ways of applying localized heat to any part of the body. Great for use on outdoor sleeping porches.

(Continued from Page 44)

"It would be a fearsome thing if we didn't do something to prevent the chaps from going mad," replied Jenks quietly. "By keeping ourselves cheerful and fit we're playing the game, that's all. It's a sporting proposition, if you can see it that way."

"Put me down for a course in chess," said Blink, breaking a long silence. "It's a game with guts, I've heard." Eventually, because he possessed a fine resonant bass, he also elected to join a band of young yowlers who met twice a week and provided the monthly singsongs.

That night he wrote his first letter to the outer world. And as it is an interesting though not newsful document I am going to transcribe it in full. It ran as follows, in a round boyish scrawl:

"MINDEN, WESTF.
"Jan. 20, 1918.

"THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, Paris.

"*Gentlemen:* I was captured at Gonzeacourt, France, on the 30th of Nov., 1917, and so far I am the only American at this lager.

"The British Help Committee have done their best for me, supplied such clothing as they could, and, what was more important, some food from the English Red Cross Emergency Parcels.

"Will you please advise me whether the American Red Cross has any food or clothing depots for the prisoners of war, and also whether we will receive food parcels from the Red Cross Society or direct from our people at home? Do we subscribe a part of our pay to you in case you supply us with food—or how is that arranged? Please forward me all the information you possess on that subject, so that when more Americans arrive I can be of assistance to them.

"Will you also kindly write to my mother, Mrs. John McCorkle, and acquaint her with the rules governing the care of American prisoners of war? Tell her I am well and tolerably happy. Her address is [omitted].

"Thanking you in advance for your kindness to me, I am,

"Very respectfully yours,
"JOHN MCCORKLE,
"Company G, 5— Inf., U. S. A.
"Minden, Lager No. 67615, Block I, Co. No. 6."

To this was added the next morning the following note of confirmation:

"MINDEN, WESTF., Jan. 21, 1918.
"AMERICAN RED CROSS, Paris.

"*Gentlemen:* Please find herewith a letter from Private John McCorkle of the Amex Forces, who is in our camp.

"Any information needed concerning food, clothing, etc., for prisoners of war will be gladly furnished you by our committee.

"With all best wishes, sincerely yours,
"BRITISH HELP COMMITTEE,
"Minden, Westf., Germany.

"CHAS. S. JENKS,
6th Canadian M. R., President."

These two letters, posted January 21, 1918, at the German lager, were received in Paris February eighth, acted upon immediately, and by the middle of February Blink had established his line of communication and was receiving his parcels. These parcels, like those for the British prisoners, followed very closely the army rations.

Meantime another registration card, this time meticulously filled out to the last detail, was duly filed, Blink figuring therein as a "scientific farmer."

"For," explained he to Jenks, on whom he had dropped in to inquire how the latter's cough was progressing, "they might send a common or garden farmer to the mines, but they'd never send a 'scientific farmer' there so long as there are any field jobs—not if I know anything about the way their think tanks work. 'Scientific' is one of their fetish words. You see if it doesn't get me by."

And it did. At the end of a fortnight he was assigned for labor on a small farm some ten miles to the north of the lager. It was owned by an old German and his wife whose five sons were at the war. And Blink, it must be said, was not sorry to leave the camp, despite some new-found friends. It seemed somehow more human and natural to be at work under the open sky with the companionship of dumb brutes, horses, cattle and dogs, than to be herded together with a mass of prisoners, some of whom were going mad, despite their efforts, with bitterness and pent-up nostalgia. Hate was foreign to Blink's nature. Like Kim he was the little friend of all the world.

About a month after Blink left for his farm, Charles Jenks, already far gone in consumption from the exposures he had undergone the first year of his imprisonment, was exchanged.

On his way to Switzerland for a cure he stopped over in Paris for a day, and thus were learned the details of Blink's disastrous solo raid.

And now we are done with that young trouble maker, whose conduct, mind you, I do not recommend as exemplar—though he may some day be president.

Aside from him there were up to March 1, 1918, about one hundred and fifty American civil and military prisoners in Germany. As our forces engage more and more deeply in the present titanic offensive those figures will doubtless leap up. With few exceptions the men have been assigned to two main camps, that of Güstrow, in Mecklenburg, and that of Brandenburg. From these main camps the men are redistributed to various working camps and shifted from one place to another in accordance with the demand for labor. Reports on these two camps have been received from neutral official sources, and the American Red Cross is in touch with most of our men. The prisoners are encouraged to form committees similar to the one which came to

(Concluded on Page 49)

Wounded American Soldiers

To Save 40,000,000 Tons of Coal

"How are we to avoid another coal shortage next winter?" is the question nearly everybody is asking.

That question was put to a distinguished Consulting Engineer, who has specialized in coal conservation. He answered:

"I'll tell you one way. Over forty million tons can be *saved* by the steam-users of America, and that is just about the shortage of 1917."

"Do you mean that American steam-users are wasting forty million tons a year?"

"I do; and I mean only the waste of actual heat that the precious coal has made, and which leaks through the boilers and pipes instead of going to the engines and radiators."

"Is that waste of heat preventable?"

"All but a very negligible fraction of it is absolutely preventable."

"How is that?"

"Simply by insulating your pipes and boilers with a covering of maximum efficiency—a covering that is able to *retain* the heat of the steam so that it can't escape before it does its work."

"But don't all steam-users already employ such an essential protection for their steam?"

"Many do. Such as use an insulation like '85% Magnesia,' for instance, get every ounce of possible steam from a minimum of coal. That's what all the big locomotives have; that's what Uncle Sam's war-ships have, and nearly all our other steamships; that's what the central stations use, and the largest power-plants; also, that's what the great hotels and skyscrapers use. They can't afford any insulation less efficient.

"But, unfortunately, many other steam-users only *think* they have adequate protection for their steam. They use some of the inferior coverings through which their steam leaks like water from a sieve."

"If there's such a difference in insulating-coverings, why does anybody install the inefficient ones?"

"First, because they don't *know*; second, because the poor ones are slightly *cheaper*, at first cost. The best engineers know and usually recommend the most efficient. But there is still a widespread ignorance as to the *degree* of coal-saving with different coverings. So, when between two proposed coverings, both of which *look* alike, one costs a few cents less a foot, it is a natural temptation to take the cheaper."

"But after the inferior insulating-covering is in commission, isn't its inadequacy obvious?"

"You can't see leaking heat, can you? After a covering is on, the owner hasn't any scientific test to apply to see whether his pipes are retaining the maximum of hot, dry steam. He has no guide as to the coal that *ought* to be sufficient."

"Then how can one be sure as to what insulation he should get to save the most coal?"

"If he gets such an insulation as '85% Magnesia' he is sure from the start. For over a quarter of a century it has been the standard among the best engineers. When a man follows Uncle Sam, and the locomotive-builders, and all the other enormous users of steam just mentioned, he is making a safe investment, isn't he?"

"Do you call an insulation like '85% Magnesia' an investment?"

"I certainly do. A wasteful covering is an *expense*, no matter how cheap its first cost. But a covering like '85% Magnesia' is such a coal-saver that it quickly pays its initial cost, and its savings thereafter are annual dividends on the investment.

"Moreover, '85% Magnesia' lasts practically forever. I know instances where it has been in use for over twenty years, and then has been taken off and reapplied on new pipes, as good as when it was first put on. Nothing seems to weaken it. That durability makes it an investment—a thing that can't be said of the inferior coverings which have to be renewed frequently because they are structurally weak."

"Then if you could speak to all the steam-users of the country, what would you say?"

"I would say, Save coal by putting '85% Magnesia' on your pipes and boilers. The estimate of forty million tons wasted a year by defective insulation is conservative. As '85% Magnesia' is unquestionably the insulation of highest efficiency known, it would prevent that staggering loss. That's what I would say."

If you want to know more about heat-losses and heat-protection, write today for the little book, "Let '85% Magnesia' Defend Your Steam."

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
721 Bulletin Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Wm. A. Mann, Chairman
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R. V. Mattison, Jr., Keasbey & Mattison Co., Ambler, Pa.

85% MAGNESIA

Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile.

For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself tonight.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that, will be unknown to you.

B&B Blue-jay For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely

Large Package 25c at Druggists

Small Package Discontinued

(888)

How Blue-jay Acts

A—a thin soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe, makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that the dressing ends the corn. The action is gentle and attended to by nature alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.*, CHICAGO and NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 47)

Blink's rescue, in order that the officials of these may act as spokesmen and communicate directly with the Red Cross. Should the number of prisoners increase greatly in future the experience of the British shows that such committees are of value in reporting abuses, organizing the men and directing activities.

At Berne, Switzerland, is a Red Cross warehouse where supplies are stored sufficient for ten thousand men. Already a full outfit of winter clothes has been dispatched to every prisoner, and the semiweekly parcel system is in full swing.

In his letter Blink desired to know whether he should pay a part of his salary to the Red Cross in the event of its supplying him with food and clothes. But that is not exactly the method of procedure. The Red Cross supports the American prisoner in Germany, and the American people support the Red Cross. Nevertheless, mothers will always be mothers, and one day Mrs. McCorkle made up a parcel of food, including among other things some raisins from their own vines, and forwarded it to him in care of the Red Cross. It chanced on the morning of its arrival that the chief of the bureau, Mr. Henry Allen, of Kansas, was alone in the office. He unwrapped the parcel, eliminated the perishable material and readdressed it to young Mr. McCorkle, via Berne. And some of these days Blink on his far-away farm in Germany will probably devour those small globules of concentrated sunshine and pronounce them good!

Tracers of Lost Soldiers

This particular department of the Red Cross which handles the affairs of the prisoners is called the Home Service Bureau. It is in charge of Mr. Henry Allen, who lies awake at night thinking up schemes to link together even more closely the soldier in Europe and his distant relatives. Anything that touches the welfare of the American soldier in France as regards his home people comes under the jurisdiction of this department.

Is his mother worried at not hearing from him; is he ill and cannot write; is he missing; is he a prisoner or dead; is he troubled because some sharks are foreclosing the mortgage on his home; is he anxious to send money home to his wife but cannot on account of some hold-up of his pay; has he legal papers to sign—all these matters this department undertakes to cover; and a thousand different ones besides. As the army in Europe expands in magnitude, and consequently in its human needs, this one bureau alone bids fair to assume colossal dimensions.

For the purpose of exposition let us take a few type cases to develop the method of the Home Service Bureau in its work. Mrs. Jackson out in Iowa has not heard from her son James, a soldier with the American forces, for some weeks. The line of communication between them has suddenly been broken. Why? What has happened? She does not know. She only knows that her son's letters, written on the thin Y. M. C. A. paper, have ceased to arrive. Every morning she waits for the rural delivery—and waits in vain. Finally, torn by vague fears, she writes to the Red Cross in Paris.

"James has always been a good son," she says, and adds the infinitely moving little sentence: "I am his mother." Simple, tragic, illuminating remark, compact these days with universal grief! It is significant that most of these letters of inquiry end in the same fashion, with the same touching sentence: "I am his mother."

In response to that letter the Red Cross puts a tracer on James. His regimental officers are questioned. Searchers, one of whom is now established in every base hospital in France, seek him among the wounded. Some of his comrades may turn in word as to his fate. But if nothing comes to light, if James remains persistently missing, then his name is posted and news of him publicly besought.

Thus far the Red Cross has succeeded in tracing every soldier concerning whom information has been desired.

At present, in the case of American soldiers who die in France, a cross marks the grave. At the transverse of the cross stands a metal shield with a design in low relief revealing a youth with broken sword, his face lifted to heaven. Round the shield runs the inscription: "He died to keep men free." Underneath are his name and regimental status. It is the intention of the Red Cross to remit this shield of glory to his relatives after the war, when some permanent form of remembrance shall have been devised by the War Department.

But it is not alone for the sake of the troubled kin in America that the Home Service Bureau exists. The men in the field are often confronted with practical difficulties concerning money, deeds or investment, and do not know which way to turn. For this purpose the Red Cross has put at their disposal a complete department of lawyers, notaries public and banks. Each case is unraveled to its end and the interests of the soldier are as fully protected as if he were the client of a private firm.

One would like to believe that in a time of crisis like the present all citizens of the nation would draw together against the common danger; that the usurer would ease up on his victim; that the stern landlord would wait for rent; in short, that the wicked would cease from their wickedness, and from flourishing like a green bay tree. But in real life the villains are apt to flourish even more robustly because they are withdrawn from the public eye. What shall be done to the wretch who forecloses a mortgage on a soldier who is away fighting for civilization at his country's command? Well, if the wretch forecloses a sufficient number the chances are he will become rich and respected and live to a green old age. Nevertheless, the Red Cross does not intend that foreclosures shall occur if it can put a spoke in the wheel. That some unscrupulous wolves disguised as humans are abroad in the woods to-day, on the lookout for little Red Riding Hoods to devour, is evidenced by the letter below:

OVERSEAS, March 21, 1918.

"AMERICAN RED CROSS, Paris.

"*Dear Sirs:* I wish to state my case to you in regard to my property at home. I have a house and lot in X, U. S. A. The lot is paid for but my house is not. I have made several monthly payments on it. The loan company from which I took my loan has a headquarters at A, and also at B. They have an agent in my town by the name of Mr. C. He has charge of the bank in our town. Some time past I received a letter from him in which he stated that if those payments were not paid up to date he would have to foreclose the mortgage. He has also told my wife the same. I have a wife and child and, I being their sole support, you can see it makes me worry about things at home. I will be very grateful to you if you will kindly advise me as to what can be done."

That letter, O.K'd by the captain, arrived in due course at the Red Cross, which immediately took up the case with the holder of the mortgage. The soldier will not lose his home.

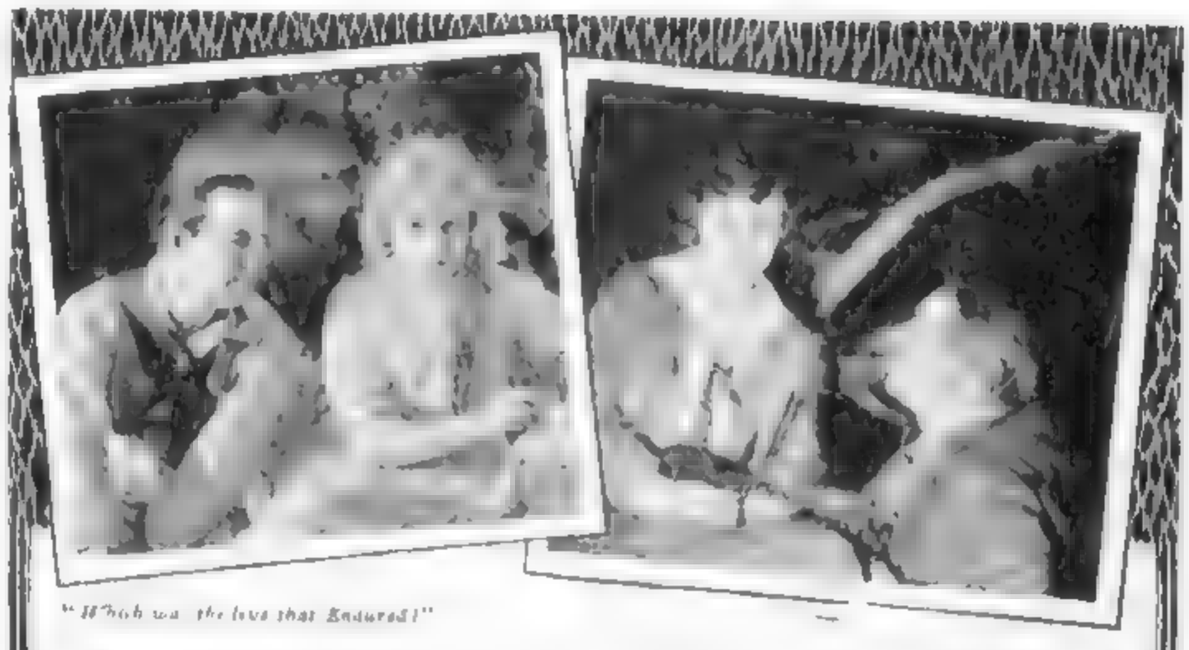
The Shylocks at Home

In several instances before leaving for France the soldiers were assured that payments would not be pressed in their absence; that the holders would do "the square thing." No sooner had the transports sailed than these modern Shylocks began harrying the women of the family—which is doubtless a Shylock's notion of a square deal.

Their attitude is reminiscent of a certain Mr. Smith whose cow broke into Mr. Jones' front yard, trampled the shrubs and made a clean sweep of the grass. When Mr. Smith was indignantly called to account for the damage his domestic animal had wrought he looked over the scene of havoc, rubbed his jaw and declared he would do "the square thing." The following day he presented a bill to Mr. Jones for using his cow for a lawn mower.

A similar moral strabismus or squint eye is to be found in the holder of mortgages who conceives that a deal is square only when it redounds to his own pecuniary advantage.

In this particular field the Red Cross will take care of all the cases that fall under its eye—but the matter should not rest there. During the Civil War a law was passed to protect the soldiers from having their mortgages foreclosed. To-day the nation finds itself again at war, but on a vastly grander scale. And the fighting men are even more remote from their firesides. The Red Cross is doing its best to check these financial cannibals who gobble up a soldier's house and home. But Congress can block the scoundrels still more effectively by passing a law that shall make their infamous practices a crime.



"Which was the love that Endured!"

A photo-play directed by

Cecil B. De Mille

always means a theatre full of fascinated people

DE MILLE is a figure of solitary magnificence. He has killed a proverb and has done "something new under the sun." De Mille has *made* a new art.

Poets, painters and sculptors have become great by *following* high and ancient tradition, Greece, Rome or such: with *tried* material they worked—words, pigment, marble.

But Cecil B. De Mille was given a new and curious toy of science—a motion picture camera.

It's easy to talk now, but that struggle filled years before the new art emerged, a subtle and wonderful thing, an art that is *founding*, not following tradition.

De Mille's was the mind that inspired the great screen masterpieces "Joan the Woman", "Carmen", "The Cheat", "The Devil Stone", "The Woman God Forgot", "Maria Rosa", "The Whispering Chorus." His screen productions have entertained millions.

Hundreds of the country's leading motion picture theatres are showing this week, his newest production, a great photo drama of American social life

"OLD WIVES FOR NEW"

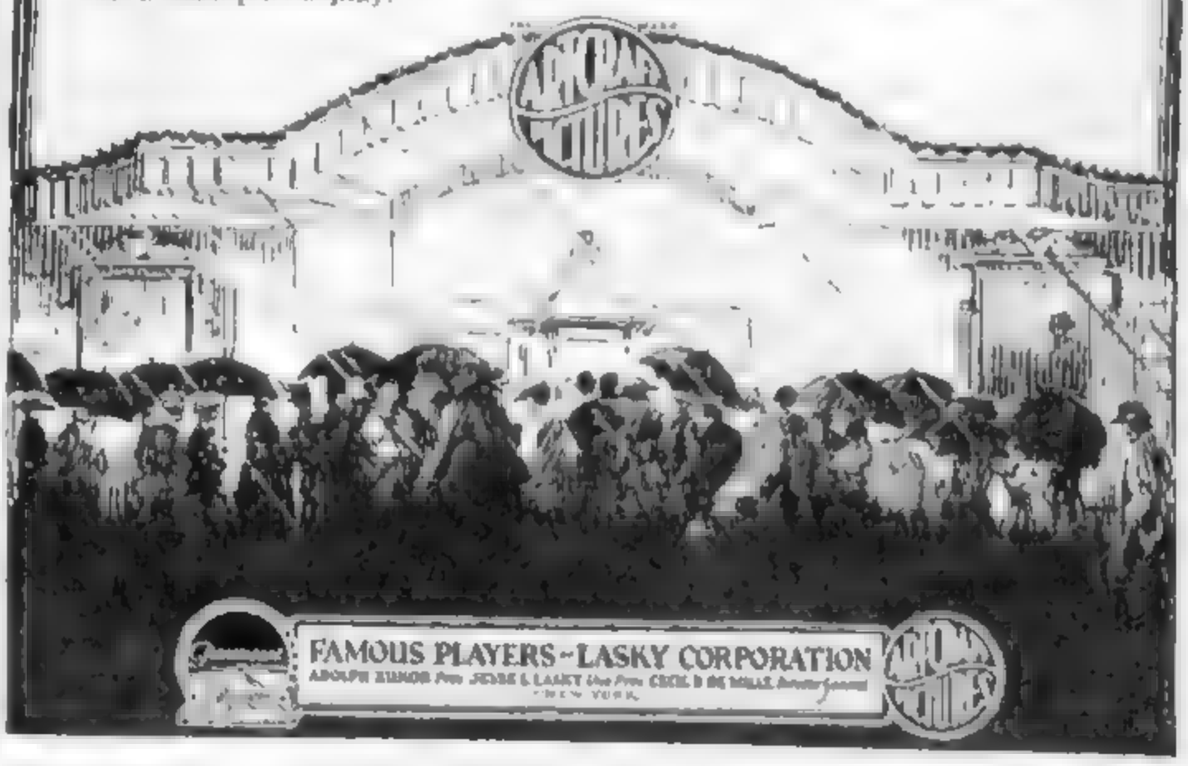
presented by Jesse L. Lasky from the great story by David Graham Phillips, adapted to the screen by Jeanie Macpherson

An ARTCRAFT Picture

In this picture he takes the four walls off married life.

See it, and you will *live* it!—you will live it as you watch it!

Love is the theme. Love killed by a thoughtless wife. Love *reborn* through a passionate, mad, groping for its true expression, and as certain as your heart is beating now it will beat faster the evening you take your seat at this photo-play.



The Summer Shoe With Personality

It is not enough that hot-weather shoes be sensibly light and cool and airy. They must be smart and attractive—serviceable—possess style as well as give comfort.

Last summer when Keds made their bow to the public, there was difficulty in meeting the big demand. That will not happen this year. Special provision has been made to supply the fifty thousand dealers who handle Keds, and customers will not be disappointed.

Keds

are practical shoes for hot days. The light canvas uppers are flexible and yield easily to the stride. The soles of live resilient rubber give a new delight to walking.

More important still, there are Keds for all occasions. Made over fashionable lasts, they are always appropriate—always in good taste.

The clean, well-cut lines of Keds will pass every required test in the city. On turf, beach, club-porch or mountain-trail, they are equally desirable, everywhere in vogue.

For shoes that insure comfort, that are stylish, that are economical—buy Keds. There is satisfaction in every pair which bears the seal of the world's largest rubber manufacturer. The name is on each shoe.

National Keds	Campfire Keds	Champion Keds
$1.50 up	$1.25 up	$1.00 up

Sizes for boys and girls cost less.

United States Rubber Company

New York

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE BATTLE OF BATTLES

(Continued from Page 12)

designs. Indeed we found out later that only one structure in Soissons had escaped damage in the shelling which went on intermittently in the earlier years of the war and which the Germans, with a sort of futile, savage fury, had lately renewed from their lines twelve miles away to the northward.

This sort of thing appears to be a favorite trick with our enemies. A village or a town may be abandoned by all save a few helpless citizens, living, God only knows how, in the litter of their homes; the place may be of absolutely no military value to the Allies; possibly no troops are quartered there and no batteries or wagon trains are stationed within miles of it; but all the same when the frenzy of their madness descends upon them the Huns will level and loose their batteries upon the spot and make of the hideous hash which it has become a still more hideous hash. It is as though in sheer wantonness they kicked a corpse.

We skirted the sides of the wonderful old cathedral, which since 1914 has stood for the most part in ruins, with its beautiful stained windows—which never can be replaced, since the art of making such glass as this has been lost—lying underfoot in broken splinters of many colors. Just off the main square we secured quarters in a typical French inn of the second class, a small place with a grandiloquent name. Mainly the shops and houses in the neighborhood were closed and their owners gone away, but the proprietor of the little hotel and his family and his help still abided under their belabored roof. Plainly their motto was "Business as Usual."

Their only guests were a few American Red Cross workers, both men and women; a few American officers of the transport service; and a few French officers. But that day at noon, so we were told, the whole staff turned in and cooked and served, free of charge, a plentiful hot meal to two hundred refugees, who staggered in afoot from districts now overrun by the advancing Germans. These poor folk were all departed when we arrived; French camions and American motor trucks had carried them away to temporary asylums beyond the limit of the shelling, and for us there was abundant accommodation—seats at the common dining table, chambers on the second floor, and standing room in the deep wine cellars down below if we cared to occupy them when the bombardment became heavier or when hostile aëroplanes circled over to drop down bombs. The members of the ménage, as we learned later, slept regularly down among the casks and wine bottles, because nearly every night for a week past enemy airmen had been circling about doing what hurt they could to the town and its remaining inhabitants.

Among Crumbling Ruins

From the single shattered window of the bedroom to which I was assigned I could look out and down across the narrow roadway upon a smaller house which had caught the full force of a big shell. The thing must have happened within a day or two, for the splintered woodwork and caved-in masonry had not yet begun to wear the weathered, crumbly look that comes to débris after a few weeks of exposure in this rainy climate, and there was a fresh powdering of dust upon the mass of wreckage before the door. Curiously enough the explosive which had reduced the interior of the building to a jumble of ruination left most of the roof rafters intact, and to them still adhered tiles in a sort of ordered pattern, with gaps between the red squares, so that the effect might be likened to a kind of lacy architectural lingerie.

Any moment similar destruction might be visited upon the hotel opposite, but, despite the constant and the imminent danger, the big-bodied, broad-faced proprietor and his trim small wife were seemingly as tranquil as though they lived where the roar of guns was never heard. The man who looks upon the French as an excitable race has only to come here now, to this land, to learn his error and to realize that beneath their surface emotionalism they have splendid reserve forces of resolution and fortitude. By my way of reasoning, it is with these people not merely a case of getting used to a thing—it is something more than that, something deeper than that. It is a pure, clean courage cast in the matrix of a patient heroism which buoys them up to carry on the ordinary undertakings of life amid conditions abnormal and disordered to the point of being almost intolerable when endured for weeks and months and years on end.

Having established ourselves, we set about the task of securing the coveted transportation up to the vicinity of the planes of contact between the Allies and the enemy. The shelling had somewhat abated since our arrival, so we made so bold as to trudge across town to the railroad station, encountering but few persons on the way. In the immediate neighborhood of the station the evidences of recent straffing were thicker even than in other parts of the old city. Where an hour before a shell had blown two loitering French soldiers to bits, a shattered stone gateway and a wide hole in the ground and a great smearing of moist red stain upon the upheaved earth spelled the tale of what had happened plainly enough. A withered old man was doing his feeble best to patch together the split and sundered planks of the gate; the bodies, what was left of them, had been removed by a burial squad.

Thus Far But No Farther

At the railroad terminal there was pressing need for everything that went on wheels, and of a certainty there was nothing in the nature of a self-propelled vehicle available for the use of three men who came bearing no order that would give them the right to commandeer government equipment. So our next hope, and seemingly our last one, lay in the French. At a certain place we found numbers of kindly and sympathetic officers with staff markings on their collars, who professed to be glad to see us, at the same time expressing a polite surprise that a trio of unannounced American newspaper men should have dropped in upon them, seemingly out of the shell-harassed skies above.

But when we suggested we would appreciate the loan of an automobile and with the automobile an officer to escort us up to the battle front they lifted eyebrows, shoulderblades and arms toward heaven, all in the same movement—signifying chagrin and regret. What we asked was quite impossible, considering the exigencies and emergencies of the moment. The most formidable engagement that ever had been or perhaps ever would be was in midblast. Every available bit of motive power was required; every available man was required.

Besides, the roads, as doubtless we knew, were blocked with reënforcements hurrying up to support the hard-pressed British north of the Aisne. Any other time, yes. But now—no, and once again, no. We were quite free to stay on in Soissons if we cared for a place temporarily so unhealthy. We might have free access to any of the maps or records on hand. We might visit any of the hospitals or rest camps in the immediate vicinity. But further than that our new friends could not go. They added, by way of advice, that our best course would be to return straightway to Paris and come again when the crisis had passed and the sector to the north had somewhat quieted.

There being nothing else to do, we took a walk to think things over. The walk ended at our stopping place just as the German guns north of us beyond the river resumed their afternoon serenade. More refugees were coming into the town in a long dismal procession from Chaulnes and Ham and Noyon and scores of smaller places. Some of them had been on the road for twenty-four hours, some for as long as forty-eight hours. They had rested a while in wrecked and empty villages during the preceding night, then had risen at daybreak and resumed their heart-breaking pilgrimage, with no goal in sight and no destination in view, and only knowing that what might lie ahead of them could never by any chance be half so bad as what the Germans were creating behind them.

At the beginning of this war, in Belgium and again in Northern France, not many miles from where we then were, I had seen on the edges of the vortex of battle and destruction many such eddying, aimless

(Continued on Page 53)

Releasing Four Billion Dollars

TO counteract in some measure the withdrawal of millions of "war dollars" from circulation, the Federal Reserve Board has recently recommended a more general use of the form of draft called Trade Acceptance.

This form of draft, generally representing the cost of a bill of goods, is sent with the invoice. It bears the date of maturity, and the buyer makes it negotiable by accepting it across the face. If this acceptance follows the form prescribed by the Federal Reserve Board, the Trade Acceptance is rediscountable at Federal Reserve Banks at a lower rate than other paper.

It has been estimated that in this country about four billion dollars are normally tied up in "dead ledger accounts." This large sum of inert capital is released for circulation through these self-liquidating Trade Acceptances. Have you the correct Federal Reserve form of Trade Acceptance? If not, write to us and we will send you a Hammermill Portfolio of printed forms, which will help you to systematize your office routine and which contains the correct Trade Acceptance form.

Trade Acceptances should be printed on Hammermill Safety Paper which affords protection against fraudulent alterations. This is the paper used by Banks and business firms for checks, notes, drafts, receipts and any paper which represents money. An attempt to erase anything written or printed on it betrays itself, whether the erasure is made with chemicals, knife or eraser

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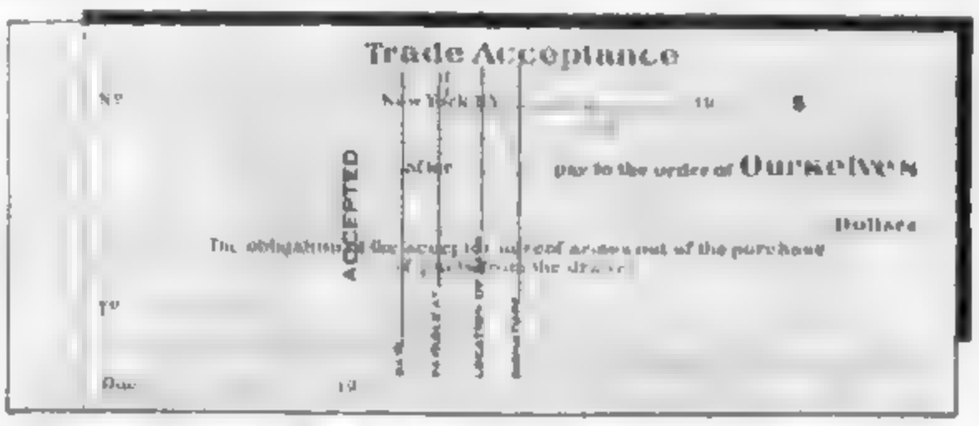

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THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 50)

streams of human flotsam and jetsam of war; but to one who knew the facts of their case the present plight of these poor wanderers had a special appeal. For this was the second time they had been dispossessed from their small holdings, the second time they had fled in huddles like frightened sheep before the path of the gray invader, the second time all that they owned had been swept away and smashed up and wasted beyond repairing.

Driven out of their homes in the first four weeks of the war, back in 1914, at the time of the great onslaught against Paris, they had been kept away from these homes for more than two years, all during the German occupation of their territory. After the great victory of the Allies over Von Hindenburg in the Aisne country they had returned, tramping back in pairs and groups to the sites of their homesteads, filled with the tenacious impulse of the French peasant and the French villager to reroot himself in his native soil; had returned to find that before the Germans retreated beyond the Chemin des Dames they, in accordance with orders from the all-highest command, sawed down the fruit trees in the little orchards and burned the houses that had sheltered them, and tore up the vines and shoveled dung into the drinking wells.

Nevertheless, the repatriates had set to, working like beavers to restore a sorry semblance of the simple frugal communal system under which they and their fathers before them had existed since the Napoleonic wars. And now, just when they were beginning to patch together the broken ends of their lives, when with aid from the French Government and aid from Americans they had cleared and planted their devastated fields and had built new habitations for themselves out of the ruins of the old ones, again the enemy had come down upon them like a ravening wolf on a fold; and again they had run away, deserting all they could not carry in their arms or upon their backs, and knowing full well in the light of past experience that the Germans either would garner the work of their hands or else would make an utter end of it.

Captain Pepper's Sporting Lot

At a corner just above the hotel we came upon a mother and her family of nine. She was less than forty years old herself; her husband was a soldier at the Front. She wore wooden sabots on her feet, and upon her body a tattered, sleazy black frock. Her eldest child was fifteen years old, her youngest less than six months. For the ten of them to travel a distance of twelve miles had taken the better part of two days and two nights. The woman had contrived a sling of an old bed sheet, which passed over one of her shoulders and under the other; and in this hammock contrivance she had carried the youngest child against her bosom, with her bodice open at the breast so the baby might suckle while she pushed a crippled perambulator containing the two next youngest bairns. The rest of the brood had walked all the way. They were wearied beyond description; they were incredibly dirty and famishing for want of proper sustenance, but not a single one of the small wretches who were old enough to speak the word failed to murmur "*Merci, merci*," when the neighbors brought them bowls of hot soup and gave them sups of warm milk and put big slices of bread smeared with jam into their dirty, clawlike little hands.

Having wolfed down the food they squatted, all of them, against a house front to wait for the camion which would take them to a refuge in a Red Cross station a dozen miles away. They had to wait a good while, since all the available wagons were engaged in performing similar merciful offices for earlier arrivals. The children curled up in little heaps like kittens and went to sleep, but the mother sat on a stone doorstep with her babe against her bare flesh, over her heart, to keep it warm, and stared ahead of her with eyes which expressed nothing save a dumb, numbed resignation.

An old priest in a black robe came along and he stopped, being minded, I think, to utter some message of comfort to this wife of a soldier of France, and in her way, I say, as valorous a soldier as her husband could be, did he wear twenty decorations for bravery. But either the priest could find no words to say or the words choked in his throat. Above her drooped head he made with his hand the sign of the cross in the air and went away. And as I stood looking on I did in my heart what any man with blood in his veins would have done had he been there in my stead—I consigned to the uttermost depths of perdition the soul of the brute of Prussia whose diseased ambition brought to pass this thing and a million things like unto it.

Had we waited that night for Opportunity to knock at our door I am inclined to think we might be waiting yet. We went out and we set a trap for Opportunity, and we caught her. No matter how or whence, the chance we coveted for a lift to the battle came to us before the night was many hours old. But before the design assumed shape we were to meet as blithe a young Britisher as ever I have seen, in the person of one Captain Pepper, a red-cheeked Yorkshireman in his early twenties, a fit and proper type of the men England has sent out to officer forces overseas.

One of our Red Cross ambulances, while scouting out toward Noyon that afternoon, picked him up as he trudged up the road alone, with a fresh machine-gun wound through the palm of his right hand and his cap on the back of his head. His wound had been tied up at a casualty-dressing station and he had set out then to walk a distance of twenty-odd kilometers to Soissons, where he was told he might find a hospital to shelter him.

He dined with us, along with the ambulance driver who brought him in; and afterward he insisted on sitting a while with us, though he had been fighting day and night almost continuously since the beginning of the battle and plainly was far spent from fatigue and lack of sleep. So far as I might judge, though, he did not have a nerve in his body. Gesturing with his swathed hand he told us not what he himself had done—somehow he managed in his self-effacing way to steer away from the personal note in his recital—but mainly about the stupendous tragedy in which he had played his part. Considering him as he sat there on a broken sofa with his long legs outstretched before a wood fire, one could not doubt that it had been a creditable part.

We gathered that in the second day of the fighting, as the English fell back before overwhelming odds but fighting for every inch, he became separated from his company. Next morning he found himself without a command in the heels of the orderly retreat and had offered himself for service to the first superior officer he met. Thereupon he was put in charge of a mixed detachment of two hundred men—gathered up anyhow and anywhere—and with his motley outfit had been told off to hold a strip of woods somewhere south of Chauny. Under him, he said, were stragglers cut off from half a dozen battered line regiments, and along with these, cooks, wagon drivers, engineers, officers' servants and stretcher bearers. In front of the squad, beyond the woods, was a strip of marsh, and this natural barrier gave them an advantage which, plus pluck, enabled them to beat off not one but several oncoming waves of Germans.

"We had machine guns, luckily enough," he said; "and, my word, but we gave the beggars a proper drubbing! We piled them up in heaps along the edges of that bally old bog. Everywhere along the Front—where we were and everywhere else, too, from what I can hear—they have outnumbered us four or five to one, but I'm quite sure we've killed or wounded ten of them for every man of ours that has been laid out since this show started four days ago."

Off for Blighty

"Well, that's all, except that this morning about ten o'clock I was hit and had to quit and come away, because you see I wouldn't be much use with one hand out of commission and bleeding all over the shop—would I now? I'm sorry to have to leave the chaps—they were a sporting lot; but since I had to stop a bullet I'm glad I've got a nice clean cushy wound. I shall be glad to get a taste of Blighty too; I'm a bit fagged, as you might say."

His head nodded forward on his chest when he got this far, and his limbs relaxed.

He protested, though, against being bundled off to bed, saying he was quite comfortable and that his hand scarcely pained him at all, but the man who had brought him took him away. As for Carroll and Green and me, we slept that night, what sleeping we did, with our clothes on us, ready to rise and hunt the wine cellar if anything of a violently unpleasant nature

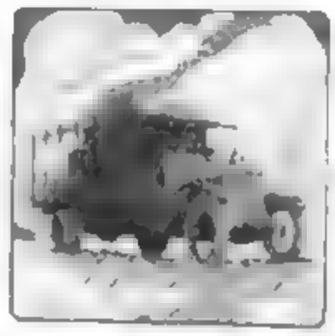
(Continued on Page 55)

One of the Great 305 French Guns, Under a Heavy Camouflage, in Action

The Gigantic British Howitzers Keep Up an Incessant Bombardment, and the Noise is So Terrific That the Sound Can be Heard Across the Channel, in England

If You Drove Your Own Truck You'd Know What Its Axles Must Stand

Because no one can possibly appreciate the continuous jolting and hammering, the incessant bumps, bangs and shocks the truck gets, except the man who drives it.



You can sit in your office, analyze your cost-sheets and see the results of good, substantial truck-construction. But you can't fully realize to what extent that means *good axle construction* unless you get up behind the wheel and drive the truck.

Then you'll actually *see* the loose bricks and holes in the pavement, the muddy ruts and the car tracks. And you'll actually *feel* a little of what these road conditions are doing to the axles.

The jerk that almost throws you out of the seat and loosens your grip on the wheel is as nothing beside the ten-ton blow on the axle spindle when the front wheels bump over a car track at fifteen miles an hour.

And don't forget you usually have to cross *four rails*, and that *every front axle shock is instantly followed by an even heavier one on the rear axle*, which often carries 90% of the merchandise load.

But even if you did drive your own truck for a day and picked out the worst road you could find, you would probably not subject it to as rough treatment as it usually gets. For *you* appreciate highly the value of your investment, while your driver is more immediately interested in delivering the goods and getting back for another load regardless of what happens to your truck.

For these reasons and many others, Timken-Detroit axles are designed and built not only to meet average conditions when the truck is new, but to successfully contend with the most unfavorable conditions and stand up for a long period of years.

That's what we mean by *efficient commercial haulage*.

That is the reason why so many of the builders of really worth-while, well-known trucks use Timken-Detroit Axles although they cost more. You'll find their names in the booklet, A-5, "The Companies Timken Keeps," sent free, postpaid, on request to

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Oldest and largest builders of front and rear axles for both motor cars and trucks

TIMKEN-DETROIT
FRONT and WORM-DRIVE REAR
AXLES
For Efficient COMMERCIAL Haulage

(Continued from Page 53)

occurred over our heads. During the hours before daylight there was a spirited spell of hanging and crashing somewhere in the town, and not so far away either, if one might judge by the volume of the tumult, which rattled the empty casement frame alongside my bed and made the ancient house to rock and creak; but when dawn came the gables above us were still intact and we were enjoying our beauty sleep in the calm which succeeded the gust of shelling or of bombing or whatever it was.

Immediately after breakfast, in accordance with a plan already formulated, we quietly took possession of one of those small American-made cars, the existence of which has been responsible for the addition of an eighth joke to the original seven jokes in the world. We didn't know it then, but for us the real adventure was just starting. There were four of us in the flivver—the driver, a young American in uniform, whose duties were of such a nature that he traveled on a roving commission and need necessarily report to none concerning his daily movements; and for passengers, our own three selves. For warrant to fare abroad we had a small American flag painted on the glass wind shield, one extra tire, and an order authorizing us to borrow gasoline—simply these and nothing more. Very unostentatiously we rode out of Soissons, steering a northwesterly course. We might not know exactly where we were going or when we should be back, but we were on our way.

At the same time, be it here said, there was method of a sort in our scheme of things, for we were aiming, as closely as we might, at the point where approximately the main French command jointed on to the right wing of the British, we figuring that at the junction place, where the overlapping and intermingled areas of control met, and more especially in a confused period when one army was falling back and the other bringing up its reserves, we stood a better chance in our credential-less and unaccredited state of wriggling on up from the back lines to the front than would elsewhere be possible.

We reckoned the prospect after this fashion: If the French find us traversing the forbidden lands they may take it for granted that the British permitted us to pass. If we fall under the eyes of British guardians of the trail they are equally likely to assume that the French let us through. And so it turned out; which I claim is added proof that the standing luck of the American newspaper reporter on a difficult assignment is not to be discounted.

The Single Trump

In stock we had one trump card, and only one, and we played it many a time during that somewhat crowded day. All of us were in khaki with tin helmets upon our heads and gas masks swung over our shoulders. The heavy trench coats in which we were bundled prevented betrayal to the casual eye of the fact that none of us wore badges denoting rank, upon our collars or shoulder straps. Outfitted thus we might have been major generals or we might have been second lieutenants of the American Expeditionary Forces. Who, on a cursory scrutiny of us, was to say?

So we decided among ourselves that ours was a rôle suggestive of great personal importance and urgent business. Did any wayside sentinel, whether British or French, move out upon the crown of the road as though he meant to halt us, one of us, with an authoritative arm, would wave him clear of our path and we would go flitting imperiously by as though the otherousness of underlings roused in us only a passing annoyance. It proved a good trick. It may never work again in this war, but I bear witness that it has worked once.

In the very first leg of this expedition good old Madame Bonneaventure stood our friend. The River Aisne skirts the city of Soissons. At the far side of the bridge, spanning the stream, which bridge we must cross, stood a French noncom, charged, as we knew, with the duty of examining the passes of those outbound. If we disregarded his summons to halt, complications of a painful nature would undoubtedly ensue. But as the car slowed up, all of us with our fingers figuratively crossed, he either recognized the driver as one who passed him often or was impressed by our bogusly impressive mien, or possibly accepted the painted flag on Tin Lizzie's weather-beaten countenance as warrant of our authenticity. As he waved to us to proceed and then came to a salute, we, returning the salute in due form, were uttering three silent but none the less vehement cheers. I think we also shook hands. We were past the first and by long side the most formidable barrier. The farther we proceeded into the battle the greater would be our chances of proceeding, it being generally assumed that no one gets very deeply into the district of active hostilities unless he has a proper errand there and has proved it to the satisfaction of the highway warders behind.

Through several villages that were reduced by shell fire to litter heaps and tenanted only by detachments of French soldiers we passed. Next we skirted up the sides of a steep hill and rounded the crest to where, spread out before our eyes, was a glorious panorama of the terrain below and beyond.

We drew in our breaths. Each one of us had seen something of the panoply of warfare in the making, but nothing in my own experience since Belgium in 1914 had equaled this. All the world appeared to have put on cartridge belts and gone to war. As far as the eye could reach, away off yonder to where sky line and earth line met behind the dust screen, cavalry, artillery, infantry, supply trains, munition trains, and all imaginable branches of the portable machinery of our army were in sight and in motion. Their masses hid the earth with a shifting pattern as though a vast blue-gray carpet were magically weaving itself. Overhead, singly, in pairs and in formations, like flights of wild fowl, the scout planes, the observation planes and the battle planes went winging. They were like silver gulls escorting limitless schools of porpoise through placid waters.

Miss Morgan's Work

Usually there is a seemingly interminable confusion in the vision of a great force upon the forward go. To the lay eye it appears that the whole movement has got itself inextricably snarled. This line travels one course, that line goes in exactly the opposite direction, a third one is bisecting the first two at cross angles. But here one great compelling influence was sending all the units forward along a common current. The heavy vehicles held to the roads which threaded the plain; the infantry took short cuts across lots, as it were; the cavalry traversed the fields and penetrated the occasional thickets; the sky craft trod the alleys of the air—but they all headed toward the same unseen goal. There was no doubt about it—France was hurrying up a most splendid army to reënforce the hard-pressed defenders of French soil, where the Hun pushed against the line of the inward-bending and battered but yet unbroken British battalions.

We coasted down off the heights into the plateau, and now as we came in among them we had opportunity for appraising the temper of those men hurrying on their forward march to the killing pits. Who says France is war wearied or that her sons are tired of fighting? No suggestion was there here of dumb oxen driven to slaughter. Why, these men were like bridegrooms bound for the marriage feast. They sang as they marched or as they rode. Sometimes it was the Marseillaise Hymn they sang, but more often a snatch of some rollicking chanson, and through the dirt masks they grinned into our faces as we went slithering by.

There were hails and friendly gestures for us. It might be a boy private with a sprig of early spring wild flowers jauntily stuck in his cap who waved at us. It might be a cook balancing himself on the tailboard of a traveling field kitchen who raised a sweaty visage from his steaming soup caldron and made friendly circles in the air with a dripping iron instrument that was too big for a spoon and too small for a spade; or it might be a gunner on a bouncing ammunition truck with enough of potential death and disaster bestowed under his sprawled legs to blow him and, incidentally, us into ten million smithereens if ever it went off.

Kilometer after kilometer we skihooted through the press, and it was a comic thing to see how a plodding regiment would swing over or a battery would bounce and jolt off the fairway into the edges of the ditch at the insistent toot-toot of our penny whistle of a horn to let us by. It made one think of whales making room in a narrow tideway for an impudent black minnow to pass. And always there was the drone of the questing aeroplanes overhead and the thunderous roaring of the guns in front. We overtook one train of supply trucks with the markings of the U. S. A. and manned by dusty lads in the khaki fustian of Yankeeland—evidence that at least one arm of our service would have a hand in the epochal task confronting our allies. All the rest of it was French.

For us there was no halt until we reached Blérencourt. Now this place was a place having a particular interest for us, since it was at Blérencourt that the organization known as the American Fund for French Wounded, which is headed by Miss Anne Morgan and which has for its field personnel American women exclusively, had during the past nine months centered its principal activities.

In the outskirts of the town, now evacuated of almost all its civilian residents, stand the massive stone gateways and the dried moat of the magnificent château of Blérencourt, which was destroyed by the peasants in the time of the Terror and never rebuilt. What remains constitutes one of the most picturesque physical reminders of the French Revolution that is to be found in the country to-day. We rode under the arched stone portals—and lo, it was almost as though we had come into the midst of a smart real-estate development somewhere on Long Island within cozy communicating distance of New York City.

French francs, provided by the state, and American dollars, donated by the folks back home, had been used under American supervision to construct a model colony upon the exact site of the ancient castle of some vanished noble family of the old regime. There was a model barracks, a model dormitory, a model schoolhouse, two model cottages and an office building that was a model among models—all built of planking, all glistening and smart with fresh paint, all with neat doorsteps in front of them and trim flower plots and vegetable gardens about them. There was a chicken house and a chicken run, dotted with the shapes of plump fowls. There was a storeroom piled high with clothing and food sent over from America to the A. F. F. W. for distribution among destitute natives of the devastated districts, of which this, until a year ago, had been the center.

These incongruously modern structures snuggled right up under the venerable walls of the battlements. Indeed several of the buildings were cunningly built into the ruins, so that on one side the composite edifice would show a withered stone face, with patches of furze growing in the chinks of the crumbled masonry like moles on the forehead of a withered crone, and on the other would present a view of a smart cottage with a varnished shingle roof and a painted front door which apparently had just arrived from some planing mill in the States. Underneath the floor was a cellar four hundred years old, but the curtains in the window had seemingly been cut and stitched only yesterday. Somehow, though, the blended effect was immensely effective. It made me think of Homedale-on-the-Sound grafted upon a background of Louis the Grand; and for a fact that was exactly what it was.

On the Edge of the Battle

This creation, representing as it did nine months of hard work on the part of devoted American women, had been closed only the day before. It stayed in operation until it seemed probable that the German legions might penetrate far south in their effort to ford the River Oise. The little pupils of the kindergarten had been sent away in trucks, the main dormitory had been turned into a temporary resting place for refugees, and the American ranges in the kitchen had done valiant service in the cooking of hot meals for exhausted women and children tramping in from the north and west. Before the managers and teachers left at dusk of the preceding evening two crippled French soldiers, specially detailed for work here by the government, had been assigned to place vessels of kerosene in each building, with instructions to fire the oil at the first signs of approaching Germans.

The cans of inflammables were still in their places when we arrived and the maimed watchmen, one of them a one-armed man and the other a one-legged, had camped all night on the premises ready on warning to apply the torch and destroy this frontier outpost of American charity and American efficiency. But in the forenoon word was come that the enemy had been brought to bay seven miles away and that he would never break through the British-French line. So Mrs. Dike, of New York, and Miss Blagden, of Philadelphia, two of Miss Morgan's assistants, had motored in from below, filled with thanksgiving that the patient work of their hands and their hearts would almost certainly be spared.

While Mrs. Dike, with tears in her eyes, was telling us of the things that had been accomplished here and while the troopers poured in unceasing streams along the main road beyond the gateway, a handful of belated refugees crept in under the weathered armorial bearings on the keystone of the archway, to be fed and cared for and then sent along in the first empty truck that came by going toward Soissons.

In this group of newcomers was an elderly little man in a worn high hat and a long frock coat with facings of white dust upon its shiny seams, who looked as though he might be the mayor of some inconsequential village. He carried two bulging valises and a huge umbrella. With him was his wife, and she had in one hand a cage housing two frightened canaries and under the other arm a fat gray tabby cat which blinked its slitted eyes contentedly.

The most pitiable figure of them all to my way of thinking was an old woman—yes, a very old woman—she must have been all of eighty. Alongside one of the buildings I came upon her sitting in a huddle of her most treasured possessions. She was bent forward, with her gnarled hands folded in the lap of her dress, which was silk and shiny, for naturally when she fled from her home she had put on her back the best that she owned. Under the cope of a queer little old black bonnet with faded purple cloth flowers upon it her scanty hair lay in thin neat folds, as white and as soft as silk floss. Her feet in stiff, new, black shoes showed beneath her broad skirts. Her face, caving in about the mouth where her teeth were gone and all crosshatched with wrinkles, was a sweet, kindly, most gentle old face—the kind of face that we like to think our dead-and-gone grandmothers must have had.

France Symbolized

She sat there ever so patiently in the soft sunlight, waiting for the truck which would carry her away to some strange place among stranger folk. When I drew near to her, wishing with all my heart that I knew enough of her tongue to express to her some of the thoughts I was thinking, she looked up at me and smiled a friendly little smile, and then raising her hands in a gesture of resignation dropped them again in her lap. But it was only with her lips that she smiled, for all the time her chin was quivering and her faded old blue eyes were brimming with a sorrow that was past telling in words.

She still sat there as we got into our car and drove off toward the battle. Looking back, the last thing I saw before we rounded the corner of the wall was her small black shape vivid in the sunshine. And I told myself that if I were an artist seeking to put upon canvas an image that would typify and sum up the spirit of embattled France to-day I would not paint a picture of a wounded boy soldier, nor yet one of a winged angel form bearing a naked sword; nor yet one of the full-throated cock of France, crowing his proud defiance. I would paint a picture of that brave little old withered woman, with the lips that smiled and the chin that quivered the while she smiled.

The surroundings were as French as French could be, but the supper tasted of home. We sat at table, two of us being correspondents and the rest of us staff officers of a regiment of the Rainbow Division; and the orderlies brought us Humburger steak richly perfumed with onion, and good hot soda biscuit, and canned tomatoes cooked with cracker crumbs and New Orleans molasses, and coffee, and fried potatoes; and to end up with there were genuine old-fashioned doughnuts—"fried holes," the Far Westerners call them.

The mingled aromas of these rose like familiar incense from strange altars, for the room wherein all of us, stout and willing trenchermen, sat and supped was the chief room of what once upon a time, before the war came along and cracked down upon the land, had been some prosperous burgher's home on the main street of a

(Continued on Page 59)

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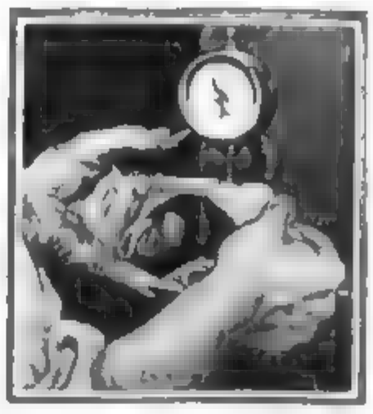

The Extra Test for "Frictioning": Frictioning is the process by which fabric and rubber are milled together. This Extra Test insures, by micrometer measurement, the exact thickness and precise proportion of rubber to fabric.

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Here we reveal another of the many Extra Tests performed in our factories, that put true service into Racine Country Road and Racine Multi-Mile Cord tires.

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The combined Extra Tests reflect Racine Rubber Company's sincere spirit of service to the great American army of automobile users. They are a promise from these quality tire builders, of the utmost in service for every tire dollar you invest in their product.

It Pays to Use These Tires

Use Racine Country Road or Multi-Mile Cord tires. Learn how good tires really can be. And — you will respect the extra good workmanship — the careful inspection—that make these tires better tires.

Racine Country Road Tires—5000 mile guarantee—specially built and Extra Tested to resist the wear and tear of country road service.

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Also Extra Tested red and gray tubes.

It will pay you to know the dealer who sells them.

For Your Own Protection Be Certain Every Racine Tire You Buy Bears The Name

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY
Racine, Wisconsin

(Continued from Page 55)

drowsy village cuddled up in a sweet and fertile valley under the shoulders of the Vosges Mountains. From a niche in the corner a plaster saint, finished off in glaring Easter-egg colors, regarded us with one of his painted eyes, the other being gone. The stove had been carried away, either by the owner when he fled, away back in 1914, or by the invading Hun before he retreated to his present lines a few miles distant; but a segment of forgotten stovepipe protruded like a waterspout gone dry, from its hole above the mantelpiece. On the plastered wall of battered, broken blue cast, behind the seat where the colonel ruled the board, hung a family portrait of an elderly gentleman with placid features but fierce and indomitable whiskers. The picture was skewed at such an angle the whiskers appeared to be growing out into space sidewise. Generations of feet had worn grooves in the broad boards of the floor, which these times was never free of mud stains, no matter how often the orderlies might rid up the place. So far and so much the setting was French.

But stained trench coats of American workmanship dangled from pegs set in the plastering, each limply suggestive in its bulges and its curves of the shape of the man who wore it through most of his waking hours. The mantelshelf was burdened with gas masks and saucepan hats of pressed steel. A small trestle that was shoved up under one of the two grimed front windows bore a litter of American newspapers and American magazines. As for the doughnuts, they were very crisp and spicy, as good Yankee doughnuts should be. I had finished my second one and was reaching for my third one when, without warning, a very creditable and realistic imitation of the crack o'doom transpired. Seemingly from within fifty yards of the building which sheltered us Gabriel's trumpet sounded forth in an ear-cracking, earth-racking, hair-lifting blare calculated to raise goose flesh on iron statuary. The dishes danced upon the table; the coffee slopped out of the cups; and the stovepipe over the chimneypiece slobbered down a trickle of ancient soot that was, with age, turned brown and caky. Beneath our feet we could feel the old house rocking.

Through the valley and across to the foothill beyond, the obscenity of sound went ringing and screeching, vilely profaning the calm that had descended upon the country with the going-down of the sun.

As its last blasphemous echoes came back to us in a diminishing cadence one of our hosts, a major, leaned forward with a cheerful smile on his face and remarked as he glanced at the dial of his wrist watch: "There she goes—right on the minute!"

The Chinese Show

Sure enough, there she went. Right and left, before us and behind us, from the north of us and from the south of us, and from the east and the west of us, big guns and small ones, field pieces, howitzers, mortars and light batteries, both French and American but mostly French, joined in, like the wind, the wood and the brass of an orchestra obeying the baton of the leader. The coffee could not stay in the dancing cups at all. The venerable house was beset by an ague which ran up its shaken sides from the foundation stones to the roof rafters, where the loosened tiles clicked together like chattering teeth, and back down again to the foundations.

The thing which we had traveled upward of a hundred miles in one of Uncle Sam's automobiles to witness and afterward to write about was starting. The overture was on; the show would follow. And it was high time we claimed our reserved seats in the front row.

I use the word "show" advisedly, because in the glossary of phrases born out of this war anything in the nature of a thrust or a blow delivered against the enemy is a show. A great offensive on a wide front is a big show; a raid by night into hostile territory is a little show; a feint by infantry, undertaken with intent to deceive the other side at a given point while the real attack is being launched at a second given point, and accompanied by much vain banging of gunpowder and much squibbing-off of rockets and flares and star shells is a "Chinese show"—to quote the cant or trade name; I think the English first used the term, but our fellows have been borrowing ever since the first contingent came over last year.

This particular show to which we had been bidden as special guests was to be a foray by night over the tops preceded by artillery preparation. Now such things as these happen every night or every day somewhere on the Western Front; times are when they happen in different sectors at the rate of half a dozen within the twenty-four hours. In the dispatches each one means a line or so of type; in the field it means a few prisoners, a few fresh graves, a few yards of trench work blasted away, a few brier patches of barbed wire to be repatched; in the minds of most readers of the daily papers it means nothing but the tiresome reiteration of a phrase that is tiresome and staled. But to us it meant something. It was our boys who were going in and going over; and our guns were to be partners in the prior enterprise of blazing the way for them.

No matter how much one may read of the cost of war operations in dollars and in time and in labor, I am sure one does not really begin to appreciate the staggering expenditure of all three that is requisite to accomplish even the smallest of aggressive movements until one has opportunity, as we now had, to see with one's own eyes what necessarily had to be done by way of preliminary.

Vast Preparations

Take for instance the present case. The raid in hand was to be no great shakes of a raid. Forty-five Americans and three times their number of Frenchmen would participate in it. Within twenty minutes, if all went well—and it did—they would have returned from their excursion into hostile territory, with prisoners perhaps, or else with notes and letters taken from the bodies of dead enemies which might serve to give the Intelligence Department a correct appraisal of the character and numbers of the troops opposing us in this sector. In the vast general scheme of the campaign now about renewing itself it would be no more than an inconsequential pin prick in the foe's side—a thing to be done and mentioned briefly in the dispatches, and then forgotten.

But mark you how great and how costly the artillery accompaniment must be. More than a hundred guns, ranging in caliber from a nine-inch bore down to a three-inch bore, would join in the preparation and in the barrage fire. More than ten thousand rounds of ammunition would be fired, this not taking into account the supplies for the forty-three machine guns and for the batteries of trench mortars which were to coöperate. Many a great battle of our Civil War had been fought out with the expenditure on both sides of one-tenth or one-twentieth part the gross weight of metal that would be directed at the boche beyond the ridge. The cost for munitions alone, excluding every other item of a score of items, might run to a quarter of a million dollars; might conceivably run considerably beyond that figure. And the toil performed and the pains taken beforehand to insure success—wowie!

For days past the French had been bringing up pieces and massing them here for the purpose of this one little stab at the Hun's armored flank. As we traveled hither we had seen the motor-drawn guns laboring along the wide high roads; had seen the ammunition trucks crawling forward in long lines; had seen at every tiny village behind the Front the gun crews resting in bad streets named for good saints. By the same token, on the following day, which was Sunday, we were to see the same thing repeated, except that then the procession would be headed the other way—going back to repeat the same wearisome proceeding elsewhere.

Days, too, had been spent in planning the raid; in mapping out and plotting out the especial spot chosen for attack, in coördinating all the arms of the service which would be employed; in planning signals for the show and drilling its actors. And now all this preparation requisite and essential to the carrying-out of the undertaking had been completed; and all the guns had been planted in their appointed places and craftily hidden; and all the shells had been brought up—thousands of tons of them—and properly bestowed; and the little handful of men who were to have a direct hand in the performance of the main job, for which all the rest would be purely preliminary, had been chosen and sent forward to ordained stations, there to await the word. And so up we got from table and went out across a threshold, which quaked like a living thing as we crossed it, to see the spectacular side of the show.

Inside the house the air had been churned up and down by the detonations. Outside literally it was being rent into fine bits. One had the feeling that the atmosphere was all shredded up fine, so that instead of lying in layers upon the earth it floated in torn and disheveled strips; one had the feeling that the upper ether must be full of holes and voids and the rushing together of whipped and eddying wind currents. This may sound incoherent, but I find in my vocabulary no better terminology to convey a sense of the impression that possessed me as I stepped forth into the open.

We had known in advance that there were guns in great number disposed about the surrounding terrain. Walking about under military guidance in the afternoon we had seen sundry batteries ensconced under banks, in thickets and behind low natural parapets where the earth ridged up; and had noted how cunningly they had been concealed from aëroplanes scouting above and from the range of field glasses in the German workings on beyond.

But we had no notion until then that there were so many guns near by or that some of them were so close to the village where we had stopped to eat. We must almost have stepped on some of them without once suspecting their presence. The ability of the French so well to hide a group of five big pieces, each with a carriage as large as a two-ton truck and each with a snout projecting two or three yards beyond it, and with a limber projecting out behind it, shows what advances the gentle arts of ambuscade and camouflage have made since this war began. Seen upon the open road a big cannon painted as it is from muzzle to breach with splotchings of yellows and browns and ochers seems, for its size, the most conspicuous thing in the world. But once bedded down in its nest, with its gullet resting upon the ring back of earth that has been thrown up for it, and a miracle of protective coloration instantaneously is achieved. Its whole fabric seems to melt into and become a part of the soil and the withered herbage and the dirt-colored sandbags which encompass it abaft, alongside and before. It is the difference between a mottled snake crawling across a brick sidewalk and the same snake coiled and motionless amid dried leaves and bowlders in the woods. Nature always has protected her wild creatures thus; it took the greatest of wars for mankind to learn a lesson that is as old as creation is.

Americans Easily Bored

Standing there in the square of the wrecked village we could sense that in all manner of previously unsuspected coverts within the immediate vicinity guns were at work—guns which ranged from the French seventy-fives to big nine-inch howitzers. As yet twilight had not sufficiently advanced for us to see the flash of the firing, and of course nowadays there is mighty little smoke to mark the single discharge of a single gun; but we could tell what went on by the testimony of a most vast tumult.

We were ringed about by detonations; by jars which impacted against the earth like blows of a mighty sledge on a yet mightier smithy; by demoniac screechings which tore the tortured welkin into still finer bits; by fierce clangings of metal; by thudding echoes floating back from where the charges had burst; by the more distant voices of certain German guns replying to our salvo as our gunners dedicated the dusk to all this unloosened hellishness and offered up to evening star their sulphurous benedictions. It was Thor, Vulcan, Tubal Cain, Bertha Krupp and the Bethlehem Steel Works all going at full blast together; it was a thousand Walpurgis Nights rolled into one, with Dante's Inferno out-Infernoed on the side. And yet by a curious phenomenon we who stood there with this handmade, man-made demoniam unleashed and prevalent about us could hear plainly enough what a man five feet away who spoke in a fairly loud voice might be saying.

"You think this is brisk, eh?" asked our friend, the major. "Well, it's only the starter; the ball has just opened."

He tucked his thumbs into the girth harnessings of his Sam Brown and spraddled his legs wide apart.

"Wait," he promised; "just wait until all the guns get into action in twenty minutes or half an hour from now. Then you'll really hear something. Take it from me, you will. And in the meantime we might go along with these fellows yonder, don't you think so?"

Through the deepening twilight we followed a party of French infantrymen up a gentle slope to the crest of a little hill behind the shattered town, where the cemetery was. In this light their horizon-blue uniforms took on the color tone of the uniforms worn by the Confederates in our Civil War, but their painted metal helmets looked like polished turtle shells. They slouched along, as the poilu loves to slouch along when not fully accoutered, their hands in their breeches pockets and their half-reefed putties flapping upon their shanks. We trailed them, and some of our soldiers, officers and enlisted men, trailed us.

Half an hour later I was to witness a curious and yet, I think, a characteristic thing. Most of the American privates grew tired of the spectacle that was spread out before them and slipped away to their billets to go to bed—this, too, in spite of the fact that scarcely one of them had ever witnessed cannonading on so extensive a scale or indeed on any scale before. Nevertheless, the bombardment speedily became to them a commonplace and rather tedious affair.

"Come on, you fellows," I heard one tall stripling say to a couple of his mates. "Me for the hay. If the Heinies would only slam a few big ones back in this direction there might be some fun, but as it is, there's nothin' doin' round here for me."

The Price That France Pays

But the Frenchmen, all intent and alert, stayed until the show ended. Yet a thing like this was an old story to them, for they were veterans at the game whereat our men still were the greenest novices. I suppose there was an element of theatricalism in the sight and in the fury of sound which appealed to the Gallic sense of drama that was in them. Be the cause what it was, the thing occurred just as I am telling it.

We mounted the hill and rounded the stone wall of the burying ground. The village in the hollow below had been quite battered out of its original contours, but strangely enough the cemetery, through the years of intermittent fighting and shell firing that had waged about it, was almost unscathed. It was a populous place, the cemetery was, as we had noted earlier in the day. Originally it had contained only the graves of the inhabitants, but now these were outnumbered twenty to one by mounds covering French soldiers who had fallen in action or had died of wounds or natural causes in this immediate vicinity. The same is true of hundreds of other graveyards in this country; is probably true of most of France's cemeteries.

I have seen places where the wooden crosses made hedge rows, line behind line for miles on a stretch, and so thick-set were the markers that, viewed from the distance, they conveyed the impression of paling fences.

France has become a land of these wooden crosses and these six-foot mounds. It is part of the toll—a small part of the toll—she has paid for the right of freedom and in the fight to make this world once more a fit place for decent beings to abide in.

On the knoll behind the cemetery we came to a halt. Night was creeping down from the foothills, making the earth black where before it had faded to a common gray; but overhead the sky still showed in the last faint traces of the afterglow, with the blue of an unflawed turquoise against which the stars stood out like crumbs of pure gold. The broken and snaggled roof lines of the clumped houses of the town were vanishing; the mountain beyond seemed creeping up nearer and nearer to us. More plainly than before we could mark out the positions of the nearmost batteries for now at each discharge of a gun a darting jab of red flame shot forth. Where all the guns of a battery were being served and fired in rapid succession the blazes ran together like hemstitches, making one think of a fiery needle plying in and out of a breadth of black velvet. Farther away the flashes were blurred into broader and paler flares so that on three sides of us the horizon was circled with constantly rising, constantly dying glows like heat lightning on a summer night.

The points where shells fell and burst were marked for us with red geysers, which uprose straight instead of slanting out at a slightly upward tilted angle, as did the

(Concluded on Page 63)

Over there

THE war has brought many problems, some of which manufacturers are meeting. There is, for instance, a real scarcity of leather, which is needed for the army and which has caused the price of all leather goods to rise.

Shoes, for instance. A few years ago you could get a good, well-shaped, all-leather shoe for $3.00. You can't today. You must pay $4.50 to $6.00.

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For Machinists, Carpenters, Clerks, Farmers, Railroad Men, Laborers

"Win-the-War"

TOP NOTCH SERVICE SHOE

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THRIFT is now the *duty* of every American. You can save money and leather by buying these splendid, long-wearing "Win-the-War" Service Shoes. They are a big success. We are pushed to our utmost capacity to make them fast enough and are scouring the East to get more employees, both men and girls, to help us make these shoes in our special "Win-the-War" factory at College Point, Long Island.

We are proud of the shoe—proud of the value we can give in these times when value counts. We believe we are helping the Government by making and selling such a shoe, by keeping our factories busy and providing good jobs for hundreds of workers.

Most canvas shoes in the past have been rather clumsy in shape. This Service Shoe fits and looks well. No man need be ashamed to wear it to business. But the best thing about it is the fact that it only costs $3.50 and will give you great service, foot comfort and satisfaction. The Top Notch cross on the heel is a guarantee of worth and reliability.

Buy a pair of these shoes today. Go to the Top Notch dealer in your town or city. He is a man you can depend upon to give you real value for your money. Write us if you don't know his name and we'll tell you where to get these shoes. Use the coupon printed below.

For Letter Carriers, Factory Workers, Office Men, Vacation Use

$3.50 "Win-the-War" TOP NOTCH SERVICE SHOE

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Beacon Falls, Conn.

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Signature

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My shoe dealer's name is

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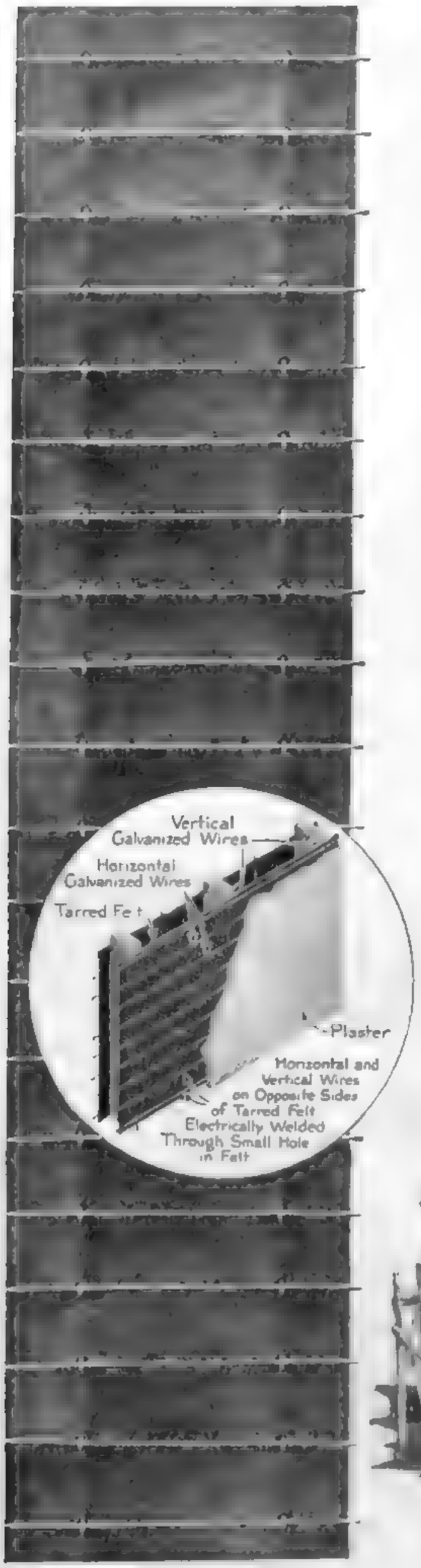
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(Concluded from Page 59)

spoutings from the mouths of the guns. As nearly as we might tell the enemy fire was comparatively light. Only we could see upon the far flanks of the little mountain in front of us a distant flickering illumination, which showed that his counter batteries were busy. On every hand white signal rockets rose frequently, and occasionally flares hung burning halfway up the walls of the sky.

Of a sudden all hell broke loose directly behind us. I use the term without desire to be profane and in a conscientious effort to give some notion of a physical occurrence. At any rate it seemed to us that all hell let loose. What really happened was that two guns of a French battery of nine-inch heavies, from their post directly in our rear and not more than an eighth of a mile distant from us, had fired simultaneously, and their shells had traveled directly over our heads, aiming for an unseen objective miles forward.

Then, and every time thereafter that one of the nine-inchers spewed its bellyful of high explosive forth, the sound of it dominated and overmastered all other sounds. First there was the crash—a crash so great that our inadequate tongue yields neither adjective nor noun fitly to comprehend it, the trouble being that the language has not kept step with the developments of artillery in this war. Our dictionary is going to need an overhauling when this job of licking Germany is finished.

A Study in Noise

Well, first off there was the crash that was like the great granddaddy of all the crashes in the world, making one feel that its vocal force must have folded up the heavens like a scroll. Then, as a part of it, would come the note of the projectile rushing through the ripped ether above us, and this might be likened to a long freight train traveling on an invisible aërial right of way at a speed a thousand times greater than any freight train ever has or ever will attain. Then there would float back a tremendous banshee wail, and finally, just before the roar of the shell's explosion, a whine as though a lost puppy of the size of ten elephants were wandering through the skies, complaining in a homesick key as it went—the whole transaction taking place in an infinitesimal part of the time which has here been required for me to set down my own auricular impressions of it, and incidentally creating an infinitely more vivid impression than possibly can be suggested by my lame and inadequate metaphors.

Comparatively, there was a hush in the clamor and clangor succeeding this happening—not that the firing in any way abated, for rather was it augmented now—but only that it seemed so to me; and in the lull, away off on our left, I could for the first time make out the whirring, ripping sound of a machine gun or a row of machine guns.

The major consulted the luminous face of his wrist watch.

"I thought so," he vouchsafed. "It's time for the barrage to start and for the boys to go over the top. Now we ought to see some real fireworks that'll make what has gone on up to now seem puny and trifling and no account."

Which, all things considered, was an underestimation of what ensued hard on the heels of his announcement. Personally I shall not attempt to describe it; the size of the task leaves me abashed and mortified. But if the reader in the goodness of his heart and abundance of his patience will re-read what already I have written in an effort to tell him what I had heard and had seen and had felt, and will multiply it by five, adding, say, fifty per cent of the sum total for good measure, he will have, I trust, a measure of comprehension of the ensemble. But he must do the work; my founts are dry.

Furthermore, he must imagine the augmented hullabaloo—which should be pronounced hellabaloo—going on for twenty-five minutes at such rate that no longer might one distinguish separate reports—save only when the devil's fast freight aforementioned passed over our heads—but all were mingled and fused into one composite, continuous, screeching, whining, wailing, splitting chorus.

Twenty-five minutes thus, and then a green rocket went up from near the forward post of command where those directly in charge of the operation watched, and before it had descended in a spatter of emerald sparks which dimmed out and died as they neared the earth the firing from our batteries began to lessen in volume and in rapidity. Within those twenty-five minutes the real object of the operation had taken place. Either the raiders had gone over the top or they had been driven back in; either they had accomplished their design of penetrating the enemy's second line of defenses or they had failed. In any event the movement, all carefully timed and all mathematically worked out, was as good as over. To learn better at first-hand exactly what results had been obtained we returned to the village and passed through it and picking our way in the inky darkness went along a road toward the post of command.

The road, though, was deserted, and after a bit we retraced the way back to the building where we had supped and made ourselves comfortable in the room of the colonel of the regiment holding the line at this particular point. An orderly brought us the last of the doughnuts to nibble on, and upon the ancient hearthstone we took turns at cracking French hazelnuts with a hammer while at intervals the building jarred to the thumpings of such guns as continued to fire.

Nearly an hour passed, and then in came the colonel and with him a French liaison officer, both of them with tired lines about their mouths. They had been under a strain, as their looks showed, and they flung themselves down on adjacent cots with little sighs of relief and told us the news. In a way the raid had been a success; in another way it had not. All the men who went over the top had returned again after penetrating up to the German secondary trenches. Several of the Frenchmen had been wounded, not seriously. None of the Americans had anything worse than barbed-wire cuts and bruised shins to show for his experience.

Low-Grade Prisoners

Returning, the raiders reported that our fire had completely obliterated the hostile front trench and had ripped its protecting wire jungle into broken ends. Likewise it had completely abolished such boches as had tarried too long in the enemy's forward pits and posts. Of these unfortunates only dismembered trunks had been found, with one exception. This exception was a body lying in a shell hole, and not badly mangled but completely nude. By some freak the shell which killed the German had stripped him stark naked down to his boots.

But the total of prisoners taken was zero, and likewise it was cipher. Forewarned by the preparatory volleying of the big guns playing on his counter batteries, the wily German, following his recently adopted custom, had, before the 'barrage began, drawn in his defending forces from the first line, leaving behind only a few, who fell victims to the first few direct hits scored by our side; and therein the raid had failed.

In the next sector on our right, where a daylight raid had been undertaken two hours before ours got under way, the raiders had suffered a few casualties but had brought back two wounded captives; and in another sector, on our left, yet a third raid had produced four prisoners. I saw the unhappy four the following day on their way back to a laager under guard. One of them was a middle-aged, sickly-looking man, and the remaining three were weedy, half-grown, bewildered boys; very different looking, all of them, from the prime sinewy material which formed the great armies I had seen pouring through Belgium in the late summer of 1914.

All four of them, moreover, were wall-eyed with apprehension, and flinchy and altogether most miserable looking. Not even a night of fair treatment and a decent breakfast had served to cure them of a delusion that Americans would take prisoners alive only for the pleasure of putting them to death at leisure afterward. What struck me as even more significant of the change in the personnel of the Kaiser's present army—conceding that these specimens might be accepted as average samples of the mass—was that not one of them wore an Iron Cross on his blouse. From personal observations in the first year of the war I had made up my mind that the decoration of the Iron Cross in the German Army was like vaccination in our own country, being, as one might say, compulsory. Here, though, was evidence either that the War Lord was running out of metal or that his system had slipped a cog. Likewise it was to develop later that the prisoners I saw wore paper underclothing.

But I am getting ahead of my story. The colonel, lying back on his cot with his head on a canvas pillow and his muddied legs crossed, said at the conclusion of his account:

"Well, we failed to bag any live game, but anyhow our boys behaved splendidly. They went over the top cheering and they came back in singing. You'd never have guessed they were green hands at this game or that this was the first time they had ever crossed No Man's Land."

One Hundred Per Cent Grit

To the truth of a part of what he said I could testify personally, for late that afternoon I had seen the squad marching forward to the spot where they were to line up for the sally later. They had been like schoolboys on a lark. If any one of them was afraid he refused to betray it; if any one of them was nervous at the prospect before him he hid his nervousness splendidly well. Only, from them as they passed us, they radiated a great pride in having been chosen for the job, and a great confidence in its outcome, and a great joy that to them thus early in their soldiering had come the coveted chance to show the stuff that was in them. And while they passed, our friend the major, standing alongside watching them go by, had said with all the fervency of a man uttering a prayer:

"By Jove, aren't they bully! No officer could ask for finer men than that for his outfit. But they're leaving oodles of disappointment behind them at that."

"How's that?" I asked.

"I'll tell you how," he said: "Yesterday when the scheme for this thing was completed we were told that forty-five men out of our regiment were to be allowed to take part in to-night's doings. That meant fifteen men out of each battalion. So yesterday evening at parade I broke the glad tidings to my battalion and called for volunteers, first warning the men as a matter of routine that the work would be highly dangerous and no man need feel called upon to offer himself. Do you want to know how many men out of that battalion volunteered? Every single solitary last dog-goned one of them, that's all! They came at me like one man. So to save as much heartburning as possible I left the choice of fifteen out of nearly a thousand to the top sergeants of the companies. And in all your life you never saw fifteen fellows so tickled as the fifteen who were selected, and you never saw nine hundred and odd so downhearted as the lot who failed to get on the list.

"That wasn't all of it, either," he went on. "Naturally there were some men who had been off on detail of one sort or another and hadn't been at parade. When they came last night and found out what had happened in their absence—well, they simply raised merry blue hell, that's all. They figured somehow they'd been cheated. As a result I may say that my rest was somewhat broken. Every few minutes, all night long, some boy would break into my room, and in the doorway salute and say, in a brokenhearted way: 'Now look here, major, this ain't square. I got as much right to go over the top as any feller in this regiment has, and just because I happened to be away this evenin' here I am chiseled out of my chance to go along. Can't you, please, sir, ask the adjutant or somebody to let me in on this?'

"That substantially was what every one of them said. And when I turned them down some of 'em went away crying like babies." He glanced away across the blue hill. "I guess maybe I did a little crying myself."

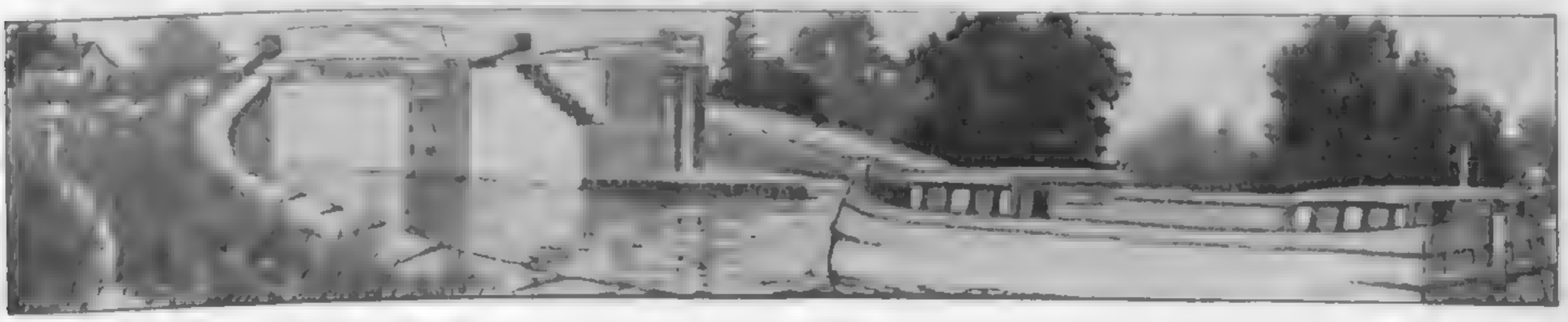
Red Speaks His Mind

I thought about what the major had said and what the colonel had said and what I myself had seen after I had climbed some shaky stairs to be bedded down for the night on a pallet of blankets upon the floor of a room where several tired-out officers already snored away, oblivious of the reverberations of the shelling from our guns and from the enemy's, which went on until nearly daybreak.

In the morning I got insight into another phase of the enlisted Yank's understanding. We came downstairs to breakfast—to a Sunday morning breakfast. For the moment a Sabbath calm hung over the wrecked town and over the country roundabout; all was as peaceful as a Quaker meeting. Red, the colonel's orderly, stood in the doorway picking his teeth. Red is six feet two inches tall, and disproportionately narrow. He is a member of a regiment recruited in the Middle West, but he hails from the Panhandle of Texas, and betrays the fact every time he opens his mouth. At the moment of our approach he was addressing an unseen and presumably a sympathetic listener beyond the threshold:

"Me, I'm plum' outdone with these here French people," I heard him drawl. "Here we've been camped amongst 'em fer goin' on four months and they ain't learnt English yet. You'd think they'd want to know how to talk to people in a reg'lar honest-to-God language—but no, seein' seemin'ly not a-tall. I'd be ashamed to be so ignarunt and show it. Course once't in a while you do run acrost one of 'em that's picked up a word here and there; but that's about all.

"Now f'instance you take that nice-lookin' little woman with the black eyes and the shiny teeth that runs that there little store in this here last town we stayed a spell in before we come on up here. I never could remember the name of that there town—it was so outlandish soundin'—but you remember the woman, don't you? Well, there's a case in p'int. She was bright enough lookin' but she was like all the rest—it seemed like she jest couldn't or jest wouldn't pick up enough reg'lar words to help her git around. Ef I went in her place and asked her fer sardines she'd know whut I meant right off and hand 'em over, but ef I wanted some chess she didn't have no idea whut I was talkin' about. Don't it jest beat all!"



WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Inserting Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation between the positive and negative plates of a Still Better Willard Battery, in the Willard factory.

THREAD W RUBBER

Threaded Rubber Insulation

Where?

Read what follows carefully. It may clear up some points you haven't understood and will enable you to explain them to any of your friends who may ask you.

Inside every storage battery there must be four different things—positive plates, negative plates, battery solution (or electrolyte) and *insulation*.

Chemical action between plates and solution causes the flow of electric current.

The insulation is a thin sheet of some material placed between each two plates—the positive on one side, the negative on the other. It keeps the active material of the plates from coming into contact and ruining the battery.

Threaded Rubber Insulation is an exclusive feature of the "Still Better Willard," which carries the circle trademark shown on the opposite page.

The reason Threaded Rubber Insulation is such a remarkable improvement is because it lasts longer and does the job better—which adds to the durability, life and efficiency of the battery.

Why?

1 Because Threaded Rubber Insulation means a better battery at only a slight advance in price for you, the car owner.

Willard might have been content with a battery that was already used by about 85% of all car builders and had given satisfaction to a million and a half car owners.

But the Willard policy is "Improve whenever it is possible."

2 Because it is the answer to a definite, long-felt desire of engineers.

They recognized the great durability and ideal insulating properties of rubber, but for years could not overcome certain obstacles to its use.

This was because no thoroughly satisfactory way had been developed to let the battery solution pass *through* the insulation—its free flow being necessary to the chemical action which meant a good, strong electric current.

3 Because the Willard organization persisted in working away at the problem till they found the answer by piercing the rubber with 196,000 little threads.

Write Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland, Ohio, for free booklet, "The Story of 196,000 Little Threads," which gives further details, including the very important Willard "Bone Dry" Principle, which is another great advantage of Threaded Rubber Insulation.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Ralph Connor—Sky Pilot

By A. C. Laut

WHEN I first knew of Charles Gordon, or Ralph Connor, the author of books that are a household word throughout the world, he was in what my frontier friends called the "missionary business" at what is now known as Banff, the beautiful tourist resort in the Rockies, but what was then more famous as a booze joint for lumberjacks and railroad navvies. It wasn't an easy job to hold down. It was about the toughest job in the repertoire of the Home Mission Board; for between tackling a brown-skinned pagan full of ignorance and a white-skinned lumberjack full of bad whisky, the odds are all in favor of the heathen. But Charles Gordon held down his job, in spite of the fact that in physique and temperament he looked better fitted for drawing-room favors than the rough knocks of the frontier. To travel hemlock forest trails in forty-below weather and find at the end of the trail a congregation of half a dozen whisky toughs assembled in a smoky log cabin isn't particularly inspirational work. It sends the most of students in the "missionary business" home with tales of self-pity resembling the expression on the inverted side of a tablespoon. It sent Charles Gordon out—"out" is the term for the return to civilized life with the groundwork for his future books on frontier life.

(Concluded on Page 110)

Will Levington Comfort

An Autobiography

CERTAIN high moments of critical comment come to the rescue now to one making his own portrait from a mirror: "Straw-colored eyebrows," . . . "built like a Nipponese boxer," . . . "cavalry legs," . . . "brindle with wind-tan and sunburn," . . . "always intoxicated—alcohol, spirituality or mysterious ideals of his own," . . . "a kind of peasant, forever shouldering himself up into some society which dissatisfies him as much as that he has just left," . . . "a weather-stained face peering into the windowpanes of civilization." I came through in Detroit thirty-nine years ago, when the French boys were still spinning logs on the river. Wrote essays for high-school students and feature stories for the papers; became a cavalryman in Cuba, a correspondent in Asia; broke into the old McClure's at the same time Jack London and David Graham Phillips were out for the Top. Had a lot of the world put through me, and a lot of sacred literature and East India lore that refuses to die off the planet. Begin life and work all over again every few months, and think each book is the real one—until it leaves the shop. Dream of a new heaven and a new earth, but not so as to break connections with the good red soil. Forever interested in the ways of a man with a maid and the serpent on the rock.

Like it all wonderfully well; getting the Warm Laugh on it all, and believe firmly that the best possible thing that can happen is the thing that happens next.

Dr. Alice Gregory

DOCTOR GREGORY, in the oval, is the head physician of the Women's Overseas Hospital Unit, U. S. A. The unit consists of four doctors, nurses, pharmacists and about forty auxiliaries and at the time it left this country planned to take up its duties in the first Women's Overseas Hospital, to be established in the Aisne region by the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Late reports indicate that members of the unit have been caught in the path of the German offensive and are helping to meet the emergency demands of the drive

Kate Douglas Wiggin

LOVE of children has been the big force in Mrs. Wiggin's life. When she was a young girl she developed the first free kindergarten between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, and there it was that, in order to earn more money to take in more children from the street, she wrote The Birds' Christmas Carol. She never withdrew all connections with schools, and to-day she still devotes much of her time to talking and reading to her little friends in the schools and to bringing to them the inspiration of her friendship and personality. Someone said of the characters in her books that "they are good people for children to know." Mrs. Wiggin is all of that, and then some.

MADE BY THE MFRS. OF **LE PAGE'S** WORLD FAMOUS GLUE

DON'T BUY INK CARELESSLY. When you think of it, nothing is more important than the written word. Can you imagine a Treaty of Peace being signed with ink that fades? *Know* before you *buy* that your ink is right. Hereafter, for you, this will be easy. Insist on Signet.

Signet is not only a permanent ink, it is a practical one—practical in that it flows freely, is without sediment, will not corrode or build on the pen, and an ideal fountain-pen-ink—follows the pen easier than the thought precedes it—so kind to the eye, so easy to read.

Besides, Signet Blue-Black writes the old familiar, pleasing *blue*, but dries *black*, and a black that never fades. It "feels" good as soon as you put your pen to paper.

The same standard of excellence that has made LePage's famous the world over is characteristic of all the Signet Inks. "Made by the makers of LePage's Glue" is an iron-clad endorsement of quality. Behind it are the good faith, the good will, the principles and the ideals of its manufacturers. You can *know* before you *buy* that Signet is the *highest possible standard* of INK excellence.

Dealers, everywhere, who know that "quality attracts quality," sell and recommend Signet. Get Signet for every writing ink purpose—for the office, home, store, school—wherever ink is used.

DEALERS: LePage's has never been found wanting in help-sell co-operation. We stand behind you with an aggressive, national advertising campaign on *Signet*. Handle the Signet line with LePage's and profit by the "LePage" proven reliability. Watch this publication for Signet pages. They help increase your sales. Look up your stock of Signet.

RUSSIA CEMENT COMPANY Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S GLUE

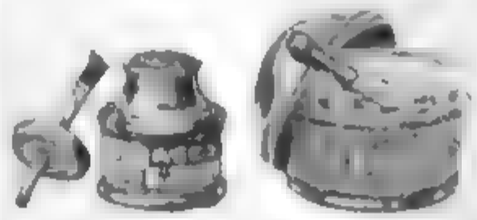
The new handy tube with spreader makes LePage's better than ever.

Today, when "Mend—don't spend"—is the Big Idea, the LePage handy tube with its new spreader—working without fuss, muss or waste and making it so easy to apply the glue—is doing its bit in millions of ways, fixing things new again and saving money.

It's the same good, always reliable LePage's—with a half-century test behind it—the *standard of excellence*—in its class.

Get the new tube with spreader—have it at hand when needed—you are bound to appreciate this new innovation.

All dealers, everywhere.



LE PAGE'S MUCILAGE AND PASTE

A Mucilage exceptionally strong [illegible] hesiveness and possessing a remarkably quick-stick." Like all LePage products, LePage's Mucilage is giving eminent satis[illegible] liquid sticker is needed. LePage's White Paste is smooth, "creamy," perfumed and [illegible] coherent in that it does not dry [illegible] in the package as quickly as [illegible] that are [illegible] *Both* of the LePage family and *both* inherit the LePage standard of excellence

LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT

Resists hot or cold water requires no heating—in handy tubes all ready to mend china, glass or porcelain. Don't be without a tube in the house. "Mend—don't spend." You'll be surprised at the wonderful *welding* strength of LePage's China Cement. All dealers, [illegible]

Pennsyl

V A C

CUP

How the cups operate to prevent skidding with no resistance to forward speed.

vania VACUUM CUP TIRES

WHEN their fame for higher quality was in the making, Vacuum Cup Tires were correspondingly higher in price. While this made slower work of building sales volume, the determination to maintain the chosen standard was unalterable.

As sales grew, it became possible to sell more and more closely to the prices of ordinary tires. This was greatly helped by the policy of making tires for the user only, avoiding large equipment contracts with automobile manufacturers.

Then was devised our zone selling system, enabling us to market our fast-growing production without increasing the selling expense.

Today, due to our policies and the economies of production in the most modern and efficient factory in the industry, Vacuum Cup Tires cost approximately the same as ordinary 3,500 mile tires. They cost much less than any other make carrying anywhere near the same mileage assurance. Vacuum Cup Tires are *guaranteed*—per warranty tag—for

6,000 Miles

IN 1914, nine Vacuum Cup *stock* tires were submitted to *official test* by The Automobile Club of America.

They attained an official average on two-ton cars of 6,760 miles. The maximum was 10,164 miles.

No other make of tires has ever been offered for this official test.

Vacuum Cup Tires stand on that record, and with greatly enhanced quality over the stock tires that made it.

Food is Ammunition Don't Waste it.

U·S·FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Makers of Auto Tubes "Ton Tested"

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

Member Jeannette War Service Union

Bad Manners Out-of-Doors

By EMERSON HOUGH

HIGH up in the Sierras, close along the snow banks, lives a vivid, blood-red plant known as the snow plant. It is a brilliant and striking object where it grows, like a flame of courage in hard surroundings. It belongs there. It does not belong anywhere else

A few years ago out in Yosemite Park a tourist brought down from the high country some of these snow plants—no longer things of especial beauty, with no fragrance and no extreme decorative quality when taken away from the snow of the high altitudes. Major Littebrant, then superintendent of Yosemite Park, heard of these plants, asked to see them, fined the aforesaid tourist twenty-five dollars for each specimen, ejected him from the park and told him he could not come back there again. Whereupon much wailing and gnashing of teeth ensued among the friends of the tourist, none of which did the latter very much good.

"I don't want to stay in here and do police work," said Major Littebrant; "and I'd rather join my regiment, but if I have a duty to do I'm going to do it. The park regulations are made to be observed."

Later history hath it that the said regulations have been observed most scrupulously by all and sundry tourists in Yosemite since then, and that the snow plant is now held to be a sacred flower. In other words, the United States Army and the United States Government combined have purposed to teach the traveling public certain manners in the open there is a general park regulation that flowers are not to be picked or forest growth destroyed.

In another of the mountain parks, Yellowstone, it was some years ago an interesting custom of tourists, more especially brides and bridegrooms, to inscribe their names upon the formations round the geysers The superintendent of that park at one time was Captain George S Anderson, a good soldier, who recently died a brigadier general. It was his pleasant custom on finding a new set of names inscribed on a geyser floor to wait until the offending persons had got as far away from the place as possible, then to have them arrested by some soldier and brought back for the express purpose of erasing their own names from the place where they had written them. He included all brides as well as bridegrooms in this practice, and hence was very generally hated at the time. How much good manners he taught brides, bridegrooms and others, no man may tell.

The Head of Stehekin Glacier, Cascade Pass, Washington

The Men Who Didn't Mean To

A COUPLE of years ago I was out in Yellowstone Park myself, and coming in from the East Fork toward Mammoth Hot Springs noticed a big log still burning at good speed in a camp fire which had been left unextinguished by a party of tourist campers in charge of a professional outfitter. I thought it my duty as a citizen to report this to Colonel Brett, then superintendent of Yellowstone Park. The colonel with much pleasure telephoned over east, had the offending camp captain brought back to Fort Yellowstone, and then and there taught him so much manners that I fancy he will never again leave a camp fire unextinguished.

These strict rules in the national parks ought not to be necessary, and they would not be except for the curious and interesting fact in natural history that the human fauna of this continent seems largely composed of idiots and children. I would not say that the American public is exclusively composed of those two classes—there should be added to these two that large and apparently growing class of persons who have no manners whatever out-of-doors. Apparently the only way to teach manners to any of these classes is to do so on the stern basis of army discipline, which willy-nilly instilleth the fear of God.

The carelessness of the traveling public in regard to forest fires, for instance, puts in continual risk the entire natural beauty of all our national playgrounds. Beyond that, it involves the continual risk of millions of dollars' worth of forest growth. But for the forests these parks would not be so beautiful as they are. But for the superintendent and the police there would be no forests, no flowers, and little else left which could be destroyed.

This is destruction of the "didn't mean to" class. As to malicious destruction, you perhaps heard something about the I. W. W. forest fires which devastated such great areas in Idaho, Oregon and Washington in the summer of 1917. You say that was the work of marauders who ought to be jailed? Granted very gladly. But have you never seen in your mountain travels hundreds and hundreds of miles of burned-over forests, a waste and a wilderness, done not in deliberate malice but in folly quite as disastrous in its ultimate result? That is what carelessness with fire means.

That was only carelessness, you say? Names at best are only relative things, and sometimes not descriptive. The truth about such carelessness is that it amounts to a lack of decency, and ought so to be classified. The man who sets fire to a forest is a malefactor, whether or not he meant to be. Millions of dollars' worth of forests have been destroyed by forest fires even in the guarded national-forest reserves. Careless campers and hunters are a menace to this country, and the total damage done by them cannot be estimated. A great many of these same campers and hunters resent the appearance of any man in uniform. They say that this is a free country.

Now there we have it—the old American cry that this is a free country. America was once a free country—that is to say, it was so large and so unknown and so unused a country that it was not settled, and therefore could not be governed. That was the country that Lewis and Clark and Kenton and Boone and Pike and Long and other finders of our new lands saw. It was indeed free—at that time. It had no laws—at that time.

But though the new-found America was a wilderness it was not a waste. Neither did the early adventurers try to see how quickly they could make an abomination of desolation of that new and sweet wilderness which they had found. On the contrary, history shows that our early explorers were men of sanity and reason. The most of them were gentlemen. A gentleman does not waste, and a gentleman is a gentleman out-of-doors as much as anywhere else.

Neither did the Indians, who preceded our first explorers, waste this country or deface it. I do not recall that, much as I have been among the Indians, I ever knew them to be guilty of waste or defacement of natural objects. Perhaps they don't care for flowers—certainly they do not destroy them. If an Indian breaks off green boughs he does it to make a shade for his wikiup or for some other definite and useful purpose. He cuts lodge poles, but he does not throw them away or waste them. He cuts a little wood, but he wastes none. He does not burn down the forests; not the Indians, but our lumbermen burned the forests, and they found them standing green entirely across this continent when first they began their ruinous work. The Indian would burn off the dry grass in the spring so that the green grass would grow the better for the feeding game, but he never burned it for fun, and he never burned it carelessly. Few forest fires ever started from an abandoned Indian camp—I never personally heard of a single instance.

The Bad-Man Type

ON THE contrary, it is the white men—cigarette-smoking, match-throwing, fire-leaving white men—who have accounted for so many hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of the resources of this country. Of late years lumbering operations have been more carefully guarded, but as to all the early operations in the lower peninsula of Michigan, and in parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota it was long admitted freely by lumbermen that as much pine timber was burned as ever was logged off. No one can estimate what prices we are paying to-day for the carelessness of the first men who went into the green trees of America, ax in hand. What a riot of freedom was theirs!

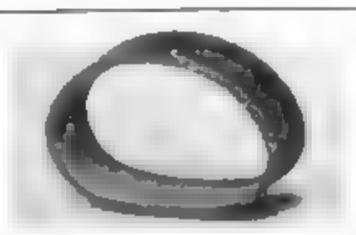
Of course when it comes to being a unit of any society or civilization there is no such thing as a free country. There is no place where a man can be born into the world without being born into certain relations and certain responsibilities to other men. But there certainly was a feeling of irresponsibility, of a far worse than savage independence of others, which began in the early days of America. It never began among the good people who first came to America, and never among the ladies and gentlemen of America, early or late of arrival. The bad man of the West, the desperado who made such an imprint upon the literature of our land, was little more than a man of exceedingly bad manners, a man of exceeding selfishness—who was of the belief that this was a free country.

We should not accuse such a man originally so much of bad morals as of bad manners. But bad manners run into bad morals, and bad morals run into criminal tendencies and criminal practices. They all come out of that old and really unbased feeling of irresponsibility, phrased as well as any way in the old cry that America is a free country. It is not a free country, and it never really was free.

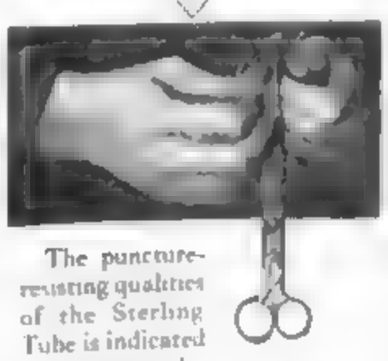
We make more laws and observe fewer laws than any other people in the world. We long have boasted of our

(Continued on Page 73

Why use Sterling Seamless Red Tubes?

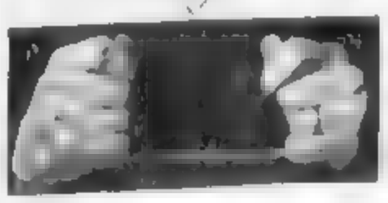


Sterling Red Tubes are unusually thick and unusually strong. The purity and high grade of the rubber used is proved by the fact that a section of it will float in water.



The puncture-resisting qualities of the Sterling Tube is indicated in a measure by the scissors test shown above.

In case of actual puncture, the hole in a Sterling Tube will not develop into a tear. The crossing of grains in the plies prevents such damage.



It is almost impossible to break a thin strip cut from a Sterling Tube.

WE make fewer Sterling Seamless Red Tubes than Sterling Tires. For one reason, they last too long, and for another, they cost more than ordinary tubes.

A good many car owners see the wisdom of paying a fairly high price for tires, but they think that any sort of a tube will do.

The quality of the tube, as a matter of fact, has much to do with the life of the tire. It is as unwise to skimp on the tube as it is to skimp on the material in the tire.

STERLING Seamless Red Tubes are pure gum tubes—a section will float in water—only the very highest quality of pure rubber will float, and only the highest quality of rubber is fit to go into a tube which is expected to give service

Each Sterling Tube is made of a sheet of rubber rolled over upon itself four times, producing a cross grained lamination, giving strength and toughness otherwise not procurable. (Do you know that there is a definite grain in a sheet of rubber—that it will tear more easily in one direction than in another?)

When a Sterling Tube is punctured, the air comes out of the hole, but the tube is not torn to pieces. Because of this, and because of the quality and thickness of the rubber, the tube can be repeatedly repaired. Because of the quality, the thickness, the lamination, Sterling Tubes stay alive for a long time. When they must be removed from the tire, they are not shapeless, dead, rotten things. Sterling Tubes exposed to light and air for five years have been found satisfactorily serviceable.

They are fairly high priced simply because the best quality of pure rubber gum is high priced. If you are going to make, or use, a thoroughly good, serviceable tube, you cannot get away from the cost. It is, practically all, right in the rubber.

Because of the method of construction, Sterling Tubes have no seam to split—a pin hole or air bubble in one thickness is covered by the other three, so there are no slow leaks. The splice, which in other tubes is the weakest point, is in Sterlings the strongest, because it is vulcanized, not cemented, and because the valve patch is vulcanized over the splice. (This is an exclusive, patented feature.)

All *tires* look pretty much alike, and you cannot tell by examination what is inside of them. But anybody who will use his eyes, and his hands, and his intelligence, can judge the quality of a tube.

WE suggest that you compare a Sterling Tube with others.

We believe it is impossible to make a tube at any price, with any different material, or with different construction, that will give as many miles per dollar as will Sterling Tubes. They will make even a poor tire give better service.

A strong, tough, elastic tube strengthens the tire. It holds the air, which is as much a part of the tire as the rubber and cotton. It does not develop slow leaks, which make tires semi-flat for a few or many miles before you discover it—and a tire run flat, for only a few feet, may be damaged beyond recovery.

The highest grade, toughest tube should be used—particularly in cheap tires, because they need reinforcement. And particularly in high grade tires, because you can't afford to risk the cost of a good tire for the sake of saving (?) a dollar or two on the tube.

If you are not convenient to a Sterling Branch, or Sterling Dealer, please use the coupon on this page and we will send you a Sterling Tube section.

THE *Vacuum-Bar Tread* is a scientific non-skid that really *holds*. It is exclusively Sterling-patented. Ordinarily the non-skid feature will last through the guaranteed mileage

Sterling Tires are made in both Cord and Fabric Types. They are guaranteed for 5000 miles (6000 miles on 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4 sizes).

We own and operate direct factory sales branches in the following cities:

ALBANY, N. Y.	106 Central Avenue
BALTIMORE, Md.	1705 N. Charles St.
BOSTON, Mass.	205 Clarendon Street
BRIDGEPORT, Conn.	340 Fairfield Avenue
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	53 Rogers Avenue
BUFFALO, N. Y.	210 Franklin Street
CHICAGO, Ill.	3031 S. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI, Ohio	1302 Race Street
CLEVELAND, Ohio	5018 Euclid Avenue
DETROIT, Mich.	940 Woodward Avenue
HACKENSACK, N. J.	Main and Passaic Sts.
HARTFORD, Conn.	286 Main Street
JERSEY CITY, N. J.	2082 Hudson Blvd.
NEWARK, N. J.	38 William Street
NEW HAVEN, Conn.	233 Crown Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.	234 West 56th Street
PATERSON, N. J.	11 Ward Street
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.	[illegible] Spring Garden St.
PITTSBURGH, Pa.	[illegible] N. Craig Street
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	[illegible] Broad Street
READING, Pa.	[illegible] N. 4th Street
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	561 East Main Street
RUTHERFORD, N. J.	Maple St. and Erie Ave.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.	336 Bridge Street
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	1814A Lucas Street
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	618 South Clinton St.
WASHINGTON, D.C.	1621 14th St. N. W.
WORCESTER, Mass.	32 Shrewsbury Street

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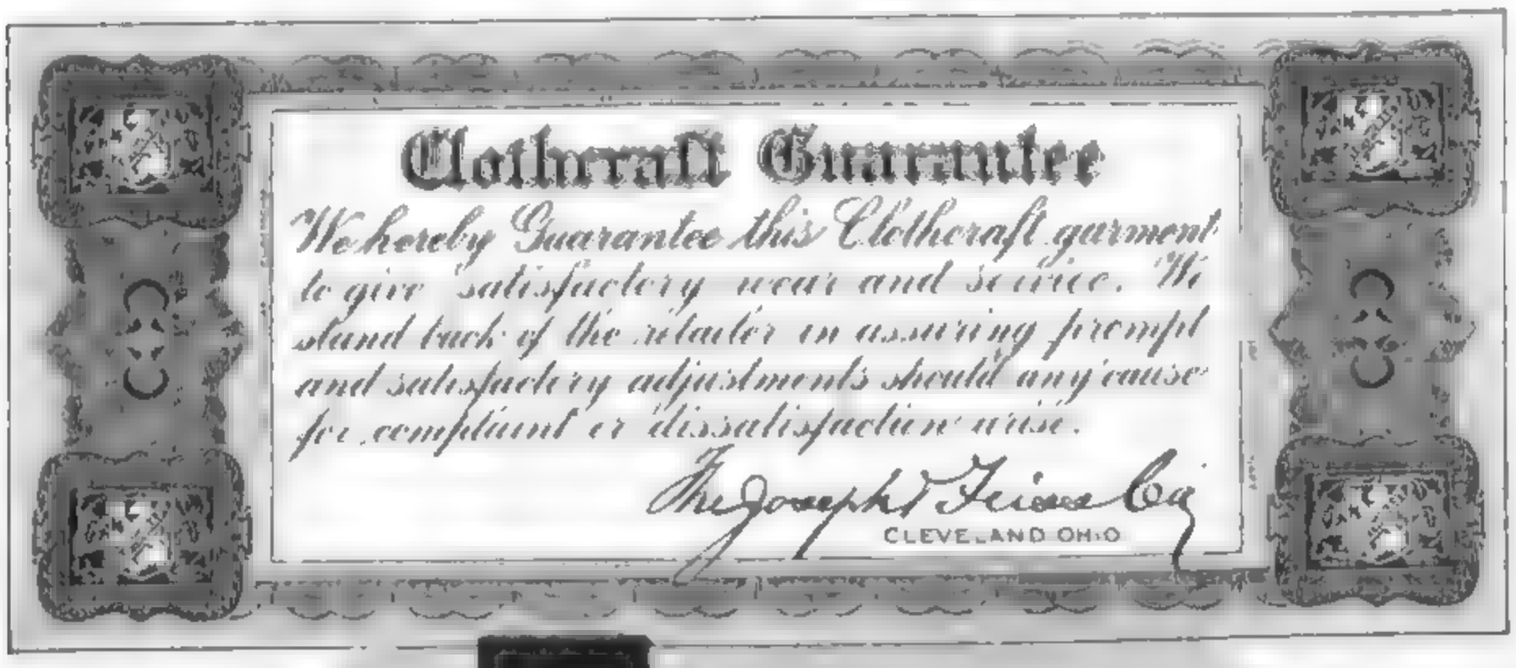
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The Joseph & Feiss Co., Cleveland

Here in the pocket of your Clothcraft coat is something you'll be mighty glad to find! It's the maker's Guarantee of "satisfactory wear and service"—*his pledge that you shall be completely pleased with your purchase!*

The CLOTHCRAFT STORE *in Your Town*

(Continued from Page 70)

celebrated melting pot, especially in November, though perhaps not so much in the past year of grace. A great portion of the contents of our celebrated melting pot came here with the wrong impression that a man once here could do whatever he pleased and never be called to any account. Our desperadoes of the West, our buccaneers of banking, our violators of the fish and game laws, our ignorers of the forestry regulations, our vulgarians in café and camp—they all date back to that erroneous old-world notion that in America a man need not be a gentleman, that in America a man may do what he pleases. Now that is the sort of free country we have built up in a hundred years or so of strict endeavor. Believe one irritated person, we have raised more individuals with worse bad manners than one would conceive possible.

One of the distinct and inescapable products of this state of affairs has been the generally accepted doctrine on the part of certain classes of our population that as soon as a man gets away from home and out-of-doors he can be as rotten a hoodlum as he chooses, provided only he can make his get-away. Out-of-doors far too many of us are not citizens, but freebooters, frankly and admittedly.

Army psychology teaches us that when a man goes into a body of troops he undergoes, at first, a definite moral lowering.

It is known that he takes on a little of the mob spirit. But it is also known that as soon as he does so he begins to look round for a leader. That is where the officer comes in. That's where discipline and the law come in. In other words, the instinct natural in certain lower phases of human nature is guided and guarded and restrained for the good of the greater number.

The Hoodlum With a Shotgun

BUT who is going to care for the psychology of the hoodlum with an automatic shotgun and a general license under his creed that this is a free country? Certain it is that as quickly as any one of thousands of our citizens leaves home and joins the modern mob sometimes infesting our out-of-doors, his standards lower not only perceptibly but almost immeasurably. And he has no officer to take him in hand. Our laws are not enforced against these continuous offenders against good customs and good manners.

There are sometimes instances of men, apparently sane and sober citizens, who take a delight in seeing how different they can become, and how quickly, after they have left home and gone into camp. They like to be thought tough. They dress the part as far as they can. They assume a swagger not natural to them, and they are guilty of bad manners which would not be tolerated in any rank of roofed-over society. They prove perfectly the psychology of the mob.

Now any gentleman knows that if you are traveling among savage peoples or rude peoples the best way for you to attain a secure influence and respect among them is to hold fast to your own standards. Shave every morning, bathe every day, be as clean and neat as you may in the circumstances—then those people will begin to look up to you as leader. This is very simple psychology, which is recognized all over the world by ruling nations who send their citizens among savage or inferior races. It is the basic *raison d'être* for the somewhat elaborate character of the English *safari* in African hunting—it is expensive, but it gains respect. I like to think that Lewis and Clark were gentlemen even in their buckskins. I have seen a great many men in buckskin shirts who were anything but gentlemen, and most of them came from cities.

The more you study some of these phenomena the more you begin to conclude that there are a great many homes where the personal manners are a great deal worse than they are in the Indian tepees. I have no doubt that traveling, tourist and camp manners would be quite as bad in Europe as here—indeed, a great deal worse—were it not for the ominous word *verboten*. That mandate has a certain corrective influence in regard to out-of-door manners of the traveling and tourist public on that continent. We have some *verboten* signs in America. The only trouble is that back of the *verboten* we have the feeling that this is a free country.

All these strictures will seem less severe to any man who begins to take thought and to look about him. For instance, out of my window once I could see some old apple trees, gnarled and picturesque, which stood on certain vacant lots of an old farm absorbed by the advancing city. In the spring these trees were covered with blossoms and were very beautiful. We enjoyed them for a little while—until certain boys in the neighborhood discovered them also. Result: Upon the second spring thereafter the apple trees were gone, literally broken to bits, their branches torn off, until only a few scarred stumps that never would bloom again remained.

I often saw those boys in the spring going home with their arms full of blossoms. I presume their mothers encouraged them in their love of beauty. I presume their mothers put these broken branches in a large tall vase in the center of the table and said to the incoming neighbors "Aren't they sweet?" Had all these mothers taken these same boys upon the family carpet and the family knee, inquiring where they got these blossoms and why, and then exercised the family slipper in admonishment, we should have had more apple blossoms; and, what is far more, we should have had better citizens later on. Bad manners out-of-doors begin with bad manners and a wrong point of view at home.

On a Sunday we sometimes drive north of Chicago along the great lake-shore drive, which some fifteen or twenty miles out passes through some uncut forest growth. In the autumn as you go north you will meet a string of cars coming down from the upper lake-shore country—cars sometimes containing women apparently well-dressed, apparently well-born, apparently well-cultivated. These cars will be full of forest foliage—reds, yellows, scarlets, browns, all the wonderful coloring of the autumn; and you might at first praise these beauty-loving folk. Pass on north, to see where these things come from. An army of boys and young men are crawling under the wire fences, each with an armful of these branches which he has broken from somebody's trees. I presume when they get home with these things they put them over the parlor mantel and say "Aren't they sweet?" But no one thinks of the property rights violated. No one thinks of the laws violated. And what is worse, no one thinks of the wanton destruction of the natural beauty of the forest.

Now you go up into that same lake-shore country in the summer time, of a Saturday or Sunday, and you will see the ground under the trees unspeakably littered with odds and ends of picnic lunches, scraps of food, bits of paper. I have seen many abandoned Indian camps, but nothing dirtier than some of these picnic grounds on country estates where picnicking is neither invited nor permitted. But who cares for the law of trespass? Who shall teach any of these vandals and hoodlums the law of decent respect for what belongs to someone else? Are they not out-of-doors? Is this not America? Is this not a free country?

Aren't They Just Too Sweet?

IF YOU shall go through any incoming week-end train plying between any city and its summer-vacation country you will in all likelihood see a great many wilted flowers and perishing ferns, even little forest trees dug up and more or less rudely cared for during transport to the city. No one knows, but anyone can guess, where these things came from. Their application in the city home? Why, mamma will put some of the flowers in a vase and grieve because they did not come to life. Papa will throw the dying tree out into the yard—a tree which one time might have stood three hundred feet in height for all he knows. The ferns will be allowed to languish uncared for in some dry pot. For a little while someone will say "Aren't they sweet?" and then everyone will forget. And everyone has long since forgotten the place where these things came from. If property rights were violated, who cares? If it was wild country, why, of course that gives open license for any sort of depredation. Tear up, cut down, break off, destroy, mutilate, deface—it seems to be the American instinct to do that to out-of-door America as rapidly as possible.

The motor car is of course responsible for a widely extended zone of American travel. Most unhappily, this has not proved an unmixed benefit to America, because it has in too many cases also extended the zone of bad manners—indeed, not only extended but intensified such bad manners as these people had originally. It has numerically and geographically extended the mob of freebooters. You can recall out of your own experience scores of instances of the lawlessness of the motorist.

There are cases where a man has run down a child in the street—and speeded away if he thought he was unnoticed. A joy-riding overdriven car goes into the river at night—and scandal comes to light the next morning. It is a scandal based not more on bad morals than on bad manners.

I was once out in the country with a hunting companion who had just bought a new car and who naturally, thinking it the only car in the world, wished to show how fast it would travel. We ran over three chickens that morning. The driver deplored it. "Sometimes I kill as many as a dozen in a day," said he valiantly. I never knew him to turn back to offer to pay for one. I never knew a motorist in the country to return to a farmhouse in front of which

Grazing in the Montezuma National Forest, Colorado

he had killed a fowl, or perhaps a dog, to express a regret. There are, I know, men who have done that. I have never seen it happen. Yesterday, on a country road, I saw a three-hundred-pound hog lying dead at the roadside, killed by a car. The farmer who owned it had not been notified.

A member of my family came in weeping the other day. She had seen a dog run down. "The car went right on," said she. It was only a dog. Is this not a free country? Why, yes; and a corollary of the national belief that this is a free country is the doctrine that everything is right and proper in life, in travel, in commerce, provided that you can get away with it. I presume that a great deal of the irresponsibility of some motorists is based upon the fact that they feel themselves in a position of such security that they literally can get away with it.

Instances? Any man can multiply all the instances required. A motor-car party came to the ranch of a friend of mine in Idaho last summer and asked permission to camp. It was given very readily, also permission to fish in the trout stream which ran through the place. That night the motorists set out nets in the narrow places of the stream and drove out of the holes nearly all the trout in that part of the water, catching them, of course, in the nets. Just at daybreak they were on their way out of the country. They had broken the law of that county and of that state. Worse than that, they had broken the laws of hospitality. Worse than that, they had broken the laws of good manners and good breeding as practiced among human beings.

Sometimes—not often—bad manners bring their own reward. One time out in the Rockies I saw standing by the roadside a heap of smoking and twisted iron. An hour previous it had been a two-thousand-dollar motor car. Some young men driving in there and pitching their camp had gone away and left the camp fire unguarded. It spread. One or two trees were burned, and the car was burned. Had it not been for the direction of the wind and the location of the near-by river there might have been a million dollars' worth of other property burned. All that rose simply out of an idea that there is no law needful in the open.

What Farmers Suffer

A part of this same feeling is the much too general disrespect of Americans for the game and fish laws of the country. As it chances, I have been a sportsman all my life and have lived in the open perhaps much more than the average man. I have in my lifetime seen all outdoor America change for the irreparable worse. Regions which once were full of wild life now are wholly barren. The cleaning out of a country in these days happens very rapidly—once the railroad did slowly what now the motor car does rapidly. A hundred motor cars going into a game or fish country can ruin it. Incidentally, with the destruction of fish and game life there will be other destruction and desecration quite as bad. A land of the free? God save the mark! I sometimes wish I were back among the Indians again—I preferred them to savages.

These statements are rude, but they are not nearly rude enough. They may sting somewhat, but they will not sting in any wise as much as they should. The slightest observation will more than prove the truth of every word herein. You yourself know the man who in camp feels himself privileged to steal a farmer's vegetables, a farmer's fruit, to shoot his chickens, to lay down his fences, to burn his rails—and never to dream of apologizing to the farmer or offering to pay.

I have had farmers tell me that they would not allow me to shoot on their land because other hunters had killed their chickens and their turkeys and even their cows and their horses. I used to scoff at the idea that you could hurt a cow with a shotgun; but only last summer I knew of a man's being very nearly killed by the accidental wound from a shotgun in the hands of a friend. It was short-range work. I presume that a careless, thoughtless or malicious hunter firing at close range at even so large an animal as a cow or a horse might inflict a wound that would prove fatal. And you know of the countless fatalities in the deer-hunting country, where men carry rifles.

Have you never been in a farmer's feed lot in the corn country when you were out afield with dog and gun? Here are perhaps fifty or a hundred head of cattle being fattened on corn. Perhaps they range part of the time out in the fields. Now it is a perfectly demonstrable fact that it does not take very much of a stampede to run a pound of flesh off of a fattening animal. A continual series of stampedes will take five or even ten pounds off of a heavy beef steer in a day. Perhaps you know how much a pound of beef is worth these times. Multiply that by fifty or a hundred, and then see what the daily loss to a farmer may be by reason of careless shooting on the land which he has bought and paid for and on which he pays the taxes. Then perhaps you may understand something of the hostility farmers are coming to have toward shooting tourists. You may understand why every year the posted lands in the American farming country increase by hundreds of thousands of acres, absolutely barring out the sportsmen who once hunted there freely. You may also understand why the daily-bag limit is decreasing so steadily. You may further understand why states like Ohio and Wisconsin have put a perpetual closed season upon quail. It isn't that they love quail so much, but that they hate hunters more. Illinois soon will place quail on the "song-bird" list and protect them forever. Ill-mannered shooters will largely be to blame for this.

Oh, pull your car up in front of a farmer's house, under his trees, if you feel like it. Build a fire right close to his fence if you like, and go away and leave it burning—why is he there if not to put out fires? Litter up his woodland—he oughtn't to have it anyway. Burn his trees—he ought not to have so many trees. Cut them down—that will save him work. Kill his chickens and his turkeys—you need them, don't you? Camp in his dooryard if you feel like it. He ought to be glad, ought he not? And then get into your car and pull on out fifty miles away, breaking the speed laws incidentally. Make your get-away. This is a free country, is it not? When the farmer isn't looking take down his rail fence, and don't bother to put it up again. Bend over his sheep fence so your dogs can get through more easily—why bother to straighten it up again? Kill all his rabbits, which his boys might want to kill—you saw them first, didn't you? Shoot his quail, law or no law—that's what you're there for, isn't it? Trap his mink and rats in his creek or marsh—you beat his boys to them, didn't you? If he is husking corn in the field, never mind about his team, even if it does run away. Shoot at anything that moves. Let him do the running after the team. Don't stop to ask him if you may shoot on his farm—he's only a farmer, isn't he? What's the use? This is a free country, isn't it?

Now it is just such practices as these—and they are frequent practices on the part of a numerically large section of the out-of-door public—which have made the farmer of America feel it was almost time for him to begin to do something on his own part. The increasing restrictions of the sporting privileges of America are one of the consequences of this feeling. The posted farm is a direct consequence. The growing resentment against sportsmen and casual motorists is absolutely traceable to this same source. Nor can any man with any reason in his soul blame the farmer for feeling precisely as he does.

I do not speak as a prophet or the seventh son of a prophet, or classify myself much otherwise than as plain human and plumb average, but in my early youth I had a severe training in the etiquette of the field and the duties of the out-of-doors at the hands of my old Virginia daddy. He was a stickler for all the conventions, formalities and courtesies of the field. He trained me, before he taught me to shoot, to be careful to appreciate properly the courtesies due to the landowner on whose property we were following our sport. Though our country at that time was largely wild and unsettled, these things I learned, just as much as I learned to be careful with a shotgun or any other firearms. I have never regretted that somewhat severe training, a part of which sometimes was applied in the family woodshed. If I have any manners I fancy that I got some of them in the woodshed. And in the course of a somewhat wide series of observations afield I often have had regret that there were not more woodsheds occupied by parents such as my own waiting for the returning brave who had forgotten something when he was out-of-doors.

My old governor was a martinet, though of gentle sort. He taught me long before there was a forest reserve in America never to leave a fire burning in the woods—he showed me how to put it out with water or with wet sand or with dirt. He made me clean up every bit of paper and bit of underbrush round the place when we broke camp. He taught me that it was wrong to waste firewood even in the wilderness.

When I was a young man and went out into the West sometimes we traveled in wild country. If we found a cabin unoccupied we felt free to go into it, to cook, to eat, to use the fireplace and the firewood. It was the etiquette of that land always to bring in more wood and to leave the kindling wood split, ready for the next fire. I have seen men who had neglected or were about to neglect this last little precaution, and I have seen the surprise, scorn and contempt in which they were held by certain of the rude natives of that land. I saw then that good manners could grow in any country, in any class; could come from any source and be practiced in any of a great many ways.

Good manners, courtesy, breeding, intelligent respect for the rights of others—are a part of the fundamental principles of any good citizenship, east, west, north, south or anywhere else in this or any other land. We may trace something of our bad manners to our celebrated melting pot, working in combination with our commercial possibilities. You cannot trace the defect back to ladies and gentlemen, no matter where they were born or how long they have been upon this soil.

A View of Mt. Sopris

There is very little land left in America that may properly be called public land. Even the great national parks, owned in common by all our people, are not public in the sense that they may be used as anyone pleases. In the great majority of cases motoring and the pursuit of any field sports such as fishing or shooting imply the use of land owned in fee and protected by the law of trespass—the least respected of all our laws in America. It may be a trifle irksome at first, but it is really fit and proper for you to ask a landowner if you may use his land before you proceed to do so. It doesn't take long to drive up to the farmer's house and ask him if you may shoot. If he says you may not, it is far better form to accept this gracefully and to thank him for the information than it is to abuse him or covertly to act counter to his wishes. The land is his, not yours; and even if he doesn't own the wild game upon it, neither do you, and the law of trespass should protect that game against you.

It is true that in actual practice most sportsmen forget the law of trespass, and rather take a pride in having done so. This is a deplorable thing; but deplorable or not, the farmer is in altogether the better position in regard to it. He has the result entirely in his own hand, and it is devoutly to be wished that the farmers will stiffen up more and more year by year and take more and more advantage of their legal rights to enforce a greater amount of public decency upon the marauding public who travel out-of-doors. Then perhaps the free citizens who have felt at liberty to do as they liked once they had a gun on shoulder or a steering wheel in hand will begin to learn that a great many of the rights they thought they had were only privileges, and not rights at all.

The Stamp of Good Breeding

If among the old-school sportsmen there was more dignity, more formality, a greater observation of the etiquette of the field than there is to-day in the army of American shooters, something of the old laws of sport does prevail, none the less, showing that there remains a basis of respect for good manners the world over, in all classes, in all times. Even in rude shooting company you will see a general sneering at the man who always claims as his the bird at which another has fired with him. The man who hurries down the trout stream ahead of you, anxious to get the best fishing, is always condemned. The etiquette of self-abnegation, of courteous acknowledgment of the right of others, is a sort of instinctive thing, sometimes sporadic; you may get it almost anywhere in sport in any country, in almost any class. But unhappily it is not a universally accepted and universally practiced law. This bird-claiming shooter, this place-claiming angler who wants all the best of it, is very apt to be the man who will tell a farmer to go to the devil, and who will help himself to any sort of property at any time he can get his hands upon it unobserved. Bad manners may be as much a crime as if punishable by fine and imprisonment; because they run into other crimes, indoors and out-of-doors.

Under the free sky, under the clean leaves of the trees and by the sweet waters—that is the very place for a man to become gentler and kinder and more generous, surely not the place for him to become rude, selfish, arrogant, domineering. Perhaps we are but passing through a certain unpleasant stage of our rapid national existence. Let us hope for a general recrudescence of the woodshed idea. There abides saving grace. Meantime, surely for the woodshed, the church, the home, the forum, the tribune—we need a new command of Genesis, "Let there be light." Publicity? Why, yes, and the more the better. And the more enemies this manner of publicity shall make for writer the more friends will have been made for the good citizenship of this country. Speed the day when there shall be brought to bear upon all these violators of decency the full force of that silent and inexorable little phrase, "It is not being done." That is the mandate of good morals. That is the stamp and the hall-mark of good breeding. The presence or the absence of this manner of hall-mark indoors or out-of-doors is precisely what always has marked and always will mark the difference between ladies and gentlemen—and others. You can tell a man's table manners by the way he fishes a trout stream, and you can tell his ancestry from his table manners.

More than 42,000,000 spark plugs were thrown away last year largely due to the breakage of inferior insulators

INFERIOR INSULATOR
VITRISTONE
Inferior insulators are frail. Their fine-grained texture is chalky and breaks down under the extreme heat—2000° to 3000° F.—rapid changes of temperature and high compression of a modern engine
Vitristone is a very strong synthetic stone. The most intense heat and vibration it must sustain in spark plug service cannot crack its rugged, crystalline structure It gives perfect insulation

42,000,000 spark plugs junked in 1917

This enormous waste, largely due to the breakage of inferior insulators, rendered needless by a new artificial stone

EVERY motorist knows the constant trouble he has with faulty spark plugs.

This trouble is largely due to the use of inferior material in the insulators. They are frail and simply can not stand up under modern engine conditions. No one should expect them to.

Inferior insulators crack and break down quickly. They cannot withstand the intense heat of the present-day engine—2000° to 3000° F.—the sudden temperature changes; high speeds; and rapidly recurring hammer-like blows of compression. They short-circuit, miss fire and are thrown away.

The development of Vitristone

After eight years of experimentation in the Red Head potteries, spark plug experts perfected an insulating material that would not crack under the most severe engine conditions.

Practical tests prove this discovery to be the greatest advance made in spark plug construction in the past ten years.

Vitristone—the new insulator—is an artificial stone. Its rugged, crystalline structure is unaffected by rapid changes from extreme heat to extreme cold. It withstands the most intense vibration.

The difference between inferior insulators and Vitristone under the heat of the engine is the difference between a cheap porcelain-ware dish and a stone-ware dish. If you suddenly pour cold liquid into a hot porcelain-ware dish, the chances are it will crack, but you can subject a stone-ware dish to the same test without damaging it.

Built for years of service

Red Head spark plugs are built for years of service. Rigid tests insure gas-tightness and insulator efficiency. If a Red Head misses, clean it and nine times out of ten it will fire 100% right. It is easy to clean.

Don't wait till your spark plugs crack and miss fire. *Put a full set of Red Head plugs in your engine today.* You will find that they stand up perfectly under the most severe working conditions.

There is a Red Head plug for every requirement.

Your dealer has Red Head plugs in stock or can get them for you. If he does not, write to us for the name of the nearest dealer who can supply you.

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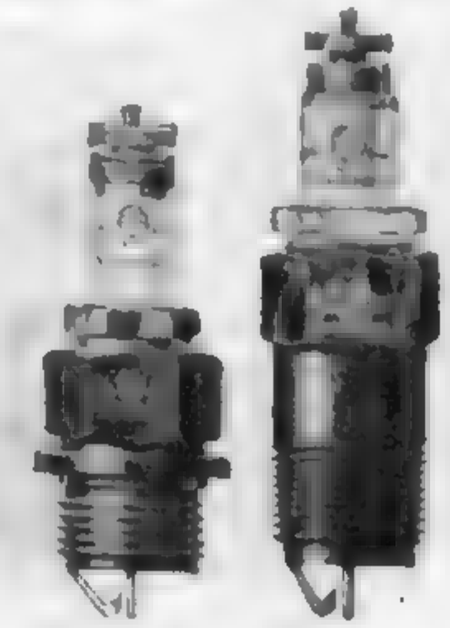
Porcelain-ware

Many inferior insulators are made of the same material as a cheap porcelain ware cup, which quickly cracks and breaks under sudden and extreme changes of temperature

Stone-ware

Stone-ware withstands extremes of heat and cold. That is why Vitristone insulators do not break

Red Head Spark Plug
Vitristone Insulator



Red Head Vitristone Standard [illegible] *an all-purpose trouble-proof plug* $1.00

Red Head Vitristone Special for Fords Long body assures accessibility $1.75

This Handsome Davenport Is Also A Comfortable Full Sized Bed

EVERY family wanting to save space and rent and to live more comfortably, as well as more economically, should own a Kroehler Bed Davenport.

A luxuriously handsome and up-to-date Davenport instantly and easily convertible into a comfortable full sized bed. Saves space—saves rent—makes one room serve as two.

KROEHLER

Bed Davenports

Won the Highest Award at Panama-Pacific Exposition

Two types—the Kroehler Kodav, a short davenport; the Kroehler Daveno, a long davenport—each is made in many delightful modern and period designs. You should buy the one best suited to the size of your room.

Superb finishes—luxurious upholstery, rich covers in tapestry, damask, velour, as well as genuine or imitation leather.

Either Kodav or Daveno is equipped with a comfortable full sized 72 in. x 48 in. sanitary, all steel, sagless bed spring. Ample room for thick mattress and all bedding, which is concealed by day! Folds and unfolds easily—nothing to get out of order. Bed frame and springs entirely independent of upholstery.

Most dealers sell mattresses separately, giving customer choice of various makes, but to insure greatest comfort, we strongly recommend that you buy a 30 or 35 lb. cotton felt mattress.

We also recommend the Superior Leather Substitute, O'BANNON'S MOLESKIN, which has the rich leather appearance and durability of high-grade Genuine Leather.

Kroehler Bed Davenports are made by master craftsmen in a factory equipped with the highest type of modern machinery to make perfect furniture and do it economically, and with facilities for seasoning and drying the lumber before it is used. Every detail in process of construction is carefully watched. The best materials are used and the finished article critically inspected before shipment.

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of reliable dealers everywhere. Do not accept a substitute. It's to your interest to buy furniture made by a large manufacturer of strong financial standing whose reputation is at stake.

Our trade-mark, the name "Kroehler," is on every bed. Insist on seeing it before you buy. Write for interesting Booklet and Name of Dealer.

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ON NIGHT PATROL

(Continued from Page 8)

at the bottom of the valley. A small creek faced them. The road crossed the creek by a bridge, and the Americans had an idea that the boche patrols used it. They either crossed there or at a ford some distance to the right.

Suddenly a machine gun began to chatter. The patrol threw themselves flat on the ground, with their faces in the dirt so that the helmets would protect their heads, and waited. The boche sniper soon ceased, and they got to their feet again. No bullets had come their way; evidently he had not heard them.

"Damn!" muttered the lieutenant. "They flop down like a sack of coal."

Arrived at the bridge he silently stationed his men. He had now fourteen to dispose of, three having been dropped out to cover the party in the event of a hasty withdrawal. They were stationed at intervals along the edge of the road as far back as the inner wire.

A short distance to the left of the bridgehead he put an automatic rifleman with a carrier behind him; then three bombers with hand grenades, closer in. The sergeant took up position near the bridge on the left of the road; young Jones lay across from him on the right. Beyond him were two rifle-grenade men, with a carrier at their heels; then three more bombers, and another automatic rifleman and his carrier. The automatic-rifle experts on either side could sweep the bridge with their fire, the while the bombers tossed grenades. In short, Lieutenant Jones had framed up quite a nice little party, and hoped for the best.

All was now ready for the arrival of the guests. The patrol lay low and waited. Bud could hear his own heart going about two hundred to the minute, but he forgot all about that in a gust of rage against the rifle-grenade carrier behind him, who was breathing like a grampus just come up for air. Next moment, too, somebody coughed—stealthily, it is true, but loud enough to wake the dead out there.

That's always the way. There won't be a symptom of a cold among the men picked for a patrol, yet as soon as the party gets out into No Man's Land half of them will begin to cough. It wouldn't make any difference if they knew that one cough would bring down a barrage; they'd still do it.

While Lieutenant Jones was gnashing his teeth and glaring balefully over his shoulder through the gloom at the fellow who was breathing so hard, one of the bombers crept up to him on his hands and knees and put his lips close to the officer's ear. What he said matters not. It set Bud in motion. He started to crawl off toward the right, working soundlessly along on his stomach by the aid of his elbows.

Oblowski Comes to Life

Private Oblowski, bomber, was missing from his post. The bag of bombs was there, but he had sneaked off.

"He can't be far away," reflected the lieutenant, "because he'd know the men on the road would pick him up."

He rose and commenced a cautious hunt. Twenty yards back he descried a dark blur—a shell hole.

"Oblowski!" he whispered.

No move; yet Jones felt certain that the renegade was there, and wondered whether he would shoot on perceiving that he was discovered. The possibility did not deter him. He approached the shell hole on hands and knees and slid down. There was Oblowski, face downward against the side of the hole. He did not stir, and appeared to be either dead or unconscious.

Jones shook him. The soldier gave limply to his grasp and made no sound. Had it been any other man of the party the lieutenant might have been alarmed by the symptoms, but he knew Oblowski.

With his mouth close to the deserter's ear he breathed: "It won't work, Oblowski. Get back to your post or I'll kill you here. Would you rather have me do it or take a chance on the boche?"

Still not a sign of consciousness; evidently the bomber knew quite well that the lieutenant dared not risk a shot in No Man's Land. And as clearly as though the shirker had voiced his thought Jones guessed what was passing in his mind.

A furious rage seized him. He grabbed Oblowski by the elbow and began to apply the boot. It is strictly against regulations for an officer to kick a soldier, but a lot of regulations are made for peacetimes and go by the board in the stress of war; besides, Oblowski was not a soldier at that moment, but a deserter. Therefore, Lieut. Cabot Lee Higginson Jones, U. S. R., hung to one of Private Oblowski's arms and kicked convenient portions of his anatomy as hard as he was able.

It worked like a charm. Private Oblowski came out of his trance. He grunted "Ouch!" first; then "Gee, that hurts!" and presently was rubbing his eyes as though awaking from a dream.

"I thought that'd do it," muttered the lieutenant, giving him a couple of extra ones for luck.

"Now," he whispered into Private Oblowski's unwashed ear, "you come on back to your post or I'll shoot you the minute we're safe inside our own wire."

Without proffering any explanations or excuses, the bomber climbed out of the hole and started to crawl back. Jones followed a foot behind him.

Two Hours of Silent Waiting

Another of the bombers was instructed to keep an eye on Oblowski and the lieutenant returned to his post. With the patrol reestablished in position he felt better; but he reproached himself bitterly for not having left the shirker behind, under stiff punishment.

They waited beside the bridge in an electric stillness. The suspense became terrific. The officer's skin pringled, and his body grew rigid at the faintest sound. The least stirring of a cramped limb was magnified a thousandfold, and the dim void beyond the creek seemed to swarm with shapes.

It was easier for the men. Their only apprehension was born of the personal risk. They were not to make a move until their officer gave the signal; it was for them to lie quiet and let the lieutenant do the thinking; no responsibility rested on them.

The minutes dragged by, but no enemy appeared. His men were growing restless. As their eyes grew accustomed to the gloom so that they could distinguish objects in the vicinity their initial caution departed and they took to easing cramped limbs. Several of them gave vent to smothered coughs.

Jones pulled back his sleeve and glanced at the luminous dial of his watch. He had specific orders as to the length of time they were to wait at the bridge and it was important that he should not exceed the limit, for other work remained to be done.

A flare soared aloft from the enemy lines, and he caught his breath. It seemed to him that every man of them must stand out in the dazzling light like an electric sign in a dark street. Surely the boches must detect them in that pitiless glare! An interval of agonizing suspense while they hugged the ground; then the light died, and he breathed again.

Once more the dark, and the sullen brooding quiet that hangs over the trenches on still nights—a quiet more menacing than screaming shells. Under it men's nerves begin to quiver and jump, and imagination plays strange tricks. Staring toward the bridge with smarting eyes Lieutenant Jones could see all manner of moving figures—of stealthy, creeping foes. Yet he forced his will to dominate his fears and waited with outward calm.

Two hours passed in this fashion. From time to time flares lighted the boche positions and the woven tangle of their wire, and occasionally a white rocket appeared above a sector where some of our own troops were holding the trenches; but otherwise the night was singularly free from activity.

Once again Lieutenant Jones consulted his watch. "Nothing doing," he muttered; and be it said that his regret was nicely tempered by relief. Their time was up. The ambush had failed. Now an entirely different job faced them.

He passed the word along, and when all were ready led the way over the bridge. They were now on the enemy side of the valley. The lieutenant proceeded toward their wire, moving slowly and with infinite caution, his patrol following at designated intervals. They were really a combat and not a reconnoitering patrol, but he had been

(Continued on Page 78)

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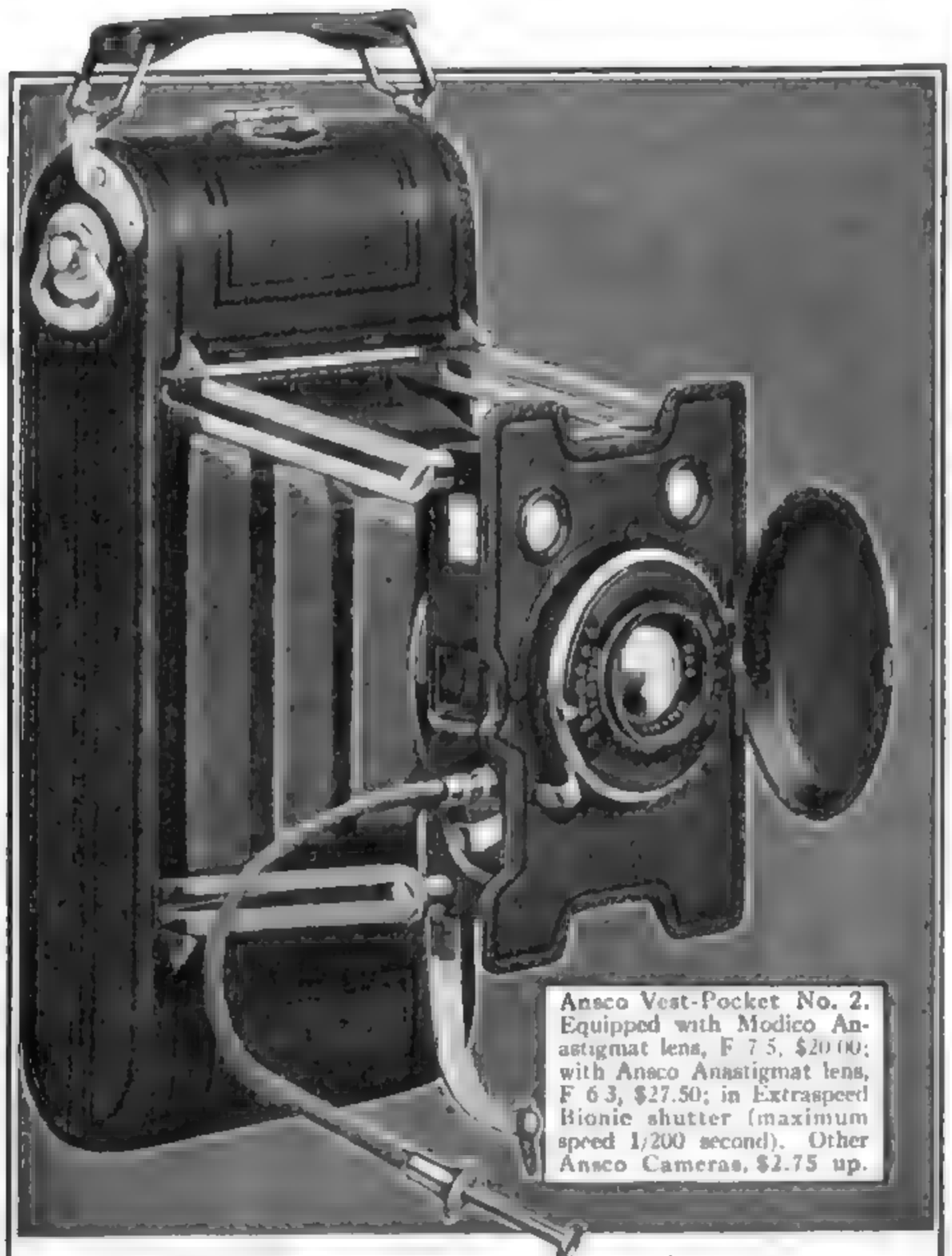

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Continued from Page 76

ordered to get something more definite in the way of information about the boche wire than "fairly good condition," and he was going to do it.

One of the men tripped and went down with an awful clatter. Jones did not hesitate; he knew intuitively that the noise would draw fire, and threw himself flat. The others imitated him.

Rat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!

The German sniper fired blindly into the night, sweeping the area whence the noise had come. Some of the bullets whined above them. He lowered his fire, and the dust spurted in jets into the face and eyes and mouth of Lieut. Cabot Lee Higginson Jones, U. S. R. Then, apparently satisfied that nothing threatened, the hidden gunner desisted

But for several minutes the patrol lay where they were. Not a man of them but wondered whether he had been hit; not one but expected the outburst to be followed by a rocket calling for a barrage; and if a barrage were put down while they were out in No Man's Land there wouldn't be an identity tag left of the party to send home.

At last Jones rose, dusted his clothes from force of habit, though it was an absurd thing to do, and silently interrogated the man next to him for casualties. That soldier was O. K.; so was the next. The voiceless roll call went along to the last man. All were unscathed except the sergeant, who was bleeding from a wound in the forearm. As it appeared to be a trifle, and the sergeant showed fierce resentment when Jones made motions to indicate that he might go back, the party advanced once more toward their objective.

Pretty soon they could feel that they were ascending a slope. The ground was rough and badly torn. Shell holes gaped everywhere; a man had to keep his eye peeled lest he fall into one. Whenever Lieutenant Jones paused to get his bearings he saw the dark bulk of Mont —— looming ahead, and so knew that they were going straight.

Quack! A short interval, and—quack! Officer and men dropped stealthily to earth.

Jones would have sworn that it was a duck; but what could a duck be doing out close to the boche wire in the dead of night? He lay motionless, listening. And as he waited the sergeant came crawling up to him on his belly. Silently the sergeant pointed an arm toward their right, but strain his eyes as he might the lieutenant could discern nothing. A moment, and to his ears came the unmistakable crunch of marching feet. There was a party of boches somewhere southeast of them.

Human Quacks and Real Barks

Quack! Quack! The signal now came from a point almost straight ahead. It was immediately answered from the direction in which he had heard movement. Evidently two parties of the enemy were abroad, and were thus apprising each other of their locations.

Lieutenant Jones stuck his lips close to the sergeant's ear and gave certain orders. The sergeant turned round and began to worm back along the line of prone men. Two minutes later the entire patrol got into motion. They went crawling on their stomachs toward the nearer group of the enemy.

The officer took the lead. Hard as the going was he was making very fair progress when suddenly his helmet brought up against metal with a reverberating clang; he had reached the enemy's barbed wire.

Of course he stopped, stiff as a ramrod; and the man at his heels brought up with a jerk. Their hearts were in their throats; the whole wide world seemed to hold its breath; the patrol lay like dead men, waiting for whatever might befall.

A dog began to bark. It was not the aimless baying a dog indulges in when the mood seizes him at night, but sharp and purposeful, ending in a fierce throaty growl. The beast had not only heard them but probably had seen them as well; he was not fifty yards in front.

Next moment a thin shaft of light showed through the dark, and a voice spoke to the dog. He growled again. Evidently he was tethered somewhere in the wire; just as evidently the voice came from a boche who had emerged from a dugout in the trenches and was now peering over the top to see what had alarmed the beast.

But luck was with the patrol, for while they flattened themselves in dread expectation of a challenge and swiftly following fire, a party of the enemy approached the spot where the dog was tied. They came carelessly, with crunch of boot and clang of spade against iron; two of them were talking. Their tones were subdued but nevertheless distinctly audible to the tense listeners lying outside the wire.

The dog continued to growl; twice he barked savagely; but it was apparent that the owner ascribed his uneasiness to the presence of their own party, for he spoke sharply to the animal. Then Jones saw another thin gleam of light, and guessed that the man was descending into his dugout.

Who were the newcomers? And what of the others who had quacked from the right? As he speculated on the latter point Bud caught a distant steady tramp of feet on duck boards, and the question was answered for him. A party of boches were going along their trenches, evidently a patrol returning from a tour.

Meanwhile the enemy directly in their front continued to advance. The officer began to think he could descry individual figures, but could not be sure. At any rate the thing to do was to let them come on, so he waited.

Bud Jones the Doctor

Perhaps sixty yards in front of them, beyond the thick masses of their wire barriers, the Germans came to a stop. A muttered word, and they set to work with picks and shovels. Lieutenant Jones, shivering with eagerness like a fox terrier at a groundhog's hole, also heard the click and play of pliers.

A working party! What to do now? They were out to bag Germans of course, but if they opened fire the entire patrol would assuredly be wiped from the face of the earth before they could recross the creek. Also, they wanted prisoners; but how could they be obtained with the wire barriers between? It was a ticklish position, in which every second counted, and the decision rested with Lieutenant Jones, bond salesman, twenty-three years of age, who never before in his bright young life had ever been obliged to decide between anything more momentous than a brassy and a midiron.

After a while he touched the man back of him, motioning that he should return. The soldier passed the signal along. Soon the patrol were retreating on their stomachs the way they had come, back toward their own lines. If any individual among them regretted going it wasn't visible in his speed. The lieutenant came last, covering the retreat.

I hate to write about an American patrol turning tail in the face of the enemy, but wait—wait! They reached the bottom of the valley without mishap. Several flares went up, but in distant parts of the sector, and they arrived at the creek without being detected. Here the lieutenant was obliged to take the lead again, for none of the men knew the whereabouts of the bridge and going to the ford had become out of the question. Time was too precious.

The patrol no longer crawled; they walked. With the officer some yards in advance they arrived at the bridgehead and Jones saw them safely across. He counted them as they passed. The tally was correct.

"And now," he said to himself as he brought up the rear of the procession, "if we can only get in without trouble!"

A party of soldiers unable to regain their own lines without a hot reception may seem a joke, but it is no joke to the men who have to do it. As often as not a zealous doughboy will forget about the patrol or grow hazy as to its position and let fly with a hail of bullets from his automatic at the first noise he hears. Men of the same battalion, too, often shoot each other up unwittingly from different salients, simply because they are new at the game and have not yet acquired an accurate knowledge of the lay of their trenches. They detect movement away off in the dark and bang at it; the others reply; and first thing a raging major knows a couple of his companies have a little war of their own on.

Now Jones' patrol was in an awkward fix for a safe return. They had gone out on the left of the sector, with orders to do what they were sent to do and then enter the company's lines at the extreme right. To accomplish this he should have found

(Concluded on Page 81)

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(Concluded from Page 78)

the ford and crossed the creek there; but, as I have already mentioned, his plan left no time for that. He must get back to a telephone with all speed, and so he was making for their original exit as fast as the patrol could leg it without giving themselves away.

The party negotiated the road safely and went down the wide lane between the second and inner barrier of wire. So far, all was well. Nobody challenged, and there was no sign that the soldiers in the adjoining post had heard them. Hardly fifty yards now lay between the patrol and the shelter of their own trenches.

Then somebody stumbled over a clump of dirt and banged his rifle against the wire. Instantly they heard "Halt!"

Every man dropped except Cabot Lee Higginson Jones. He was at the tail of the line, and he needed to be at the head; so he took a chance and ran forward.

Followed the sharp spat of a rifle. He felt a lusty blow on his helmet, as though somebody had hit him with a club, and down he went. Lucky for him that he did; the soldier in the post pumped bullets over the spot, and his comrades turned loose a shower of hand grenades. Several of them plumped on the ground close beside the party without exploding. Three went off, but they had fallen short and at their left, and nobody was hurt.

Risky Business

The officer cast caution to the winds; as well be killed by a boche barrage as by the fire of one's own men. He rose to his knees and shouting "Field! Daley! Don't shoot! It's the patrol," dashed ahead. Perhaps they heard him and understood; perhaps they had decided on another course of action. At any rate the firing ceased.

The lieutenant was within three feet of the parapet when a rifle was poked through and the soldier behind it fired again. He missed; next instant Jones was over the top in a diving tackle. As he went he cried: "It's me, you damn fools! The lieutenant!"

Two of the men recognized his tones and stood staring stupidly as he hurtled into their midst from the dark. But the other was all up in the air. To him the affair was a raid, and the boches were already upon them. Dropping his weapon he seized a rocket and tried to apply a match. Even as he did so the officer went headfirst for his middle and got both arms round him. The sizzling rocket fell to the floor of the trench, where it hissed and roared and sputtered fire like the grand finale of a July Fourth celebration.

"Hold still!" commanded the officer sharply. "Help me with him, Daley!"

The corporal came to his assistance, and between them they subdued and pacified the panicky soldier.

Said Jones, panting: "Thank the Lord it didn't go up! Why, man, a barrage would wipe out the whole bunch! Now sit tight here until I bring them in."

In no time the entire party was safely in the trenches, telling their comrades all about it. As for Lieutenant Jones, he had no leisure for conversation; he was running toward the company post of command.

"Back already?" began the captain, rubbing his forehead sleepily as Bud burst into the dugout. "What happened?"

Young Jones did not pause to enlighten him. He seized the telephone and started to bark into it. What he said was in code, but as he listened the captain's eyes began to bulge with excitement and he rubbed his knees gleefully.

"Great!" he exclaimed. "Fine business! Sure you got the exact location? Then you'd better ——"

What Jones had better do he never learned. You see, he was new at soldiering and it never occurred to him now to wait for orders. Big things were about to come off—the greatest game of his life was on—and he, Cabot Lee Higginson Jones, was going to be there or bust. Out he ran, heading toward the exit into No Man's Land, leaving the captain to appease a frantic major's curiosity over the telephone as best he might.

Pausing only long enough at a listening post to leave explicit orders there could be no confusing, the lieutenant climbed out and started once more through the wire toward the bridge. Hearing a noise close at his back he stopped, with automatic ready, but it was his striker, who had followed him. "Captain said I could, sir," he lied, and Jones was too glad of his company to question.

They stole across the bridge on the balls of their feet; a machine gunner barked at them, but the shooting was poor and the pair did not halt. They commenced to run. Any other time Jones would have considered it the height of madness to cross No Man's Land so carelessly; but now he was on fire with eagerness, absolutely oblivious of danger in the excitement of the hunt.

He was still in this exultant mood when a dog barked. The sound brought him up short. He slid into an adjacent shell hole and pulled Thompson down with him. And the two lay there, gasping for breath.

Presently they had regained their wind and overcome their excitement sufficiently to hear other sounds than the beating of their own hearts. Not far ahead men were industriously digging with picks and shovels; there could be no doubt of it.

"If they get the range right, first crack," whispered Jones to himself prayerfully, "oh, boy!"

What would happen if the artillery did not—what would happen if their fire fell short and enveloped the shell hole—he did not care to think about.

"I wonder why the devil they don't open up?" thought Jones in a fever of impatience.

The artillery response ought to have come long before this. He had expected it to be in full blast ere he got out of the trenches, but fifteen minutes had elapsed and still everything was quiet. The delay was due to a slight misunderstanding of the code on Jones' part—his instructions were found to conflict—but the captain straightened it out by a miracle of intuition, the artillery officer replied "O.K.," and twenty-nine seconds later two batteries were belching flames and screeching death.

Jones and Thompson heard the shells tearing toward them and cowered down against the wall of the hole.

Blinding flashes almost in their faces, a series of rending explosions, and in front of them they heard shell and shrapnel splinters, dirt and stones falling in showers. Next moment came a rush of feet and the screams of men in mortal terror. A salvo had burst squarely in the middle of the working party, and they were now trampling one another to escape.

Lieutenant Jones raised his head cautiously above the rim for a look.

What was left of the working party were floundering back to the boches' trenches, screaming as they ran. It was horrible to hear. Yet as he listened, Lieutenant Jones was filled with a blessed sense of relief. He had entered the trenches with a wholesome respect for the boche, with an inner unconfessed suspicion that Heiny was a superior article of fighting man, the best of them all. But now he croaked to Shorty Thompson, his striker:

"Hell! Listen to that! We can lick men who scream, any day!"

"Sure we can!" agreed Private Thompson.

They remained in the hole until the job was done. What damage the American shells did to the boche wire they could not discern, but in the light of some flares the enemy sent up they descried several bodies on the ground and five hanging limply in the wire.

"Let's go," whispered the lieutenant, and just then the German artillery opened up in reprisal. What portion of our positions they were shelling the two could not see, but they lay low and waited until the fire died down. Then they crawled out of their refuge and started back across No Man's Land.

Same Old Wire

About the hour of dawn, just as the usual company patrol was setting forth for an examination of their own wire, Lieut. Cabot Lee Higginson Jones, U. S. R., sat him down to the table in the dugout with a pen and paper.

He was very sleepy, but on him had descended a wonderful sense of peace.

He was too tired for elation, but he wouldn't have changed places with the occupant of a reserved table on Broadway, with all the food restrictions called off. The paper he held was an official-looking form headed Company Patrol Report, and there were six spaces to be filled in, with a seventh reserved for remarks. These spaces were labeled:

1. Patrol of —— N.C.O. and —— men
2. Left ——
3. Mission ——
4. Ground patrolled ——
5. Returned to ——
6. Results ——
7. Remarks

Lieutenant Jones scanned this formidable array and yawned. He was all in, and a wire cut on his cheek was stiffening.

"Why don't you let that go until this afternoon?" inquired the captain. "There's no rush."

"Oh, that intelligence guy'll be along here about eleven o'clock, roaring for it just when I'm getting in my best lick of sleep," answered Jones. "And I don't intend to be waked up by that big stiff or anybody else. If Old Man Hindenburg himself should come along and ask for the privilege of shaking the hand of Lieut. C. L. H. Jones, you tell him I'm asleep and to go chase himself."

So saying he yawned again, lighted a cigarette and began to write. With short and soldierly sentences he penned his report. The first six spaces were rapidly filled; he reached the seventh. There he paused a moment, blinked sleepily, and then set down in a clear, steady hand under the title of Remarks: "Enemy wire in fair condition."

WHISPERING WIRES

(Continued from Page 11)

Drew called his name. He repeated it. He motioned for Delaney to remain in the doorway. He tiptoed round the table, stooped with one knee upon the rug, and shook the magnate's stiff left arm.

A stain of scarlet which had clotted the wainscoting's lower seam and the polished planks of the hardwood floor held him. He closed his eyes in puzzled thought. Then, without disturbing the body, he stood erect and wheeled upon the staring, chalky faces in the doorway.

"Keep everybody out!" he told Delaney. "Stand right there where you are! Do you smell anything?"

"Sure! It's powder I smell. How ——"

"Stockbridge is dead! He was shot at very close range under the left ear with a small-caliber revolver. The powder stains are there. The opening is clotted shut. The bullet went into his brain. He fell forward. He knocked over the little table with its load of trays, telephone, cigar butts, and a bottle and glass. He's been dead—some time."

"I 'eard no shot!" cried the butler.

"You wouldn't," Drew said absently. "Delaney," he added, "say, Delaney, you'd better get out a scrap of paper and a pencil. We want some notes on this."

"I'm ready," the operative said huskily as he chewed upon the end of a short pencil.

"Take this," mused Drew. "Take —— Wait a moment."

The detective strode across the library and snapped on the switch by the door. A flood of soft frosted light brought out every detail of the palatial room. He advanced to the windows, thrust aside the curtains of each and glanced outside.

"Both closed," he said to Delaney. "Put that down. Snow on the sills. Put that down. No trace"—he climbed up on the ornate radiator boxes and felt the patent catches—"no trace of being opened. Impossible for anyone to have fired a bullet through them. Put that down!"

"Now, Delaney," he resumed, "we shall consider the door." He stepped close up to the locks, eyed them, backed into the room, and examined the chamfering.

"Double-locked, Delaney; first with a key—then with a good bolt. Standard lock of superior make. Two keyholes—one outside and one inside—which are not in line with each other. Now, Delaney, pocket your notes and come on inside. Go over everything for a possible trapdoor or panel. Tap the walls. Move the cases. Turn the pictures. Lift the rugs. Then put things back just as you found them. We'll have the coroner here soon. Also, the

(Continued on Page 83)

Why Are Some Motorists so Careless about Money Spent on Radiator Repairs?

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They ought to learn about "X" Liquid—

The most Scientific Process of permanently REPAIRING leaks without solder or welding!

And if the saving of $10 to $25 on a repair job didn't interest them—they'd learn that "X" Liquid does a BETTER job—its proper use prevents FUTURE LEAKS—and abolishes RUST and SCALE in the cooling system.

"X" IS a pure LIQUID. It is poured into the radiator, instantly combines with the water and circulates throughout the cooling system. Wherever there is a leak—"X" automatically finds it, flows through and turns to a metallic-like solid RIGHT IN THE HOLE. This makes a life-time repair. Vibration cannot loosen it!

In using "X" THERE IS NO NEED TO DRAIN THE RADIATOR. No need to fuss or bother. "X" positively will REPAIR all leaks in the radiator, pump, gaskets, connections, etc.—without clogging the cooling system. And if kept in the water "X" will PREVENT NEW LEAKS. "X" is not a cement, powder or flaxseed meal in liquid form. It will not harm iron, steel, brass, rubber or aluminum.

EVERY water cooling system is choked with rust and scale—causing more trouble than most motorists realize. It is a remarkable fact that the same "X" Liquid used for repairing leaks—will, if left in the water, loosen the rust and scale already formed. And by absorbing all free oxygen in the water "X" WILL PREVENT NEW RUST AND SCALE FROM FORMING.

This means a clean cooling system, a cooler, better-working engine and a SAVING OF OIL.

"X" Liquid is guaranteed to make good or your money back.

LARGE SIZE $1.50
Does a $25 repair job!

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Does a $15 repair job!

Your dealer can supply you—or we will ship direct on receipt of price and dealer's name

"X" LABORATORIES
640 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

"X" Liquid makes water-cooling systems: Leakproof—Rustproof—Scaleproof

FRIEDA HEMPEL JOINS EDISON

MISS HEMPEL, of the Metropolitan Opera, called by critics "the most richly endowed soprano in America," has joined the Edison group of stars. A true artist, her ambition to have her voice Re-Created and preserved in all its splendor outweighed all other considerations. Henceforth she will sing for the only instrument which can Re-Create her glorious voice.

It was through hearing the Re-Creations of other great artists that Miss Hempel became interested in the New Edison. The temptation to hear *her* voice thus Re-Created was too strong to be resisted. She came to our laboratories; made a Re-Creation; then submitted it to the searching trial of the tone test. She herself sang in direct comparison with the instrument. It was enough. Those who have heard her voice on talking machines can conceive her joy in hearing it Re-Created with such fidelity that no human ear could distinguish artist from instrument. Then and there she resolved that henceforth the instrument for her voice was

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Now at last *you* can hear Frieda Hempel. Not an imitation, but Miss Hempel herself. And this though you're a thousand miles from the Metropolitan Opera House. See the list of her Re-Creations. It is your opportunity to hear the world's most beautiful music interpreted by one of the world's greatest singers.

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A postcard brings our interesting literature, including the musical magazine, "Along Broadway."

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Theme and Variations (*Proch*)
As sung by Miss Hempel at the Metropolitan in "The Daughter of the Regiment."

Ave Maria—Cavalleria Rusticana.
An adaptation from the Intermezzo by Mascagni. Violin obbligato by Mary Zentay.

Aloha Oe. (*Queen Liliuokalani*)
Assisted by Criterion Quartet.

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Assisted by Criterion Quartet.

Emmett's Lullaby. (*J. K. Emmett*)

Long, Long Ago. (*Bayly*)

The photograph depicts Miss Hempel singing in direct comparison with her own voice on the New Edison. The instrument with which this tone test was made is an Official Laboratory Model, encased in a William and Mary cabinet of walnut. See this cabinet at your dealer's. Price $265. (In Canada add duty.)

(Continued from Page 81)

Central Office crowd. I want your notes first."

Drew glared at the butler's popping eyes.

"You!" he said, pointing an accusing finger. "You didn't obey orders! You didn't stay where you were told to stay!"

"So 'elp me, I did, Mr. Drew! Hif I didn't it wasn't farther than th' foyer or th' downstairs steps. I 'ad my eye on the door all of th' time."

"You heard nothing? Nothing fall—like a table, for instance?"

"I did not, sir."

"No shot?"

"I cawn't say I did, sir."

"No telephone bell ringing?"

"The library is almost soundproof, sir."

"Very true," said Drew. "Very true, indeed." He turned on one heel. "Well, Delaney, what have you discovered? Find anything queer?"

"Everything's regular. Modern—very modern house! Thick, new, fireproof, soundproof building. No trapdoors or panels. The gunman who pulled off this job went right up in smoke. I quit, chief!"

Drew sank down on one knee by the side of Stockbridge's body. His swift fingers ran over the pockets of the vest and trousers. He pulled out the millionaire's watch. It had been stopped by the fall. The crystal was in pieces. The hands were bent. His dark eyes snapped as he rose and exclaimed:

"The murder occurred at four minutes and eighteen seconds past twelve o'clock, if the watch was right. It's a fine movement—easily worth a thousand dollars."

He thrust his fingers through his black hair. He repeated the combing motion. The telephone held his glance. He reached, grasped and fished up the dangling receiver by its silken cord.

"Give me Spring 3100," he said as Central answered.

"Hello! Hello! Is this Spring 3100?" he inquired in level tones. "Hello! Who's talking? . . . James? . . . Well, James, plug me in on the Fifth Deputy Commissioner's private house wire. . . . Sir? . . . I don't care! This is Drew talking. Drew! D-r-e-w! . . . Yes; of Drew's Agency!"

He turned and eyed the puzzled Delaney, who stood in the center of the library. He tapped the receiver against the transmitter. His lips hardened as the diaphragm vibrated harshly.

"Hello!" he snapped. "Hello, commissioner! This is Drew. . . . Drew—yes. I say, Fosdick, there's been a murder committed at Stockbridge's. . . . You know—the millionaire; the munitions magnate; Morphy's old partner. . . . Yes—he's dead; he's stone-dead! Send your best operatives. We've removed nothing. . . . Yes; send finger-print man and photographer. You'll need them. He was shot down in a sealed room. . . . Yes, sealed! Sealed and guarded. . . . No; it wasn't suicide. Not by your badge, Fosdick! It—was—murder! I'll stake my interest in this life on that. The weapon used must have been a small-caliber revolver held not farther than two inches from his head. . . . Burned? Yes—powder burns! Close up! You ——"

Drew lowered the receiver. He wheeled toward the doorway of the library. Loris Stockbridge, gowned in lace chiffon and a hastily thrown on opera cloak, stood framed in the silken portières. Her dusk-black eyes burned and blazed across the room with a shimmer of amazement.

Clasped in the fingers of her jewelless, right hand was a tiny ivory-mounted revolver.

"What are you people doing here?"

Detective Drew flushed red under his olive skin. He bowed, with his keen glance fixed upon the little revolver clasped in Loris' slender hand.

"Miss Stockbridge," he said, "Miss Loris, something has happened to your father. Won't you go upstairs with the butler till the investigation is made?"

"Happened," she repeated blankly. "What could have happened to him?"

Her splendid eyes fastened upon the envelope and letter as if they contained the explanation. She stepped slowly toward them. Drew held out a barrier arm.

"Please don't!" he whispered. "Your father is over there."

"Is he dead?"

The words came too suddenly to suit Drew.

"Yes," he said, narrowing his lids. "Yes - he is dead. He was killed in this locked room by a revolver shot behind and under the left ear. No one was in this room when we locked him in. No one was in it when we broke the door down save him. He was ——"

"Murdered!" Loris' voice rose into wild ripples of poignant grief.

She swayed. Her knees bent. She sank fainting at Drew's feet. He stooped swiftly, placed one arm under her head, while with the other he reached along her arm and unclasped the little revolver.

"I'll take charge of this," he whispered into Delaney's ear as that detective sprang forward. "You and the butler carry her upstairs to her bedroom. It's on the third floor, I think. That's the reason she didn't hear us breaking through the library door."

Drew dropped the revolver into his side pocket. He followed Delaney and the butler with their burden as far as the first stairway. He came back and stood in the great hallway, where all of the servants were gathered.

Eying each one, he saw that they lowered their heads under his accusing scrutiny. Focusing his gaze, he tried to single out a culprit from their midst. There seemed to be none. The assassination was so baffling he refused to allow his brain to connect them with the murder of Stockbridge. He beckoned to the hallman; instructed him to stand in front of the library door and let no one in till Fosdick and the Homicide Squad arrived.

He broke his own orders by pressing aside the portières and entering the chamber. His search was a thorough one, done in solitude and silence. He went over the body of the aged millionaire. He took samples of the blood and the dried whisky stains. He examined every square inch of surface about the corpse. There seemed to be no clew.

He stepped out of the library and glided through the foyer hall to the front door. Here Delaney joined him as footsteps sounded outside upon the snow and the bell rang with imperious insistence.

"The C. O. bunch," said Delaney. "I'll go on to the taxi, chief. I'll round up our men and wait for you. We've no more interest in the case—have we?"

Drew shook his head and opened the door. He caught Fosdick by the sleeve and pulled him on one side as five Central Office men stamped into the hallway.

The commissioner, with necktie untied and collar awry, listened as Drew whispered the details of the crime, holding back the matter of the revolver and Loris until a future hour.

"I'm going, Fosdick," he said as he finished. "I'll leave the case to you—where it belongs. Call me up about eight in the morning. I'll be at my office."

Drew crossed the Avenue. He climbed into the taxi, which started round the block with Delaney hanging on the running board.

The Central Office man who had taken O'Toole's place had little to report. O'Toole had vanished close on the heels of the blond young man in the fur overcoat. They had gone southward.

Drew sprang from the taxi as he received this information.

"Come on, Delaney," he said. "Let's you and I walk. We'll work over to Fifth Avenue and then down."

Delaney fell in behind his chief. They struck through a side street and westward. The hour was after two. The crisp snow underfoot was almost untrodden. The bright stars had come out to sparkle the world with their beauty. Drew turned up his coat collar. He hooked his arm till it crept under Delaney's. He pulled the detective to his side.

"Fifth Avenue," he announced as they reached the corner. "Now downtown. I want to walk and get the fog from my brain. I want to think. That place back there muddled me. We can get coffee and rolls later on. I'll never sleep till I settle this case. I never shall!"

Delaney glanced round. He blinked as he saw the towering façades of Stockbridge's mansion; its turrets and towers spired in the frosty air. Drew walked on in silence for three blocks.

"Delaney," said he then, "this case, like many others, is just an elimination of false leads. We should keep along the main stem. Truth is a tree with many branches. It rises from the roots of cause and reaches the top called effect. It springs from motive to crime in one straight line. We must trim the branches and then we can see the trunk."

"There's one I'd like to trim right now," said Delaney.

"Which one?" asked Drew.

"That noise in the room like a cat getting its tail twisted."

"I can explain that," Drew said.

"It's been driving me to drink, chief."

"The telephone companies have a device, Delaney, they call a howler, which they cut in on the wire when a receiver is off the hook. It is simply a high-frequency current that vibrates the diaphragm till somebody hears it and puts the receiver where it belongs."

"It's a howler, all right, chief!"

"Oftentimes a book gets under the receiver and lifts it from the hook an inch or more. The chief operator at Gramercy Hill put the howler on after Stockbridge was shot and the phone had fallen to the floor. Is that satisfactory? I didn't recognize it myself, at first."

"I see it now, chief. I thought all along it was spirits, like the rest of the job. Outside of spirits, there's only one answer—the multimillionaire let somebody into the library when the butler wasn't looking. That somebody shot him."

Drew chuckled beneath his overcoat collar.

"You have another guess. How did the library door get locked and bolted on the inside if that was the case? Did Stockbridge, shot through the brain, rise and do it?"

"I never thought of that!" Delaney admitted.

"No," said Drew; "it's just a question of applying ordinary up-to-date methods. We'll start by calling on Harry Nichols. I've his address."

Ten minutes later, after a brisk walk through Thirty-ninth Street, Drew mounted a flight of steps and pushed the button under the name H. E. Nichols, which was printed in neat script over a mail box.

The lock was clicking when an exclamation sounded from the curb. O'Toole had advanced from an opposite shelter. He stared at his chief in frozen amazement.

"All right!" said Drew. "Go home—get some sleep—and report early at the office. I thought I was on the right lead."

Drew thrust his foot against the door and pressed it open with his left knee. They mounted two flights of carpeted stairs.

"Old house, but good," whispered Drew; "divided into bachelor apartments. I think that's our man."

A blond pompadour, under which were a pair of blue eyes and a thick-lipped mouth, appeared over the banister.

"Harry Nichols?" asked Drew as he stepped along the hallway.

"Yes; come in. Right this way. I've only got one room and a bath. Excuse everything, please. I have just heard from Miss Stockbridge. She has recovered from her faint. She told me the detectives were all over her house. I suppose you gentlemen are detectives?"

Drew shot a swift glance round a large room, hung with heavy paintings which were never old masters. A small couch-bed was half-hidden beneath hastily thrown off bedsheets and blankets. A table was by this couch.

"All I want to say is this, Nichols"—Drew presented his card: "This affair at Stockbridge's sooner or later will bring you into contact with the Police Department's Detective Bureau. The servants, the papers, idle tongues, will connect your name with Loris' in some way that may do harm to both of you." Drew hesitated. "Give me the full facts, as far as you can," he added, dropping his hand into his right side pocket and drawing the ivory-handled revolver halfway out.

The blue eyes widened. The lids dropped. A faint hiss of indrawn breath reached Drew's ear as he brought the revolver all the way out and held it in the open palm of his hand.

"Remember," he cautioned, "I'm liable to be called as a witness in this case. Say nothing that could be used against you or her."

"Before I say anything at all, Mr. Drew"—Nichols glanced at the card—"before I say anything at all I should rather have a talk with Loris—Miss Stockbridge. Is that satisfactory?"

"Good!" said Drew. "I'm glad you said just what you did."

Nichols did not brighten under the professional flattery. Delaney had already sized him up as a very clever young man. He was not far wrong, as the detective

(Continued on Page 85)

It's *great* to know that a million men believed me

—by Jim Henry

I was just green enough, when I started writing these Mennen Shaving Cream advertisements, to take it for granted that every one would believe me.

When I'm selling on the road, it isn't safe to doubt my word and I suppose my ads must have sounded convincing because of my naive faith that they would be believed.

Anyway, a million men have taken me at my word and as a result use Mennen's Shaving Cream every morning.

What I promise for Mennen's Shaving Cream is:

—that it will soften the toughest beard without rubbing in the lather with fingers.

—that it works equally well with hot or cold water or with hard water.

—that your face will feel great after shaving—soft and free from that sunbaked sensation.

No man, after trying, ever said that those statements were extravagant. I have never known a man who was disloyal to Mennen's Shaving Cream. A Mennen user would no more switch than a baseball fan would transfer his interest to cricket. It isn't done.

I've only one complaint—most men like Mennen's so well that they squeeze out too much. Half an inch is ample for the average shave. Take a little extra time to work that half inch up into a billowy lather, using a lot of water, and you'll not only get a better shave, but an economical one.

Better purchase at once for it's getting harder and harder for us to buy empty tubes, and it's barely possible we may have to cut down production. However, I guarantee to get Mennen lather to you in some form. Send for a Demonstrator Tube, anyway, risking 12 cents on your faith that I'm honest.

Jim Henry

(Mennen Salesman)

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JIM HENRY, *Head of Mennen,*
42 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim:

You sound honest anyway. If the cream is half as good as you say it is, it's good enough for me. Here's 12 cents for a Demonstrator Tube.

Name

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Ajax Shoulders of Strength distribute road wear evenly over the tread. Friction can't center and grind quickly through to the fabric. Shoulders of Strength put more rubber where it should be—*more tread on the road.*

AJAX ROAD KING

This stalwart Ajax tire rolls up amazing mileage records. See its Shoulders of Strength, and its massive Road King tread. Those triangle barbs give splendid traction.

The Ajax Road King, with a heavy Ajax seamless inner tube, is a combination that shows a mileage profit. Ajax tires and Ajax tubes yield the utmost in service. Try them.

Ajax tires are *97% Owners' Choice.* This great percentage of the Ajax yearly output is selected by individuals to replace tires of other makes that came on their cars.

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The nearest Ajax Tire Supply Depot is headquarters for Ajax Tires, Ajax Tubes, and *real* service. Write for a copy of the new booklet "Ajax Shoulders of Strength."

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MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

AJAX TIRES

MORE RUBBER WHERE IT SHOULD BE

Continued from Page 83

learned by the question shot direct through clean white teeth:

"Is that revolver fully loaded?"

Drew twirled the barrel with his thumb.

"Yes. Yes; it is. The merry whirl for six is still here."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive, my boy."

"Then—well—I'm willing to talk till doomsday if you want me to. There's nothing to hide—is there?"

The relieved note in his voice was followed by a broad smile of genuine warmth.

Drew laid the gun on the table.

"You lent it to her without any extra cartridges," he said, backing to the center of the room. "That clears you both from the case. The letter from the Cemetery Company frightened her. She feared for her father's life. She phoned you. You met her at the drug store. You gave her your revolver. And now you have it back. We'll say good night."

"Chief," asked Delaney as they reached the street and turned toward the Avenue—"Chief, why didn't you ask the lad about Stockbridge's personal affairs?"

"Unethical to a client," reproved Drew. "I've an idea—which is a strange thing for a detective to have—that Harry Nichols will represent Loris. He will advise her in most matters."

"I see, chief. Well, I'm going home, if that's the case, and get ready for a big day to-day. I'm—I'm ——"

Delaney stared at Drew's face; then up at an arc light.

"Hello, chief!" he exclaimed. "Hello! What's that spot on your neck under your ear?" He had turned and narrowed his eyes.

Drew raised his left hand and rubbed it across his face. His brows lifted in arches of surprise as he glanced at his soiled fingers.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Looks like soot or lampblack."

"Can't be."

"Smell it," suggested Delaney.

Drew sniffed; then exhaled a frosty breath of astonishment.

"It's burnt powder!" he exclaimed. "Now where in thunder did I get that?"

"From the little revolver—the one you gave Harry."

"Hardly. I don't remember any powder burns on that. It was mighty clean. Even the barrel was bright."

"Then you got it at Stockbridge's."

"Might have. Yes, Delaney; I might have. It's funny we just noticed it."

"Light's bright," suggested Delaney, nodding toward the overhead arc.

"We'll think it over. You run along home. Be at the office not later than nine. I'll keep on the Avenue till I reach the Flatiron Building. I'll get some coffee and rolls on Twenty-third Street; then I'll take a Turkish bath, a shave, a shine, and a shampoo."

"You ain't going to bed at all?"

"Not till I find out who murdered Stockbridge. I couldn't!"

"Good night!" said Delaney. "I'll see you at nine, sharp."

It was five minutes before that hour when the operative, fagged and unshaved, stumbled off the elevator and entered the outer office of Drew's Agency. He elbowed through the detectives and tapped upon the chief's door.

"Come in!" sounded briskly.

Delaney pushed the door open. He eyed Drew with sovereign amazement. The chief looked as fresh as a daisy. There was a pink tinge upon his close-shaved cheeks. Oil glistened in his black hair. His mustache was trimmed and level with his upper lip. His eyes, as he swung, were bright—almost too bright.

"How d'ye do it, chief?" asked Delaney, dropping into the nearest chair and crossing his tired legs.

"One or two hours' sleep is never any good. Better stay awake. You look like the last rose of summer!"

"I feel like the last of something. What's the news in the Stockbridge case? Got any assignment for me?"

Drew swiveled in his chair. He dragged toward him a sheaf of papers.

"News?" he shot over his shoulder. "Good news—no. But we've been working. I've assigned ten operatives. Fosdick is at sea. Newspapers coming out at ten. They say it's a second Rue Morgue."

"Morgue is right," said Delaney with a husky voice. "I see no light atall—atall."

"Just a minute. You remind me. What was the exact locality of that spot of powder on my face? The rubber in the Turkish bath said it was under the left ear."

"Right there!" Delaney laid a finger on the neck cord beneath the lobe of the chief's ear.

Drew raised his black brows in reflective thought.

"That's where Stockbridge got the bullet, isn't it?" he asked.

Delaney felt a cold chill course up and down his tired spine.

"It was!" he exclaimed fervently.

"A detail we won't forget," smiled Drew. "Perhaps it will help solve the case. Now," he added, thumbing over the sheaf of papers, "we'll check up a branch of the tree of Truth. The telephone calls have been traced to the limit of the telephone company's ability—which is considerable."

"What calls, chief?"

"The first one, Delaney, was to the cemetery's superintendent, notifying him to excavate a grave in Stockbridge's family plot. Subtle suggestion, that?"

"It was."

"This call was traced to a slot phone in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. The toll collected must have been thirty-five cents, including the war tax. The superintendent at Ridgefield Cemetery says the voice was thin and tired. That would suggest the next call."

"Which was?" said Delaney, waking up.

"The one notifying Stockbridge that he had about reached his span of life on this earth. Again, from the magnate's own words, we have the thin voice. 'Whispering,' he called it. I was in his library when he received it. The connection was broken right afterward. The trouble hunter could find no sign of tampering."

Delaney eyed his unpolished shoes with a sage wink.

"Go on," he said. "You're doing fine, chief."

"I have the telephone company's word that there is no record of this call. The wire chief at Gramercy Hill Exchange states that it never went through their switchboard. In other words, Delaney, it was done by tapping the wires at the junction box back of Stockbridge's mansion, ringing us up with a magneto, and listening in. The only other place it could be done was at the Gramercy Hill switchboard, which is almost out of the question."

"How about underground?"

"Impossible! The cables are in conduit. We'll presume that the tapping was done at the junction box in the alley. Now to the third call."

"When was that, chief?"

"Stockbridge was murdered at four minutes and eighteen seconds past twelve by his own watch. It was a very good watch, Delaney. Allowing for a movement of the hands due to the fall, how are we to account for a telephone call sent to Gramercy Hill 9763—Stockbridge's library phone—at approximately four minutes past twelve from a slot telephone booth at the west end of Forty-second Street Railroad Station?"

"How'd you get that, chief?"

"Through what followed! The telephone girl remembered this call because Stockbridge's receiver was not hung up. It was soon after that when the chief operator put on the howler which you heard."

"Then," stammered Delaney, "Stockbridge got a message from a slot telephone just before he died?"

"Or was talking to one when he died," snapped Drew. "The time might be the same. The girl heard nothing—naturally she couldn't; only this: On being jogged, she did remember that the call from the slot booth was given by a thin piping voice. It was rather late, you know, and sometimes they remember; especially when the howler is put on soon afterward."

"I'm all balled up," said Delaney, rising. "You've got me twisted, chief. What have these phone calls got to do with a man shot in a locked room? If you can tell me how he was shot I'll find out who shot him. That's the way I feel this morning, chief."

Drew lifted his eyebrows.

"You make the mistake," said he, "of bucking up against a seeming impossibility when there may be a way round. I admit that we don't know how Stockbridge was shot. I don't want to think of that part of it either. But, Delaney, consider that there was a chain of threats leading up to the murder. If we get the man or woman who forged the chain we shall find out how the trick was done. Evidently this individual knew something about tangling up telephone leads."

Delaney reached for the door knob.

"Well, mother, I just couldn't go away carrying a picture of you struggling along with that old stove we've had ever since I was a boy. So I spoke to dad about a surprise for you. This dandy range was his answer.
Now you have plenty of time for your Red Cross Work."

Meals will almost *cook themselves* now!

A big, friendly, capable Acorn Range has come to the rescue in this home. It is just like a wonderful new servant, always ready and willing to help with the cooking.

At first Walter and father thought of their plan only as a nice little surprise.

But when the stove salesman pointed out the *extravagance* of a cranky, undependable old stove—

How it constantly wastes expensive fuel, often spoils costly food, and recklessly squanders a woman's precious energy—

Then they began to look at it as an efficiency proposition as well.

"I am beginning to see," remarked father as he made out a check for the very finest Acorn Range in the store, "that economy begins in the kitchen."

When it comes to a showdown men favor high-class equipment always because they know the most efficient is the most economical. That is why Acorn Ranges are going into so many thousands of homes today in spite of the fact that they cost a little more than ordinary ranges.

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Combinations: Gas-Coal and Oil-Coal
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"THE YELLOW TICKET," written by Michael Morton, and presented on the stage by A. H. Woods, has been put into a

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You owe it to yourself to see the play that made stage history. Ask the manager of your favorite picture theatre TO-DAY when he will show it in his house. Or send to us the coupon attached herewith for your convenience.

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Please advise me as to when and where I can see "The Yellow Ticket" [illegible] and please send me your beautifully illustrated booklet on this newest Pathé Photoplay

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City and State

"Wait!" said Drew. "I'll not keep you long. The last card in my deck may be the winner."

"Or th' joker," grinned Delaney.

"Yes. Well, what do we know about Stockbridge's enemies? We want a strong motive for killing him. A motive so strong that it reached a long arm through the stone walls of one of the finest homes in America, pressed a lethal weapon against his head, and blew out his light with a cupronickel bullet."

"Was it that kind?" exclaimed Delaney.

"Yes—so the autopsy shows. A twenty-two-caliber bullet—one of the smallest made."

"The same kind that was in the toy pistol Loris had?"

"No."

"That's the finest thing I've heard this morning. It lets her out altogether."

"Yes; she's clear. She could not have done it, Delaney."

"This," continued Drew, "is a list of Stockbridge's known enemies. It's made from his secretary's statements, my own newspaper reading, and from what he told me in the library before he was shot." Drew counted the row of names. "Just seven," he said.

"First and foremost comes Morphy, who is in the state prison. I had the warden on the wire. He says that Morphy, or rather Convict No. 87,313, is there. He's a trusty in the front office. Stockbridge always feared him.

"Then comes Vogel, who is dying of tuberculosis in the state hospital at Glendale. That lets him out completely. His partner, Ross, is making little rocks out of big ones somewhere near Lake George. Ross was always good-natured—you remember him at the trial? We'll strike him from the list, with our blessing.

"Now three others are hardly worth mentioning—Greene, Finkelstein and Goldberg. They were the brokers who were mixed up in the Morphy failure. They got off by turning state's evidence. One confessed, one told all he knew, and the third went before the Grand Jury and claimed exemption. A nice bunch of squealers—eh?"

"Who's the seventh?" asked Delaney, counting on his thick digits.

"Morphy's brother, Cuthbert Morphy—an electrical engineer, patentee of the wireless boat that Morphy promoted with the aid of Stockbridge's money and influence. Their failure rocked Wall Street. You remember it?"

"Sure! But what became of him? I don't remember seeing him at the trial."

"He beat it for Argentina. From there he went to Antofagasta. From there he disappeared. Who knows? He may be right here in New York—the best hiding place in the known world."

"What does he look like?"

"There's no photograph of him that we can find. Flinn and Cassady have been scouting the town for one. He's a little fellow, from all accounts; quick-tempered; has probably been getting money from Morphy. That's the list."

"The last one looks good to me," chirruped Delaney. "Cuthbert, eh? I never did like that name. What shall I do? Start looking for him?"

"Useless! Save your time. Jump up to Stockbridge's house. See Loris. Look over what Fosdick's men have done. Tell the girl in the case we're working hard. You'd better get a shave, though."

"I'll do that," Delaney said, rubbing his chin. "Good-by!"

Drew heard the door softly closed. He swiveled in his chair. He studied the ceiling. His finger crept to the row of buttons under the edge of the desk.

"Harrigan," he said as the door opened to a crack, "what is the report on the state prison where Morphy is located? His summer home, the papers call it."

"Fick phoned in a few minutes ago, chief. Said that Morphy is the whole thing in the front office. Struts round like the warden. Wears silk socks and smokes perfectos. Has the use of the phone."

"What?" barked Drew, bringing his feet down from the edge of the desk on to the floor with a crash that almost upset the inkwells.

Harrigan felt the chief's steely fingers grasping his shoulders.

"Get out there!" Drew ordered through line-drawn lips. "Get out there to the soundproof booth. Find out whether Morphy or anybody in the prison telephoned at four minutes past twelve this morning."

Drew waited for Harrigan's report with every nerve strained like taut wires. His phone rang suddenly. Its B-r-r-r—b-r-r-r! steadied him. He lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Drew—yes," he said guardedly. . . . "Yes, Fosdick. . . . What? You say that—that the autopsy shows what? Repeat it. I can't quite hear you. Louder, please. . . . Yes; all right now. . . . It shows—it shows that the cupronickel bullet was not scored. Wait; I don't get that. . . . It was lodged in the soft tissue at the—yes; I see. There were no rifling marks on the bullet. You're sure? . . . Yes. . . . What would I think? Why, commissioner, it would seem to me that the bullet was never fired from a regulation revolver—or rifle. It came from a barrel that was smooth-bored. I don't get it at all. . . . No; nothing new. I've posted Delaney at the house. . . . Yes; I'll call you later."

Drew hung up the receiver. He twirled in his chair, leaned back, and studied the pattern of the stamped-steel ceiling.

"That may be another link," he mused. "This thing is getting uncanny. I must be ——"

The door opened. Harrigan stepped in. He whispered into Drew's ear:

"Report from the Eastchester County Telephone Company shows three long-distance calls from the prison. One was at seven-ten P. M. to a slot booth at Forty-second Street Railroad Station ——"

"Good!" said Drew. "Go on!"

"The next call, last night, was to the State Capitol Building. It was for three minutes. No doubt it was the warden. We'll ignore it—eh?"

"Chop it out!"

"The third call," said Harrigan, consulting a scrap of paper, "was to the same telephone booth at the railroad station. Its number is Gramercy Hill, 9845. The call was for twenty-two minutes, extending from a quarter to twelve to seven minutes after twelve this morning. It was charged to the prison."

Drew rose from his chair.

Harrigan leaned over and laid the paper upon the desk. He helped Drew with his overcoat. He opened the door. He heard the roll-top of the desk drop down. He asked:

"When'll you be back, chief?"

"I don't know! I'm going for a walk in the air. I'll keep in touch with you. I've almost got my man—almost. I'm going up to those booths. I'm going to a telephone expert I know. I'm going to the mansion where this murder was committed. I may be gone some time."

"Whom do you suspect?" asked Harrigan.

"Everybody!" snapped Drew as he stamped through the outer office and dashed the door open.

"That's a very large order," grinned Harrigan.

Drew spent the balance of the day in fevered work. He dropped into a drug store for a coffee-bracer as the first shades of night crept down through the white-ribboned cañons. He turned by instinct to a telephone booth. Dropping in a nickel, he asked for Gramercy Hill 9764—Loris' number. The answer he received spurred him out through the door of the drug store into a passing taxi.

"Drive like sin!" he shouted to the leaning chauffeur. "Full speed, and more, up Fifth Avenue! I'll tell you when to stop! They're not going to kill that girl if I can help it," he added under his breath.

He stopped the rushing taxi two blocks down a side street, entered a cigar store, and phoned to his office.

"Send Fick back to the prison," he told Harrigan. "Tell him to watch Morphy when he phones. Get that? Tell him to try to find out who Morphy is connecting with in New York."

Drew walked back to the Avenue. He turned north and pressed the button at the front door of the mansion. Voices sounded. The door swung open, revealing the doorman and a Central Office detective.

Delaney stood at the top of the second flight of stairs. His face was grim. He jerked his head over his shoulder as Drew reached his side.

"She's in there," he said. "She's with her maid and Harry Nichols. She got a notice through the mail an hour ago that the casket she ordered from the Hardwood Casket Company, of Jersey City, will be delivered to-morrow. She never ordered any coffin at all!"

(Continued on Page 89)

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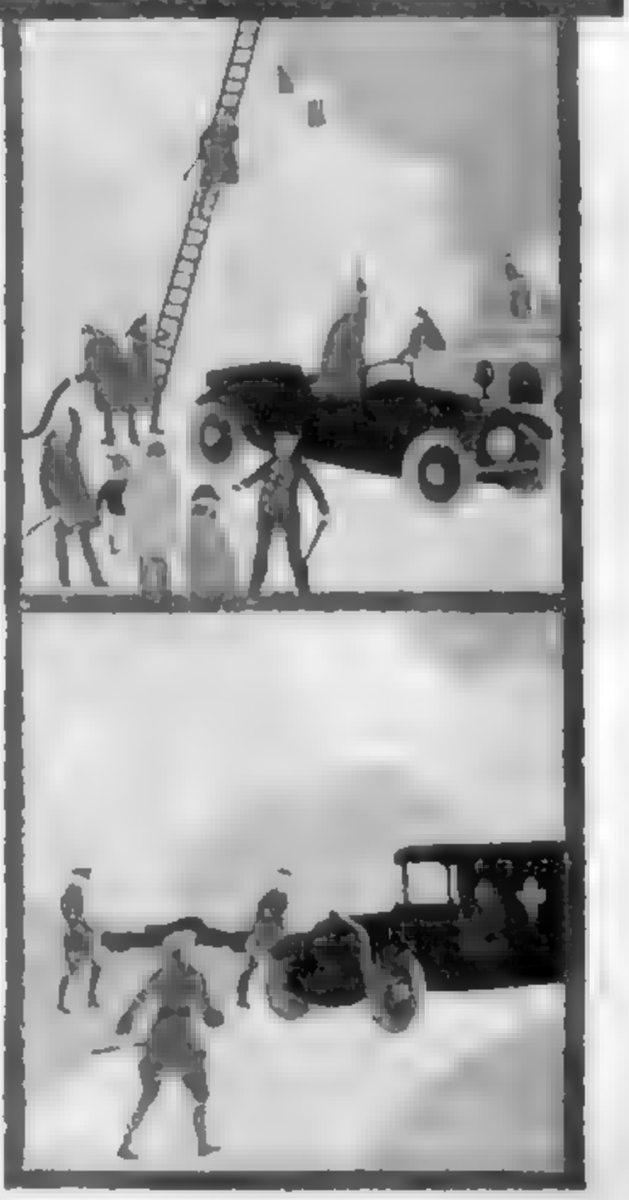

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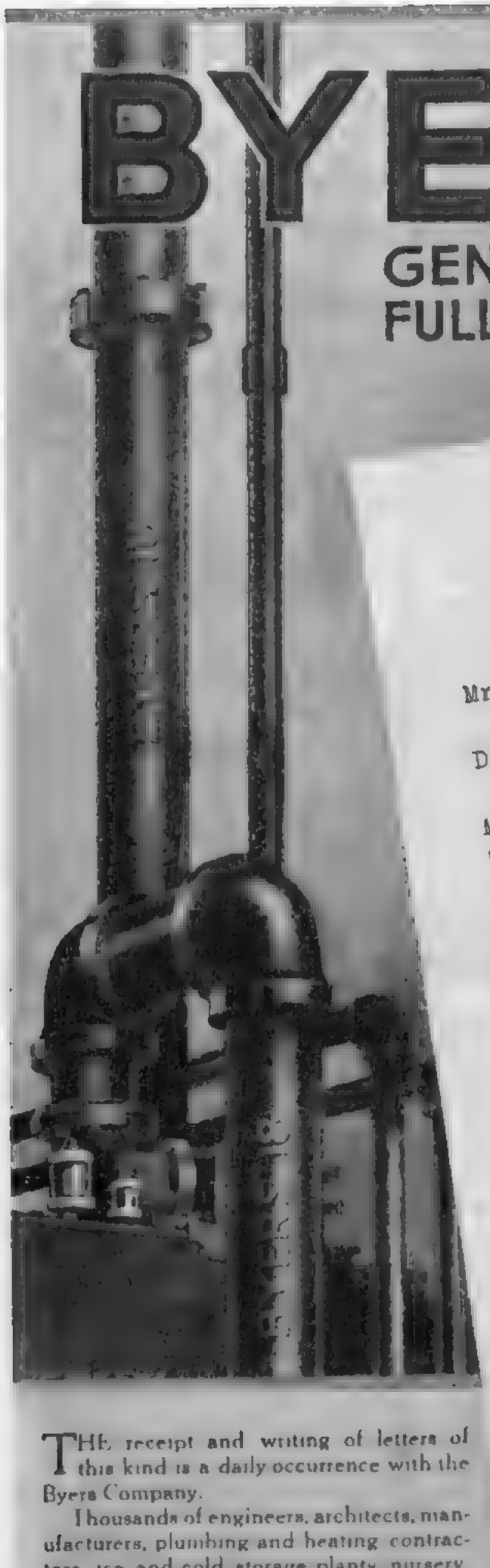

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Yours very truly,
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Look for the Name and Year in Every Length

(Continued from Page 86)

"Dirt!" snapped Drew. "Lead me in! I'll ease her mind. They'll not pull anything on her. I'm going to round out this case by midnight."

Drew's eyes glowed at the richness of the suite he entered. It was soft-lighted. It was rugged with Turkish and Armenian carpets. It was splendid with ebony and teak furnishings.

A bedroom in white stamped itself upon his memory as he advanced across a larger chamber and bowed over Loris' hand, which she extended from the folds of her crape gown.

Harry Nichols rose from a stool at Loris' side. He thrust out his palm impulsively. Drew cramped his fingers in a hearty grip. He turned toward Delaney and said:

"Where is that letter from the casket company?"

"I tore it up," said Loris. "I was so indignant I just couldn't help it. It's in the wastebasket. The maid can get it."

"Get it," said Drew to Delaney. "Get the scraps and put them in an envelope. We may need them for evidence. This thing has gone far enough. I know who is directing matters. I know he's where we can put our cuffs on him at any time. What I want now ——" Drew glanced about the room. His eyes rested upon a telephone that stood on a little silver bracket near a long mirror. "What I want," he continued, "is the tool who is doing this archfiend's work. If he tries anything to-night we can trap him."

"I searched this suite," said Delaney. "There's nothing here that don't belong here. The maid's been with Miss Stockbridge going on five years."

"Six—almost," said Loris, sitting up with sudden energy. "Six years, Mr. Drew."

"We'll take no chances," declared the detective. "I'm responsible. The library was searched and locked and all that; but you know what happened. Who's been in here to-day? Up here?"

Loris glanced at Harry Nichols.

"You're one," she said prettily. Her eyes softened beneath their dark lashes. "Harry's one. I'm one. Mr.—Mr. Delaney is one. A sergeant of detectives was here and looked round. Then ——"

"Yes, miss," said Drew. "Go on, please. Who else?"

"The housekeeper, Mrs. Seeley. She has been with us ten or twelve years—ever since I can remember. Then—well, there was the housemaid, and—oh, yes; the telephone repairer. The ——"

Drew did not permit Loris to finish her sentence. He was over at the telephone with a tigerish stride. He half raised the receiver from the hook, dropped it back in place, and wheeled.

"That's our man!" he snapped to Delaney. "You were here. What did he do?"

Delaney turned, with a questioning gesture, toward Loris.

"He?" Loris said faintly. "He came to the door—the servants' door. He said the telephone people had sent him to look at all the telephones in the house." Loris glanced at Harry Nichols. "You remember?" she asked tensely.

"That's right," declared Harry. "I went down. I told the detective to let him in. He went into the library. He looked at that phone. The maid and butler were with him. They thought perhaps he might take something."

"Umph!" said Drew.

"And then"—Harry Nichols glanced at Loris for confirmation—"And then he came up here and tested this phone. He said that something strange was the matter—that somebody was tampering with the wires."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Drew; "that is," he added hastily, "I don't believe anything was the matter at all. That fellow's been in evidence too much. He was in the library just before Stock—Mr. Stockbridge was slain. He's too ubiquitous to suit me, Delaney."

"Yes, chief."

"Get round the corner and phone Jack Nafe. He's the wire chief at Gramercy Hill. Get all the information you can about this trouble hunter. Grab hold of him. Lock him up on general principles. Take a C. O. man with you."

Delaney started toward the doorway.

"Wait a moment," suggested Drew. "Wait! I dare not use her phone. Somebody may be listening in on all the wires of this house. Suppose you miss the trouble hunter?"

"The wire chief ought to know where he lives."

"He may not. This plan is better. Call up Fick, at the prison. Have him notify you when and where Morphy telephones—if he uses the prison phone to-night. I think this is the lead to our friend the trouble hunter. The long way is the shortest sometimes."

"Do you suspect Morphy?" asked Loris Stockbridge as Delaney hurried through the tapestries and out into the hallway.

"Yes; I do!" answered Drew with conviction. "I believe that every single lead we have points to him."

"But he is in prison."

"Ah!" said the detective, with bright eyes. "So is Lucifer in the lower regions; but he has a long arm. Morphy's tool may be this telephone repairman. I suppose the one you saw is the same man I saw in the library just before your father was slain. He was a white-faced little runt, with a cap, and most polite manners?"

Loris nodded. She rested her chin on her hand and gazed about the suite. Her lashes lifted.

"Won't you please look over everything?" she asked, with a slight shudder. "That Mr. Delaney is so clumsy."

Drew took the compliment with a bow, his hand pressed over his heart. He searched the walls and the floors of the five-room suite. He eyed the ceilings. Rugs were lifted and replaced. Pictures were turned. The marble-tiled bathroom came in for its share of scrutiny. He paid careful attention to the doors and windows. Satisfied finally that no one save Loris and Harry Nichols was in the suite, he lounged into a Turkish corner, drew up his trousers, and waited for developments.

An hour passed, with Loris and Nichols in whispered conversation upon the long divan which extended across the room from wall to wall. Then, and shrillingly, the perfumed air was vibrant with B-r-r-r! B-r-r-r! B-r-r-r!

Loris rose to answer the phone call. Drew, still deep in thought, allowed her to pick up the silver-plated receiver and voice a soft "Hello!"

He leaped to his feet. He strode forward, watching Loris' face. It changed between steps to a flushed mask of fear. She cried "Harry!" as she dropped the receiver and darted across the room. She sank into Nichols' arms. Drew snatched up the receiver. He heard a low chuckling laugh. It died to an echo and then to nothingness. He flipped the receiver on to its hook. He wheeled and stared across the room at Loris.

"What was said?" he questioned sharply.

A mass of turbaned hair bobbed. Glorious eyes burned and glowed into his own. Her sweet lips trembled. Loris whispered brokenly:

"He said—he said that I should die before midnight. That the master had ordered—ordered the coffin. Oh, it was too terrible!"

Drew had no recollection of the minutes that followed. It was racked with sobs and interluded with bitter threats from Nichols. A door slammed. A tramp of feet upon the stairway, a gruff voice resonant with a triumphant note, announced Delaney, bringing a prisoner.

"The trouble man!" Drew surmised, gliding over the rugs.

He unlocked the door beyond the tapestries. A form hurtled through. A man fell to his knees; then sprawled across the rug. Delaney followed. Drew bent and studied the face that was partly covered with shielding cuffed hands. A Central Office detective deposited a kit of lineman's tools on the floor, then retired discreetly.

"The trouble hunter!" snapped Drew. "That's him, Delaney. Now what happened?"

Delaney wasted no words. Between deep breaths he said:

"Got the wire chief. He said—that—this fellow—had been out all day. Gave his address. I went there. He'd flown. Trailed round a bit. Called up Fick to put him wise. Waited. Fick connected. Morphy was on the wire in the front office of the prison. He tried to get a number in New York. We beat him to it. Wire chief helped. This fellow was monkeying with the connections in the Pennsylvania Station. He had bored a hole through two slot booths. He had wire. I dropped on him like a ton of bricks. Then I heard Morphy calling. I answered. What I told him was a-plenty. He went mad, with that bull voice of his roaring: 'Bert! Bert! Bert!

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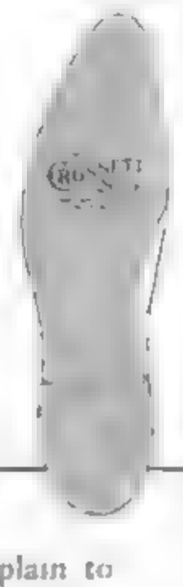

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Is it in her room?' What did he mean by 'it,' chief?"

Delaney glanced at Loris and Nichols.

"Go on!" said Drew tersely.

"I got Morphy off the wire. I got the warden. He called the guards—after I told him a few things. Morphy is in the cooler."

"Good!" exclaimed Drew. "That finishes him! Now this fellow Will he talk?"

"Never a word has he said, chief. I wouldn't have brought him here if it hadn't been for that 'it.'"

Delaney glanced about the walls of the suite with apprehension.

"So this is Cuthbert Morphy!" asked Drew, glancing at the prisoner. "I suppose you searched him?"

"Sure, and I did. I found his papers. He's been to Argentina and to Chile. He's well fixed with money."

"Morphy's tool and brother would be. Stand him up, Delaney."

Delaney stooped and lifted the trouble man, who swayed, with slowly opening eyes taking in the details of the suite.

"He won't talk—eh?" snapped Drew. "Well, Fosdick will make him talk. He'll find out why this fellow has been looping Morphy up to the phones in this house. This man is a wireless expert—a telephone engineer."

Drew stepped close up to the prisoner and grasped him by a shoulder.

"Out with it!" snapped the detective. "What did you put in this room? Why did you kill Stockbridge? Tell us how you did it, Cuthbert, and we'll try to save you from the chair."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Loris. "Please don't hurt the poor man! Perhaps—perhaps he is innocent."

"Miss Stockbridge, I've been in this business twenty years and I never saw an innocent man who wouldn't talk. This fellow has brains. He's doubly dangerous. He's been here and placed some device in this room or in the suite. We have got to find it."

The prisoner smiled wearily.

"Is that right about my brother—Morphy?" he whispered.

"Sure!" blurted Delaney. "Sure! He's mad! They put him in the padded cell. He'll lose his ten years' good time over this."

The prisoner turned toward the telephone.

"I'm done!" he said, clicking his handcuffs. "Th' jig's up. You've got me right. I'll give you credit for it."

"That's talking!" Delaney said.

"Yes. Well, let one of my hands free. The left one. I've been frisked. I'll show you how that human devil—Stockbridge—was croaked."

Loris crept closer to Harry Nichols. Delaney glanced at Drew. A minute passed, with the detective weighing the request. He decided by a reassuring nod toward Delaney.

"Let him have one hand free," said Drew. "You have the key. He can't do much harm."

Delaney snapped the left handcuff open after a tussle with the lock. Cuthbert Morphy dragged Drew toward the telephone. He turned before the pier glass. His face was drawn. He stared at Delaney.

"You go downstairs," he whispered. "Call this phone up from the one in the library. Shout into it when Gramercy Hill gives you this number."

Delaney glanced at Drew. The detective nodded.

"The number is 9764," he said. "Go on! I'll take care of this fellow."

Delaney hurried through the tapestries and down the two flights of stairs. The air of the suite grew charged and surcharged with electric expectancy. Loris and Nichols stepped forward.

B-r-r-r! B-r-r-r! B-r-r-r! sounded in the ringing box of the telephone beneath the pier glass.

Drew wrapped the handcuff chain tight about his strong right wrist. He braced his body.

Cuthbert reached out his left hand, lifted the receiver, and said into the transmitter:

"Hello! Hello! Go on! Shout! Keep it up!"

Drew heard Delaney's voice booming. The metallic diaphragm of the receiver roared in synchronism. The prisoner closed his eyes. He stiffened. He pulled on the chain. Drew jerked back as a crimson cone of flame streamed from the telephone receiver. A sharp report racked the air of the room. Smoke wreathed about the astonished detective's head.

Cuthbert Morphy relaxed. He sank to the floor with a bullet in his brain. Drew unwound the chain by a swift twist of his wrist. He sprang forward. His foot reached and crashed down upon the smoking receiver. It remained there as his eyes widened.

He divined then how the murder of Montgomery Stockbridge had been accomplished. The full series of events and clews flashed through his brain. The telephone receiver—placed in position by Cuthbert Morphy, guised as a trouble man—was a single-shot pistol actuated by the human voice. It would always strike in a soft spot—the ear.

Delaney dashed through the tapestries. Loris swayed, with her unjeweled hands over her pink ears. She sobbed. She turned toward Nichols and pressed her face against his breast. He led her through to another room of the suite. They stood there and watched Drew. Their heads were very close together.

"The case is closed!" exclaimed the detective to Delaney. "Get a rug and cover him up. Then get a pair of pliers and a screw driver out of his tool bag. I'm going to see how his device is constructed."

The detective cut the silk-covered wire with his knife. He picked up the receiver. He ran his fingers inside the listening end and showed a smear of burnt powder to Delaney.

"That's how I got marked," he said. "I telephoned from the library after Stockbridge was shot. Now see here! This diaphragm has been punched with a small hole—about twenty-two caliber. That's all there ever was to see. The rest is inside. Pliers, please."

"Ah!" Drew removed the binding posts from the end of the receiver. He unscrewed the nuts. He took off the front rubber retainer, allowing the perforated diaphragm to drop to the table. He held it up.

"See," he said—"a hole the size of a bullet. The rest of the mechanism is an ordinary magnet, drilled down the center like a gun barrel. At the wire end is an exploded cartridge. What's this?"

Drew straightened, with a sharp cry, like a hound that had reached its quarry.

"It's simple!" he exclaimed. "A fine spiral of about number forty wire—perhaps thinner. The current set up by the voice in the transmitter heated this wire. It is in series with the winding round the magnet. A low voice would heat it cherry-red. A loud voice—long continued—would heat it white-hot. That would be sufficient to cause the cap in a cartridge to explode, flare the powder, and drive the bullet into your ear or my ear, Delaney."

"Not into mine!" declared the operative. "I'll never telephone so long as I live!"

Drew gathered together the different parts of the receiver. He dropped them into his coat pocket.

"Are there any questions?" he asked.

"There are one or two," Delaney said. "How did Cuthbert get into this house in the first place?"

"He opened the circuit at the junction box, cut in with his testing set, and threatened Stockbridge before he disconnected the wires. I reported the matter to Gramercy Hill. The wire chief sent round the first man handy—which was Cuthbert, acting on Morphy's instructions."

"Then he changed the receivers in the library while you and the millionaire were watching him?"

"He did. It was done very slickly. He took off the old receiver and put on the loaded one. They look alike. You could hear through the pistol even after it was discharged."

"Then he came up here this afternoon and tried the same thing on Loris—the last of the Stockbridges?"

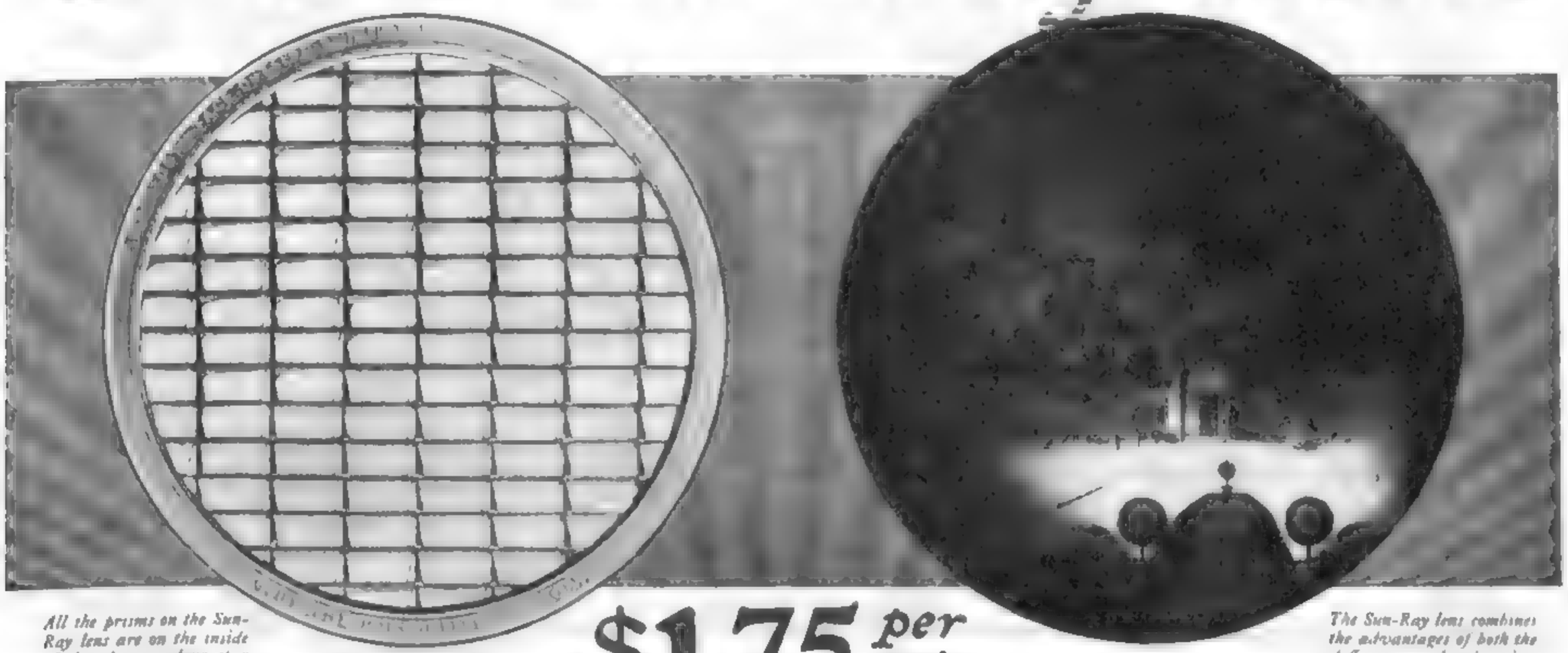
"Yes."

"That's all. No! Say, chief, why did that Morphy go to all the trouble of telephoning into one slot booth and have his brother connect him with another? Couldn't he have phoned directly from the front office of the prison and murdered his enemies?"

Drew glanced at the gruesome mound under the splendid rug at his feet.

"That would have been too easily traced," he said. "And now, Delaney," he added, turning and surveying Loris and her sweetheart, who stood haloed in the soft light of the inner suite, "now, Delaney, best of friends, you must remember that the only thing in this world sweeter than love's young dream is a tired man's sleep. I think I have earned mine."

The Sun-Ray Lens



All the prisms on the Sun-Ray lens are on the inside of the glass, making it a simple matter to keep the lens free from dust, mud and dirt.

The Sun-Ray lens combines the advantages of both the diffusive and refractive types, giving a long "distance beam" plus a wide side diffusion.

$1.75 per set—for all sizes

2¢ additional in extreme W. and South

Law Abiding, Effective—*and* Reasonably Priced

Don't judge lens efficiency by price.

If a lens obeys the law, shows the road, the ditches, the trees, the bridges and the curves, if it kills glare and makes night driving safe, both for you and the man you meet, if it is easy to keep clean and adds to the appearance of your car, *it is efficient*, whatever its price.

The Sun-Ray lens *more than fulfills* all of these requirements.

Yet *it costs only $1.75* a set *in all sizes*. And it is the first and only successful lens we know of selling at such a reasonable price.

Think what that means! Here is a lens that gives you *everything* you want—a lens that throws a distance beam *far ahead on the road*,—a lens that keeps its light *below the 42 inch level*,—a lens that throws side light to the remarkable width of *108 degrees*,—a lens that meets *all* the complicated legal requirements of *every state in the Union*,—a lens that *kills glare*, that is *easily cleaned*, that adds a *distinct touch of style* to your car—and is still priced well within the reach of *every* motorist.

Sun-Ray lenses *save you money*—considerable money. You pay only a nominal price—a price that allows us a fair profit and allows our dealers a fair profit—nothing more—and you get *everything* you need in lens efficiency.

Only our tremendous manufacturing facilities, our financial ability, our quantity sales and our highly organized distribution system make possible this new value.

Every motorist should have Sun-Ray lenses. Get them from your dealer—or if he has not yet received his supply send direct to us, giving the make and model of your car and the diameter of your present lenses.

Canadian Price $2.75 per pair.

DEALERS

Sun-Ray lenses offer the greatest dealer opportunity of a decade. They will fit any headlight—at *one price*, just $1.75 a pair. And our liberal sales plan allows you to do business on a *profitable basis*. Certain territory is still open. If you want to get in on the ground floor of a highly successful and rapidly growing business, wire us today for complete information.

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A correct size for every car —at District Service Stations everywhere

Annabel Lee of the Prest-O-Lite Clan

She drove the family car 12,000 miles in 18 months

OF course Annabel had help—good help—from two sources.

—Help from the little Prest-O-Lite Battery which started the big engine and fed the bright headlights.

—And help from a proud father who taught her what she should know about the rules of the road and the folly of exceeding the speed limit.

Thanks to the surplus power of the Prest-O-Lite, Annabel never experienced a minute when that little helpmate failed to spin the husky old engine at a touch of her toe.

And thanks to the skill acquired from her clever tutor, she backed the car into only one ditch—killed only one chicken, and barked only one telegraph pole, in all that time.

To keep her faithful little Prest-O-Lite Helper in one hundred per cent condition, Annabel relied solely on the Prest-O-Lite service man down on Main Street.

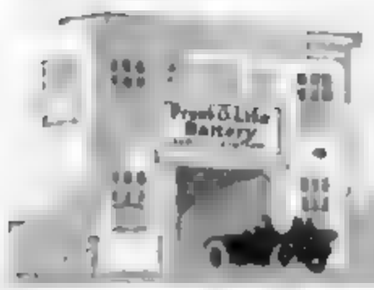
For Annabel herself, dreadful as it may seem, did not even know what kind of grids were inside of that battery.

And not once has she found it necessary to take even a peek at the hieroglyphics in the battery booklets which came with the car.

You who read this, and envy Annabel, certainly can't do better than to follow her lead—join the Prest-O-Lite Clan while the joining is good.

Write us today for name and address of the nearest Prest-O-Lite service man, who will be glad to welcome and install you as a member of the clan in good standing.

The Prest-O-Lite Company, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.



The Oldest Service to Automobile Owners in America

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 7)

So they let him go at his real job again—scientific agriculture. He had special permits from both War Offices and went over Flanders, the Somme, Champagne and Verdun—the worst shot-over spots on the Western Front—to make observations on the quality of the soil and its possible debilitation.

"And you know, Miss Wilmington," he assured her eagerly, "they're absolutely and entirely wrong when they say that soil's done for. Why, just think a moment! I've dynamited a California ranch to crack up the hardpan. Out in Kansas, at the most wonderful agricultural college in the world, we exploded small charges of dynamite at twenty-foot intervals and increased the yield of a test field of barley fifty per cent!

"What's the subsoil of Northern France? Stratum after stratum of decomposing chalk. There isn't any soil in the world that needs blowing up more. No farmer could afford to give it the blowing up it's had."

"That's quite true," said Willie thoughtfully.

"And that's only theory," he went on eagerly; "but we don't need theory, as I point out in my report. Why, bless your heart, they have only to go to the hottest part of the Somme and look at the wild flowers there! Petunias and snapdragons and nasturtiums, out of a little old-fashioned garden that had been turned upside down a dozen times by the shells bursting, all agrowing and ablowing, bigger than I ever saw such stuff! It was wonderful! And at the bottom of a Jack Johnson hole I saw a great sheaf of Indian corn big enough to stop a tank."

"How wonderful!" cried Willie, beaming with sympathy.

He drew a long breath.

"By Jove, it's dark!" he apologized. "And here I am jawing along. . . . But you understand it all so, Miss Wilmington, it's impossible to stop. And now that I can talk about it again—they said I'd surely be able to—it's done me such a lot of good. I'm afraid supper's over, though."

They wandered slowly back to the boarding house, where the obliging landlady made them fresh scrambled eggs with chipped beef, and found hot biscuits and quantities of raspberries. Wilhelmina had developed a great fondness for cream and had a large pitcher of it always ready for her cereal and her fruit.

"I declare, Miss Wilmington," said the landlady, "I used to think it dreadful wasteful—you pouring out that cream like skim milk, you might say. Still, I said, 'She pays for it; it's her affair.' But as I look at you now it seems to me you knew best. You certainly look a whole lot better'n when you came to me, if I do say it of my own table. Haven't you been laying on weight?"

"Really, I don't know," said Willie rather coldly. "Then you think it's merely a question of very heavy tractors, Mr. Wilmerstone?"

"Absolutely. Of course there's the barbed-wire problem. . . ."

They talked all the evening.

I don't know whether Darwin or Huxley ever noticed it, but you and I have, I am sure, observed that shortsighted persons are apt to be absent-minded. Wilhelmina had always been unconscious of her family's wealth and position because, I suppose, everyone she met in New York was so conscious of it. At college she had been a practical recluse; and once away from Groot's Landing, she had melted quietly into a stream of nonentities and become one of them.

The only friend she made was Mr. Francis Wilmerstone, and to his simple and scientific mind one girl was apparently very much like another. Or such had been the case, he assured her, till he met her. The only girl he had ever known, to notice her, was his second sister, Philippa, an ardent botanist of his own training. After the war they were going to Canada, Philippa and he, to take up a large tract for experimental farming; he'd probably get a government inspectorship.

His three other sisters hated that sort of thing—one went in for votes for women; one had some sort of a tea-house interest with a friend, with bees and sunbonnets; one was married and could only talk about her husband, which was all very well if you were fond of her husband. Wilhelmina could quite picture them—self-respecting English girls who worked hard.

"American girls aren't allowed to," she ventured once.

"No?" he returned, surprised. "But I thought you were so wonderful that way, over here! You, for instance—aren't you qualifying for a science mistress, now?"

"Oh, no!" she said hastily. "I—I couldn't."

She seemed so embarrassed that he blushed in his turn and led the talk to nitrates. Americans had the most curious delicacies; he had noticed this before.

At their late supper one night—for they had fallen into the habit of working late and supping together after the others, favored by a shrewd landlady, who observed that Willie made no objection to the extra charge for such service—the good woman regaled them with a bit of gossip, herself bringing in the savory tureen of clam chowder, the cabbage salad, the molasses cake and cottage cheese, to all of which Wilhelmina helped herself twice.

"It cert'nly does me good—the way you relish your food, Miss Wilmington," she said, smiling. "I remember how you sort of picked at it, first off; and now look at you! Don't you think she's improved wonderful, Mr. Wilmerstone? Really, now!"

Mr. Wilmerstone looked gravely at the girl; he had rather a quaint old-school way of doing this that couldn't have offended a duchess.

"Miss Wilmington has made a distinct gain in weight undoubtedly," he answered. "And she appears to me less pale; though I may be wrong."

Willie noticed that he used a very different tone and even a different phraseology in speaking to the landlady from those he used with her.

Now came the gossip:

"I'm losing two of my young ladies to-morrow for a few days," she told them. "I was wondering if you'd be one, too, Miss Wilmington?"

A rich, cranky old lady down at Groot's Landing had sent out notices all over the country, advertising for young women to help get in her hay. All the farmers' boys were at work in the munitions round her land, and her farmers were afraid they'd lose the crop. She owned nearly ten thousand acres, and let it out. She drove about in a pony cart. She burned candles all over her house. She wore clothes woven in her own mills from the wool of her own sheep.

Wilhelmina listened gravely. Aunt Katrina's habits and customs were as well known in the family as outside of it.

The old lady was offering good pay, and about twenty of the girls from the college were said to be going to work in the hayfields for a lark; the farmers' daughters were very slow to take up the offer.

"I think perhaps I'd better go too," said Wilhelmina slowly.

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Wilmerstone. "I'm no good at raking, but I can drive a cart. Mustn't lose crops this year. I suppose one lives at a farmhouse?"

They found themselves—the two girls, Wilhelmina and the Englishman—well lodged and fed in a big, comfortable white farmstead about two miles from Aunt Katrina's stone house. Clad in a blue denim smock and high-laced fishing boots, Willie worked on the Martindale Upper Farm from six in the morning until five in the afternoon, with an hour off at noon and a morning and afternoon rest. The first day her back ached; the second day her arms ached; the third day her feet ached; but after that she never gave any of these servants of her will another thought. Her glasses got slippery with the honest sweat of her toil, and she took them off and found that she did as well without them.

Her soft long hair fell down constantly; so she bound it in two Gretchen braids about her head, and the sun shone down on it and brought out strange coppery lights in it. The full smooth oval of her face, no longer pale, burned slightly, and under the red the brown lay like old gold; she was like a smooth seckel pear. Deep-breasted, long-legged, full-hipped, she moved, with her swinging long gait, like a Juno of the old countries, of no kin to the spare and boyish Dianas of her native city.

Never talkative, she spoke, it seemed, less than ever. Sleeping, eating, striding

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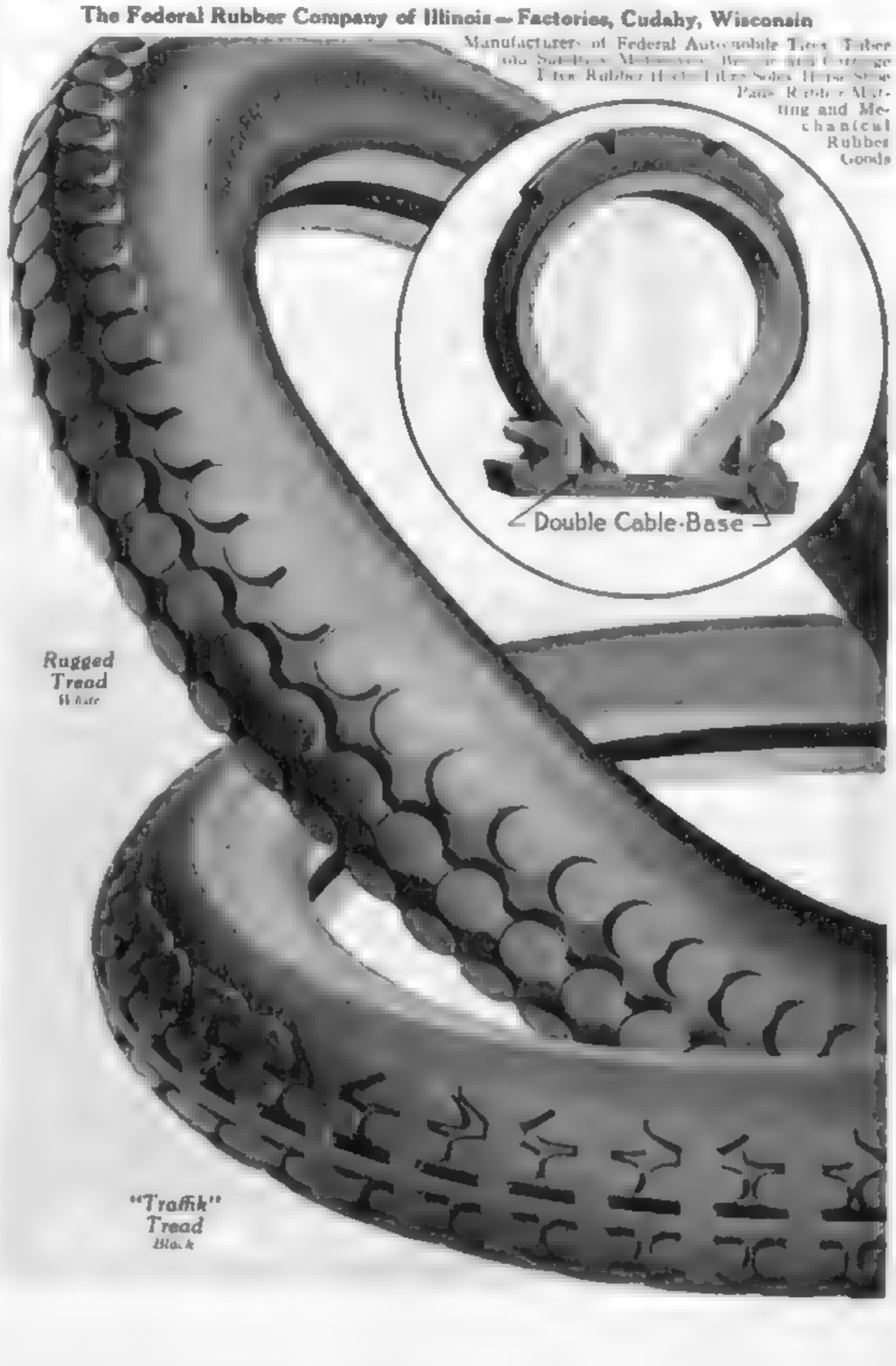
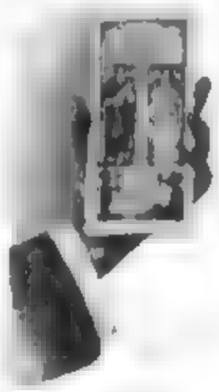


New Economic Policy



This contract is just what its name implies. It is "*new*" for it has been recently worked out to meet special needs.

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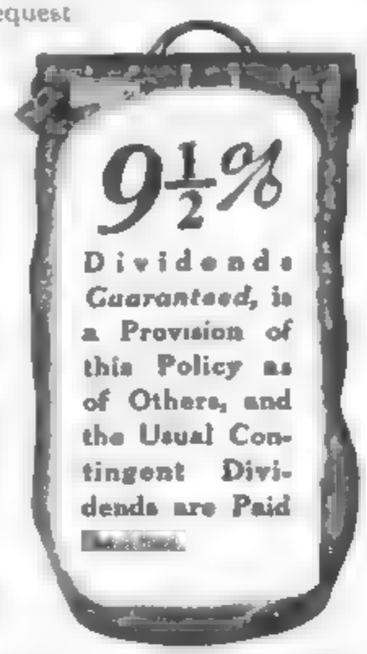
That's the now familiar "Postal Way" the *direct* way that enables the Company to supply sound insurance protection at low net cost.



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Simply write and say "*Mail me leaflet about your New Economic Policy*" *mentioned in The Saturday Evening Post for May 25th*

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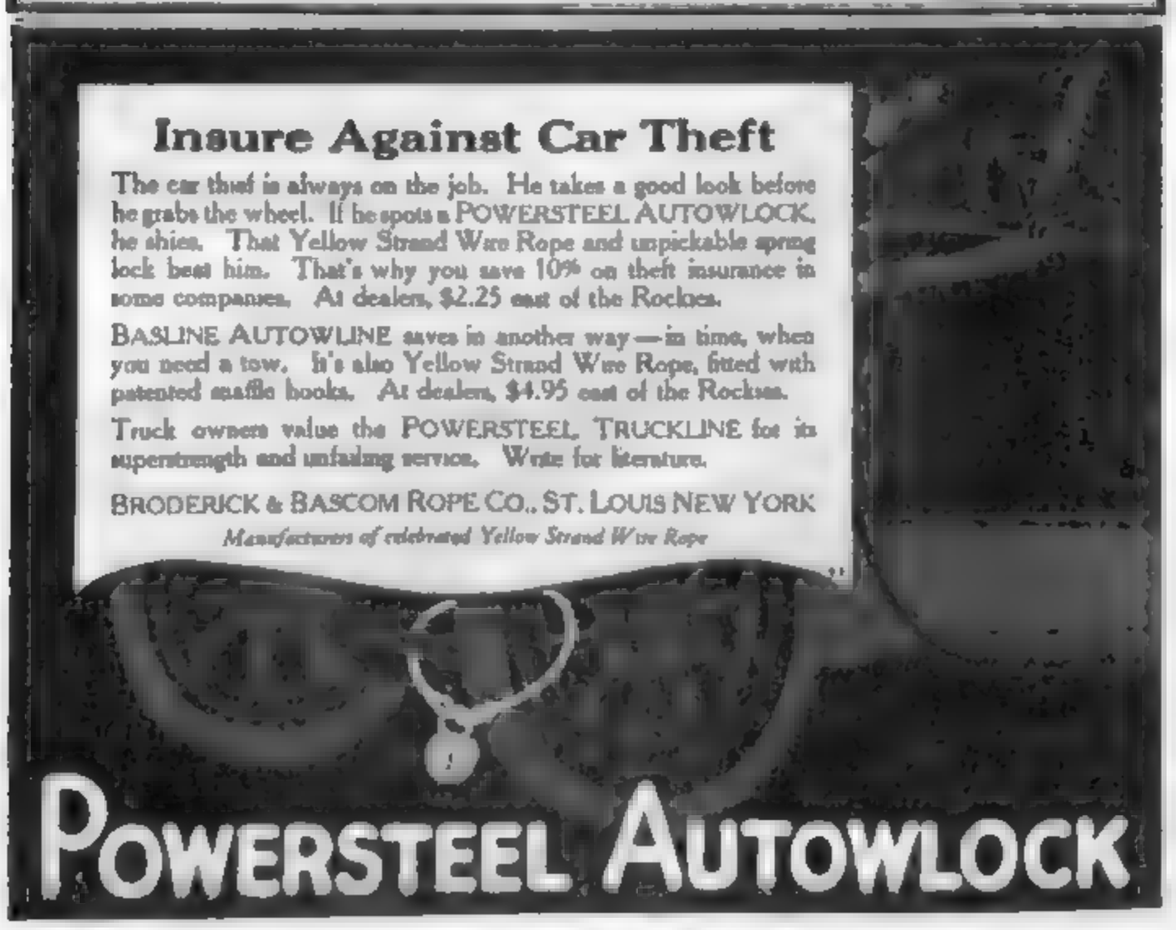
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through the summer air, she bloomed like the harvest she gathered every day. At noon she lay under the trees and listened, gently quiet, to Captain Wilmerstone's vivid pictures of the great war: she knew all his fellow officers by now and was wise in trench slang.

One afternoon at sunset he drove her home on the bumpy, dusty hay wagon. She had washed her hair that morning early, and to keep the dust from it had bound a blue cotton handkerchief over it; the last shred of modern Americanism fell from her.

On the porch stood a newspaper artist making sketches of the girls, who laughed round him.

"Gad!" he cried softly to his friend as the pair on the wagon drove up. "Will you look at that? A pure Dutch type—a perfect peasant beauty! Isn't she a wonder? You never know what you'll find on these farms!"

The next day at their noon hour Francis looked at her differently.

"You know, that man was right!" he said abruptly. "You are a wonder! You're like a beautiful tulip I used to grow when I was a young un; all yellow and brown and red she was—the Wilhelmina Van der Groot."

"Why, that's my name!" said Willie, surprised.

"Really? How amusing!" he answered vaguely, half listening. "But you usedn't always to look like her, I'm sure; because pretty girls always frighten me."

"I'm not pretty," said Willie simply.

"Pretty? I should say not!" he cried scornfully. "You're perfectly beautiful!"

And then, leaning over her as she rested against the roots of the apple tree, where the Pound Sweets smelled like wine, pale yellow among the green leaves, he kissed her full on the lips. And if she had not been beautiful before, there is no doubt that she became so then.

For all the rest of her life Wilhelmina will think of that kiss whenever the scent of apples comes to her; and she will hear the drone of bees, and see, through a blur of happy tears, great orange-colored Black-eyed Susans on fire against the burning blue of a midsummer noon sky.

After a while they began to talk soberly of the future.

"Your—your people won't mind your going to Canada?" he asked. "I've nothing but what I can earn, you know. But I'm sure of a good post there—the colonel told me that; and Alan, my brother, you know, is awfully interested in my work. And we don't need such an awfully big lot—do we, dear?"

"Oh, no," said Willie comfortably.

I assure you she was perfectly unconscious of how funny she was.

"What I should like enormously," he went on, "is to get hold of some big potash man—I want to show him on what an enormous scale I'd like to develop the thing. I don't mean some petty little dealer, y'know; I mean a great capitalist. For instance, a man like Willard Wilmington. . . . I wish I could get a chance at him. A namesake of yours, you see." And he laughed and patted her arm, which thrilled under the blue smock.

"That will be easy enough," Willie returned practically. "I'll wire father to come up here, and you can talk to him about potash—and me—together."

"You don't understand, dear," he explained, "I mean *the* Willard Wilmington. He cornered the potash market. I've been finding out a bit; and it seems that this rich old lady we're haying for is his aunt or something. I've sent for a letter from Alan and I'm going to call on her. I'll get out my old soldier clothes. Think she'll see me?"

"I'm sure she will—if she hasn't too much sciatica," said Willie; "she's my aunt, too, you know."

She felt his shoulder draw and stiffen under her cheek—I don't remember whether I mentioned that her cheek was on his shoulder—and his voice, when he answered, was quite different.

"No; I didn't know. I'm sorry!" he said, and sat up so straight that Willie had to sit up too.

"I—this is very—I don't quite understand your idea in playing this joke," he began awkwardly. "I—I wish you had told me before. You must have thought me a frightful ass"

"But what does it matter?" Willie begged him, bewildered.

"If you knew how I detest fortune hunters ——" he said slowly from tight-pressed lips, staring at the Black-eyed Susans.

"It's not precisely my idea—stalking American heiresses. . . . You may not know it, but some of us—even us English—aren't so awfully keen on what people say about —— Well, perhaps I'm different. But I don't like it."

Then Willie had a clever thought.

"But—but it's not the same with you," she murmured, looking courageously at him; "it isn't as if you had any title, you see. It's titled foreigners who marry heiresses—isn't it?"

He scowled uncomfortably at her.

"That's just it," he said briefly; "Alan's Lord Wrythedale now."

"Oh!" said Willie.

"Of course he and old Perce are as safe as churches—thank God! But there it is!" he added gloomily.

Willie drew away, in her turn.

"Then—then you'd better go to Canada with Philippa, perhaps," she said coldly.

They were both as serious as possible—really!

He drew a long breath—a breath of yellow Pound Sweets and cut hay and heady pollen.

"Hang Philippa!" he cried. "I'd marry you if your name was Rockefeller!"

And he gave Wilhelmina such a kiss that her lids fell; and she no longer saw the Black-eyed Susans.

If you read the Sunday papers—and I am sure you do, or what would you do on Sunday?—you already know all about the wedding. Anne van Alstyne, who had married very well, was matron of honor, and Pussy Wilmington, who hadn't married at all, was one of the bridesmaids. Nobody looked at either of them, however, because everybody was staring at Willie—a great ripe brunette in a priceless lace veil caught into a marvelous Dutch cap close about her head, fastened in with Aunt Katrina's famous and hitherto jealously guarded black pearls.

It was all considered to be, somehow, a tremendously clever stroke of Mrs. Wilmington's, who smiled gently when congratulated upon her daughter's turning out a Dutch Juno, and bore with great equanimity the news imparted to her by Pussy's sister—nursing in a hospital somewhere in France with a school friend of Dick's widow—that Alan, Lord Wrythedale, couldn't live three years more, and knew it.

Percival died suddenly a week before the wedding, which was as small and quiet as a family wedding of such an enormous connection could be. Doubtless to you and me it would have seemed quite large and noisy.

Captain Wilmerstone's uniform was worn and not very much like the shiny new olive-drab of our Reserve officers, it is true; but the medal on his breast was rather dull in color, too, as his young wife pointed out. The only new thing about him was a shiny apple-wood stick, with which he walked up the aisle of the Groot's Landing chapel—a wedding gift from the bride, cut from an old Pound Sweet tree on Aunt Katrina's Martindale Upper Farm.

Philippa, bridesmaid, brought over a picture of Francis as a baby, set in garnets and seed pearls; there was a parure of emeralds, the dowager wrote, but ocean travel was too unsafe at present, in her opinion, to send them. Pippy was welcome to risk her life, but the emeralds had been too long in the family.

"Won't it be funny," said some ill-natured relative at the wedding breakfast, "to think of Lady Wrythedale spending her time poking into a microscope?"

Aunt Katrina chuckled and wagged her Mechlin-topped bald old head.

"Mina's a Van der Groot," she answered; "and a fine healthy one too! I know more about 'em than you do, perhaps." And again she chuckled.

You see, she had read about Mevrouw Wilhelmina of Nieuw Amsterdam, and her seven sons and five daughters.

To get the best and the most out of each room and every article in it, is one of the aims of the modern house. This needs no better proof than the existence of the enclosed porch with its varied functions. It is the happy combination of out-of-door charm with indoor comfort. In this particular porch, a granite linoleum floor has been used with the inexpensive wood structure and porch furniture to suggest the coolness, cleanliness, and simplicity which the warm weather demands. With rugs of soft reds, browns, or yellows, and chintzes in the same tones, the room at once assumes the warmth and hospitality so necessary in the cooler months.—*FRANK ALVAH PARSONS*

THIS enclosed porch is designed and furnished for year-round use and enjoyment. A floor was chosen which would be appropriate for all seasons by the simple expedient of changing the rugs to suggest coolness or warmth according to necessity.

It is an Armstrong's Linoleum floor in a delicate blue-and-white granite effect. It is part of an intelligently and artistically conceived scheme of interior decoration. It harmonizes with the blue furniture, the buff walls and ceilings, the draperies and soft rugs. Yet it is more than attractive and artistic; it is a floor that will serve long and well. It is easy to keep clean and sanitary; economical and durable. Armstrong's Linoleum is appropriate for every room in the house. Parquetry Inlaid designs for living-room, dining-room, hall, library, or den can be waxed and polished just like hardwood, and are much more economical. The new Jaspé (moiré) effects come in blue, brown, green, light gray, and tan shades; the plain linoleums (without pattern) in blue, brown, rose, dark gray, light gray, green, and tan. They can be used with charming effect practically anywhere in your home. The colors run through to the back. Then there are tile effects for the bathroom, and matting and carpet patterns for bedroom and nursery.

Wherever you use Armstrong's Linoleum, you feel that it really belongs there. You quickly learn that it saves money and labor. Linoleum floors have been in vogue in Europe for years. Why isn't the idea logical for America? On request, we'll send the names of merchants near you who sell Armstrong's Linoleum. They will show you the latest Armstrong designs for every room in the house.

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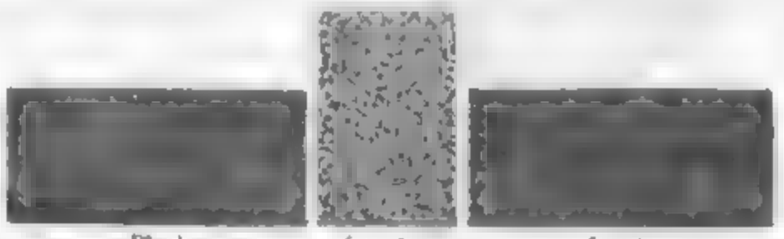

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THE PRICE OF APPLAUSE

(Continued from Page 17)

"What did you use to sing," she said, "late at night?"

He strained at his memory. The truth for once in his life would serve him as no drama could. She should have the truth straight and simple, cost what mortification it might. In the blackness of the abyss which her doubting opened at his feet it was his only chance—truth and truth only.

"My song?" he asked. Then he remembered.

"*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten*," said he.

"That's it!" she cried. "And now—who was it that you once struck, on Eighth Street?"

"Heurter, of course!" said Le Barron. "He tried to kiss you!"

"Ah!" said she, coming closer, her hands on her breast, her face white and terror-stricken—not glad but terror-stricken. "Only Le Barron and Heurter would know about that!"

"Tell me one thing more and I will believe you," she added, her eyes holding him. "Just one more thing. What happened on the night when he—when you—asked me to marry ——" Her voice faded away.

The question caught him unaware. What had he done on that night? The truth! The truth! He must remember! Ah, he had it now!

"I got very drunk," he said bluntly. "I can't remember anything else, except that the crowd of us went into Joe's and several places. It was a bad spree; but men do these things."

Her cry of triumph broke from her as he finished. Relief flooded her, transforming her.

"So!" she said. "Impostor! I knew it from the moment you made your claim! My Karl Le Barron, my wonderful poet-husband, spent that night in the cathedral, alone. He told me so; and Marcarson has assured me that it was true. Of course Marcarson denied you—you thief!"

"But wait, Amy—listen!" cried Le Barron, frantically struggling in the net of his own making, trapped by that two-year-old bit of melodrama. "I did tell you that cathedral story, but it was a lie!"

"Lie?" she said. "You had better not talk to me of lies! Will you go now?"

"Go?" said he. "Amy, what are you saying? Be reasonable!"

She was calmer now, and her face was hardening just as Marcarson's had done.

"You admit that Marcarson, Le Barron's closest friend, did not accept your claim," she said. "And now I may tell you there have been others who, on the strength of a chance resemblance, tried to steal Le Barron's name. But so far no other impostor has had quite your audacity in coming to me!"

"I can prove myself by a hundred more intimate reminders," he said desperately.

"That is an implied insult!" she said. "Will you go quietly or must I ring for a servant?"

"All right, I'll go," he cried, a sudden fury seizing him; "but I'll be back tomorrow with somebody who has not gone quite insane! And you will have to believe me in the end!"

And with that he flung out of the room, leaving her standing there, white as her rich garment, motionless.

The cool night air was a hand of mercy on his hot forehead. Mad! Both she and Marcarson—mad, unfair, absurd! And with their hands against him what was he to do, how pry his way back into life again? Surely there must be someone who would not begin this raving as soon as he mentioned his own name! He thought of his various friends—Webb, Heurter, Arnold. The professor was best. Resolutely he set his face northward. It was still early in the evening when he reached the well-remembered little house, and a light was burning in the study window. A trim maid admitted him and knocked upon the inner door.

"I think it is the gentleman you were expecting, sir," said she.

"Show him in," said Arnold's voice. And Le Barron stepped inside.

There in his deep chair, in a study unchanged since last he saw it, sat Professor Arnold, a heavy book upon his knees. At Le Barron's entrance he looked up silently, staring long but without expression. At length he spoke, his voice slow and even.

"So, Le Barron!" said Professor Arnold. "Dramatic as ever, eh?"

"You know me!" The words fairly exploded from Karl's lips. "You know me! Thank God, thank God!"

Then before he realized what he was doing he had fallen upon his knees by the big chair and buried his face in his arms, sobbing so violently that he shook with the wrench of it—great heart-easing tears of relief burning his eyes. Through the storm he presently heard the professor's voice questioning him. The blessed fact of his acceptance tore at his overwrought nerves even more dreadfully than Amy's denial had done. Not for an instant did Arnold question his identity, and so after a little while he could tell his story coherently, almost quietly. The elder man listened without comment, though when Le Barron came to the more heroic and dramatic instances a shade flickered over the auditor's face as if at recollection of some previous dramatic exaggeration. At the end of the recital Le Barron could not help reproaching his listener with this.

"Le Barron," said Professor Arnold, "what difference does it make whether I accept your extraordinary story whole or not? The main thing that concerns you is the fact that I do recognize you, that I admit you to be the famous poet."

"But it's all true, what I have told you!" cried Le Barron. "Every word! I have understated it if anything!"

"Its truth is irrelevant to your present situation," the other repeated. "What are you going to do?"

"Prove who I am, and claim my name and my success!" replied Karl Le Barron, wondering at the question, but with a doubt of himself and of the whole world crowding back upon him.

"And if you do so, what then?" asked the professor. "Will not your claiming your fame lose it for you? Your principal claim to distinction is that you are dead—killed in battle."

Karl took in his breath sharply. This was a new aspect, and a far from pleasant one.

"And how about Amy?" he asked huskily. "How about the love of my life?"

"Who has about her a certain aura reflected from your glory," commented Arnold. "Well, of course Amy is married again. Didn't she tell you?"

For several moments Karl Le Barron did not quite understand this. It was incredible, it was not true! Nevertheless ——

"Whom did she marry?" he asked at length.

"Some uptown business chap—Green, I think his name is. He has money. He was originally attracted to her as the spotless heroine of your tragedy, I believe."

So that was why she had been so frightened! It was humorous, intensely humorous! All at once Karl felt that he must laugh; and in another instant the quiet room was ringing with his hysterical mirth. A heavy hand on his shoulder brought back some measure of self-control.

"Well," said he, "what do you advise, professor? Tell me the truth now. God knows I need it!"

He watched the older man piteously, and perceived that it would indeed be the truth which would be spoken when Arnold replied.

The professor's eyes had points of fire in them, though his voice was calm.

"Don't come to life!" he said. "You are dead and famous; and not, so far as your work is concerned, unjustly so. Some of your poems are fine—fine! That last, 'I shall be dead in all my splendid youth,' a splendid thing! Are you going to defame your verses, the only good thing you have ever offered to the world? Are you going to disclose them as the production of a coward, a deserter, a self-confessed charlatan?

"Don't do it, my boy—don't do it! Your work is better than you yourself have ever been. Let it stand unshamed. Go back into oblivion!"

The study was very quiet indeed. Karl Le Barron's brain seemed utterly numb. All this was true, what his old friend, his mother's friend, had said! For the first time in his life shame was upon him, genuine shame, reaching at last behind the barriers of his almost impenetrable egotism.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

The professor nodded his head slowly.

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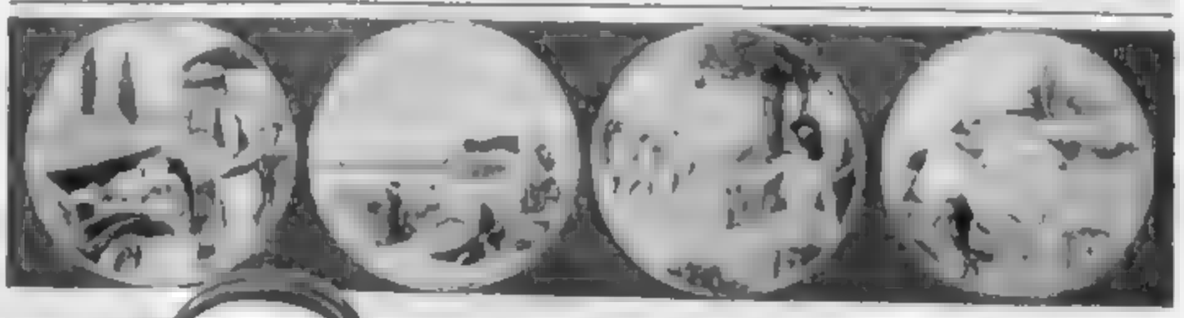

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"That's it!" said he. "Do the simple thing. This country is at war. Enlist. Enlist as John Smith."

Le Barron drew a long breath and got up. "I will," he said.

It was past midnight when Le Barron left the professor, and at first his heart was strangely calm. Enlistment! That was the solution. Then a doubt began to creep in, his old horror of the trenches, and his fear. Suppose the war ended before he could atone? Suppose he enlisted and then found that after all he could not face what he had undertaken? Suppose he waited and then was drafted? After all, did not all these things leave his problem unsolved? The situation needed further thinking out. He decided to walk downtown.

The longer he walked the less convinced he felt of the professor's logic in making such a suggestion. From the ranks of the service he might at any moment be resurrected against his will. And unless he were killed he would be inevitably discovered sooner or later. Besides, would he really lose caste by disclosing himself to the public? For inasmuch as old Arnold had recognized him he was certain now that it would be possible to discover other unprejudiced persons who would aid him. Then he thought of Amy, and despair grew upon him so that he walked like a lunatic until, being completely heedless of the passers-by, he ran into a man. This was at Seventh Avenue and one of the lower streets through which its unfinished extension was being made. There were exclamations, apologies; and for the second time that night Karl Le Barron was recognized. The man was Schoonmacher.

"Well, *Kamerad*," said Schoonmacher, "so you are also going to the meeting!"

It was as if they had parted yesterday.

"You—you!" Karl stammered, the prison camp on the Scottish border flashing back into his mind, and with it the foreboding of something sinister.

"I saw you on the boat coming over," Schoonmacher continued. "Come, walk along quietly or we may be noticed."

"I saw you also," replied Karl tingling, every nerve alive to hear instead of to speak. That photograph of the "Iron Maiden," as they called her! Could it be possible that what Schoonmacher had unconsciously told him those many months ago was no mad egotistic German dream, but truth?

"And you had your notice, eh?" Schoonmacher went on. "I did not expect to be on this work when last we met. But duties are shifted round now because of the temporary delay in Europe. Remember how you asked about it yourself?"

For the first instant Le Barron feared he was not going to remember; and then all at once things became clear. The Du Pont powder works! "Part of the work to be done from the inside when America comes in." No, not the Du Pont powder works if Schoonmacher had been shifted. . . . He had it now!

"Bethlehem!" he formed with his lips.

"Yes," snorted the German. "We little thought to be together on it then!"

"No!" said Karl, keeping step with the man, his manner casual but his mouth growing dry with excitement. Once again the familiar drug of dramatic sensationalism was flooding him. He would somehow see this impending thing, whatever it was, through to the finish. They had reached a little frame house—mere flotsam on the backwash of the real-estate-improvement wave which was changing the district. The old building, which was only two stories high, occupied a corner and leaned against the substantial masonry of the adjoining loft structure. At the door Schoonmacher stopped, and making sure that the unfinished avenue was deserted gave a low whistle. Instantly Le Barron took a chance and repeated it—so closely on the sound of the first as to seem spontaneous. For several minutes there was no response and they waited uneasily.

"I wish they would open," said Schoonmacher in a low voice. "I don't expect we will know the other five. And I wish it were over. One chance in seven is not much, but I never do like drawing lots. Generally I lose; but this time I bet you I win!" He laughed uncomfortably.

At this instant the door was opened invisibly, and Le Barron followed him into a pitch-dark hall. At the head of a rickety little stairway stood a man with a pocket torch, lighting their way. Schoonmacher went first, and by observing sharply Le Barron saw the grip he gave the waiting member. When his own turn came he repeated it. The host, for such he appeared to be, was a burly man, who filled the doorway of the little workshop into which he led them without a word. It was a low-ceilinged room, lit by a storage-battery light, and in it were seated five men, all seemingly strangers to each other and all patently nervous. They appeared relieved by the advent of the two latest comers, and without further preliminaries Schoonmacher, who was evidently the person in authority, took the chair. Then he spoke in German.

"It is late," said he. "We know what we are here for. Is all ready?"

"Yes," said the big man who had shown them in, pointing to a small object which lay on the table. "If you will draw the lots I will explain how it works."

"Good!" said Schoonmacher. "Anyone who wishes may prepare the straws. The man who wins will maybe lose his life. You all know that. There are two new watchmen on the night shift at the main entrance. They will see that the one who goes is admitted. That is all, I think."

Suddenly Karl found his voice. It was not for nothing that he had lived through a hundred dramatic situations without missing his cue. He felt no apprehension at the situation; in a curious way it was the easiest part that he had ever played.

"Wait, *Kameraden!*" he said. "A little word. Do not draw. Allow me to do this thing. I strongly crave the honor. Never have I done the service for the Fatherland that I could wish. Allow me this task!"

There was a pause of astonishment. Then Schoonmacher spoke.

"I have known this Karl two years," he said. "He is an honest boy. He volunteers for the risk, and that is noble. Ourselves, we have not dared so much. . . ."

Schoonmacher said more, but Le Barron did not hear him. A blind fury was growing in him, deluging his soul like a hail of fire. These scoundrels, these filthy dogs! So it was true what was said of them! Incredible outrages were planned by them even here in America, his own country! Almost he feared that they would see him tremble with anger as the thing on the table was uncovered. But instead they shook hands with him, and with a kind of awe watched him receive the infernal machine from the careful hands of its inventor, the big burly man, who handled it as a mother might her infant.

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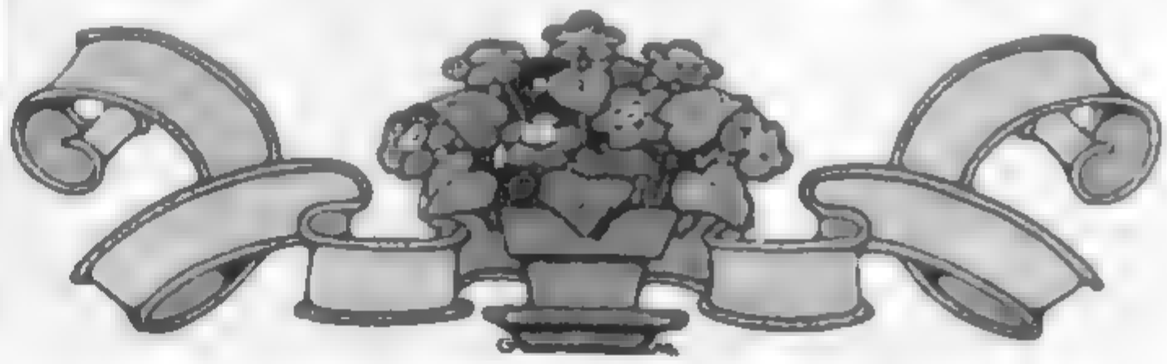
"I understand; you advance this little thing!" said Karl amid the deathly silence. He took the machine into his hands. Stealthily he moved it round as they bade him—curiously enough—Godspeed!

"*Gott strafe Amerika!*" said a voice. And at the same instant something in the mechanism clicked. Just before the explosion occurred Karl Le Barron's dramatic instinct flared up in full glory.

"*Gott strafe den Kaiser!*" said Karl Le Barron, and fired the bomb.

(THE END)



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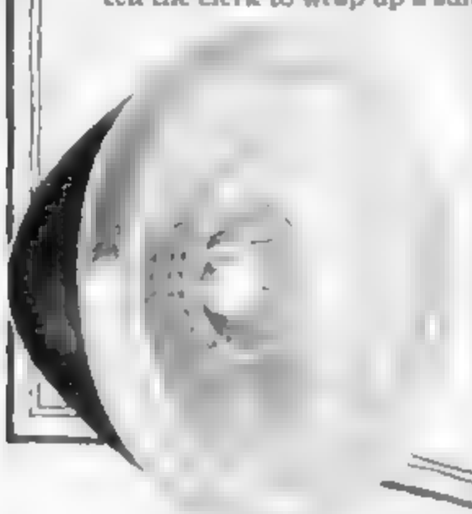

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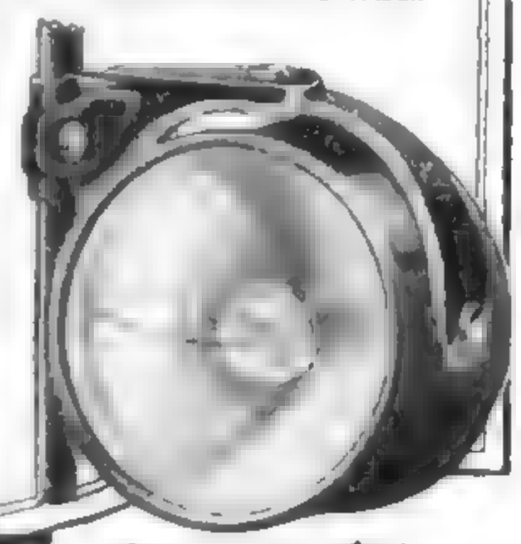

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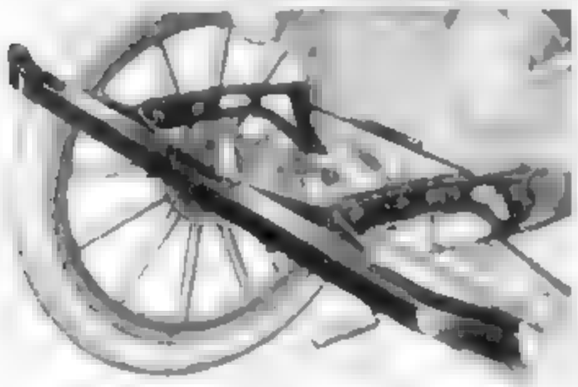

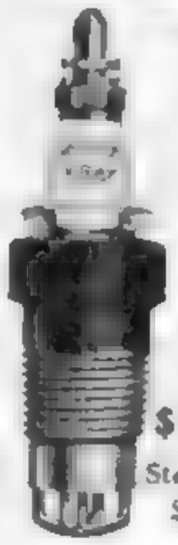

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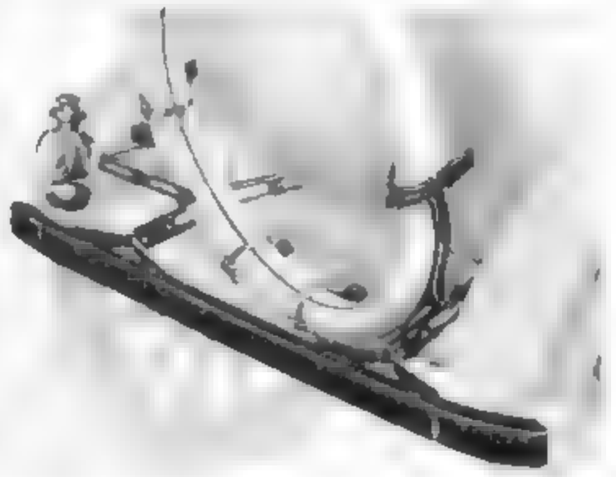

TOWARD MORNING

(Continued from Page 19)

But he himself had the look of something hunted.

Gradually the pandemonium subsided. The orderly of the day appeared, staggering between two pails of steaming coffee. The soldiers dipped in their metal bowls and drank noisily, their eyes fixed on the *Gefreiter*, whose lips moved with the seconds.

A heavy step sounded in the corridor.

In a flash the emptied bowls vanished into the lockers. The *Einjähriger* snatched up his missing bayonet from under the bed and was buckling his belt just as the newcomer loomed up in the open doorway.

"Stramm stehen!"

It was quite still. The whirlwind had dropped each man, each thing in place. They stood in a straight row with blank faces and fixed, staring eyes, the middle finger of each hand pressed anxiously to the outer seams of their trousers. The differences that divided them had somehow been rubbed out. The *Gefreiter* and the *Oberbahnwärter's* son had faded into each other's shadows.

"Everything in order?"

"Zu Befehl, Herr Feldwebel!"

The burly figure moved heavily down the motionless line. The *Herr Feldwebel* was red-faced, bull-necked. The fair, carefully tended mustache lay flat, like tiny spread fans, against the full cheeks. His eyes were small and sharp. They flashed over each man like a hungry knife, eager to cut.

And suddenly Helmut's heart seemed to stand still in his breast. The top button of his tunic—it had come unfastened—or he had forgotten it. He felt it like a loathsome sore which spread and spread over his whole body. And it was too late. If a snake had been about to strike him he could not have moved to save himself.

Fear again. The old fear—of an exam or of a forgotten button.

The *Feldwebel* stopped short. He seemed to swell up.

"You call this being in order!"

The *Gefreiter*, standing stiff as a ramrod at his elbow, threw Helmut a glance of bitterest hate.

"Verzeihung, Herr Feldwebel ——"

"A pretty sight for the *Herr Leutnants*. A slovenly lot. This sort of thing can't go on. Two hours' extra drill for the whole platoon. I'm not here to do your dirty work for you, *Gefreiter. Verstanden?"*

"Zu Befehl, Herr Feldwebel!"

"Right about!"

The stiff line was violently galvanized into life. Twenty-five men pirouetted on their heels, clumsily, unsteadily, like marionettes dangling from an as yet unaccustomed hand.

The little lieutenant, Müller, turned up the red collar of his greatcoat, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and stamped his feet. He made a funny grimace, as though he were reassuring himself as to the continual existence of all his features.

"If I were you," he jerked out goodnaturedly, "I'd let the beggars go. Two hours' parade step, dear God in Heaven! No joke. Bones must be rattling like castanets! Not to mention my feet—nearly frozen off!"

As he spoke an icy wind chased across the *Kaserne Hof* and flung itself on the luckless Platoon Number Twelve as though it meant to bowl them over. The rest of the company had long ago been dismissed, and in the empty square the handful of men had a forlorn, deserted look.

The second officer shrugged his shoulders. He was tall and sparely built, and the movement accentuated his resemblance to some aristocratic, temporarily inactive bird of prey.

"We have a certain reputation with regard to newcomers," he remarked. "Having so recently joined, you are perhaps not aware that we reckon to be through with our raw material three months sooner than any other regiment—cold feet notwithstanding. Each regiment its own foible, *nicht wahr, lieber Kamerad?"*

The question was faintly stressed, as though it covered a second meaning not altogether agreeable. The little lieutenant flushed hotly, so that his face was even redder than it had been before.

"Naturally. Let us proceed by all means."

Oberleutnant von Steuban motioned to the *Feldwebel*, who stood at a respectful distance, and an order was roared across the *Kaserne Hof*. The first man in the line jerked forward alone. He moved like a mechanical toy that is not quite in order. In harsh rhythm his legs shot out almost at the horizontal, the feet comically pointed, and came down rigid, with a jarring thud that shook his whole body. It was the Mannheimer.

His thin face had a sullen, resentful look. But he was trying desperately. His uniform, a size too big for him, flapped about his meager body, and his bayonet, dangling from an overample belt, danced like a possessed thing at his side.

The *Feldwebel* kept pace with him, gesticulating vociferously, as though he had been the trainer of a troupe of performing animals.

Two paces from where the officers stood the man came to a halt—abruptly, nearly throwing himself off his feet. The mechanism apparently had run down.

Oberleutnant von Steuban fixed his eyeglass with a fur-gloved hand.

"Herr Gott! Bow-legged too. What do they mean by shifting these deformities onto us? Haven't we any line regiments for such stuff? The next, in heaven's name!"

In due course the next arrived at his comrade's side. The rest followed. Though it was a bitter November morning and they wore no overcoats they dripped with sweat. Their knees shook under them.

Helmut came last of all. It was like the old days when he had tried to walk past the *Oberlehrer's* desk without stumbling. His legs did not belong to him. They did what they liked. But he was taller than his companions, better built, and, though he did not know it, there was a grace in his slim young body.

When he stopped at last the beads of perspiration rolled down his cheeks to the corners of the smooth, quivering upper lip. He held himself tense for the abuse that was to come to him.

To his amazement the little lieutenant nodded.

"Es geht schön. Strammer Kerl! The makings of a good soldier there, eh?"

Helmut heard. And he could not help himself. He glanced toward the speaker, flushed with happiness, almost smiling.

"Stramm stehen!" the *Feldwebel* roared indignantly.

"In our regiment we do not indulge in good and bad soldiers," Von Steuban observed. "We have soldiers. That is enough. Our idea is conformity—uniformity." The glint of malice died out of his wooden face. He yawned.

"And the fellow has such a damned unmilitary expression," he added.

■

THEY judged that he was now fit to go out into the world. At least he could meet an officer without bringing discredit on the discipline of the whole army. For hours together they had set him to practice the encounter and he was as near perfection as the *Herr Feldwebel* Kahn considered possible for a raw recruit. It was an exact business: At three paces' distance you stiffened to a ramrod, threw out your chest, jerked up your hand to your cap, your elbow well out, your head half turned. With your eyes fixed immovably but expressionlessly on your object you proceeded another six paces, by which time you were calculated to be well past and out of sight. You then relaxed smartly and the crisis was over. The only real difficulty lay in counting your paces.

Helmut stood by the *Kaserne* gates. He had longed hungrily for this moment. It had seemed to him that if only he could get away from these perpetually watching eyes, from the proximity of other human bodies, he would be happy. Every day he had thrown wistful glances at the broad white road outside. He had thought about it at night, and gradually it had become a symbol of old fancies that as the years passed had grown wan and dim as ghosts. There had been something splendid and adventurous about it—as though perhaps it led to a new country. But now he stood there and realized that it was just an ordinary road after all. To the right it led to Mannheim; to the left it ran through the insignificant garrison town. He knew the town already by hearsay. There were a few dubious shops, a couple of public houses, multitudes of children playing in

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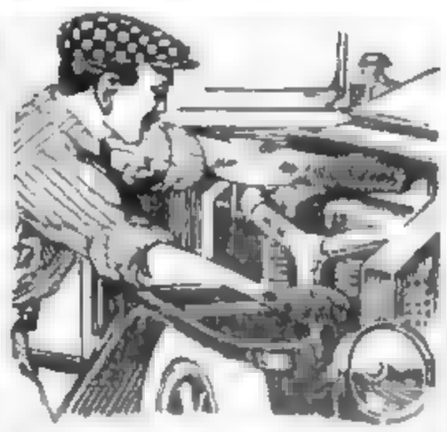

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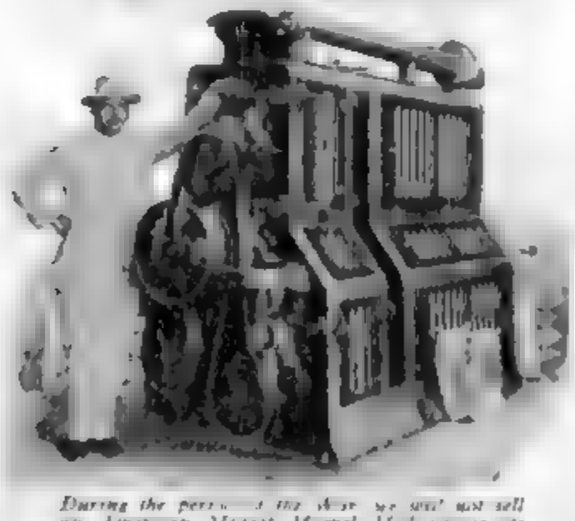

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the gutters. There were other things too—barely hinted at, though, with winks and sidelong glances. He had not understood and no one had enlightened him, because, after all, he did not belong—he was an outsider.

There was nowhere for him to go—nothing for him to do. It was odd how isolated he felt. He had hated those jostling, ubiquitous bodies, but in their midst he had been warm and assured. There had been no choice, no doubt, no thought or questioning or remembrance. He had been a mere animal among other animals that suffered fatigue and hunger, that enjoyed food and rest.

Now for a few hours he could choose, think and remember. And it was as though a secret prop had been cunningly withdrawn so that he should know its strength. His golden freedom had turned to lead in his hands. He would have been glad if the *Feldwebel* had come out and shouted to him to go here or there.

Two *Einjährige* swaggered out of the barracks. One of them was the boy from Helmut's platoon. He wore a fine new uniform that fitted his well-grown body creaselessly. There was an air of insolent well-being about them both.

Helmut watched them wistfully as they stopped for a moment to draw on their white gloves. The desire for companionship—for a word with equals who spoke his language, who would not look upon him with distrust and hatred—almost choked him. A wild impulse seized him. He would go up to them and say: "Excuse me, *Herr Kamerad*, my name is Felde. My father is *Amtschreiber* at Karlstadt. I was in the *Gymnasium*. If I might be allowed ——"

The little rehearsal died in his heart. He would have to explain. He thought of how they would look at him—of the contempt they would hide behind a glacial courtesy. He went red with shame. Much better that they should think he was just one of these *Gemeine Kerls* who stole bayonets and exacted ransom. Anyway in five weeks they would go into their own quarters. The period of disgusting intimacy with the herd would be over.

The two young men walked on. It was evident that they had a purpose. Possibly they were invited out. The *Einjährige* were in great demand among such gentry as the little town boasted. They did not so much as glance at Helmut as they passed. But the two sentries watched him. Their dull faces were expressionless, and yet he was sure that they were laughing at his indecision. He had turned away, shamed into some sort of initiative, when a voice hailed him, and he looked back willingly, almost thankfully.

A soldier who had come out of the house opposite the barracks beckoned to him.

"Hi, comrade, where are you off to so fast?"

"I don't know."

"Well, that isn't a very interesting place to get to," the soldier grinned at him good-naturedly. He was a squat, red-faced little fellow with sly twinkling eyes. "I suppose you don't know your way about here yet?"

"No, it's my first day out."

"Hm. Well, it's a dirty little nest. It's better for the *Herren Officieren;* they can skip over sometimes to Mannheim to their wives—or such like. And they've their casino." He nodded toward the red-brick building across the way. "Fine doings there, sometimes, I can tell you! I'm orderly to *Oberleutnant* von Steuban, and I know. But you can't blame 'em. A place like this is enough to bedevil a saint. No womenfolk; can't get a decent place for them to live in. What women there are—well, villagers and such like—they're more for our sort, eh?"

In a sudden revulsion of feeling Helmut longed again to be alone. He was conscious of something significant in the man's manner, as though what he said was only a preamble. And yet he was friendly too. And friendliness had become so rare. He turned and walked at his companion's side.

"I suppose you're in your second year?" he asked, and hardly knew how hard he tried to roughen his accent into tune with the man's broad dialect.

"To be sure. Shouldn't be an orderly otherwise. It's a soft job. Mind you put in for it when your time comes. There'll be a regular competition for a smart, good-looking chap like you. And you can get your man, too, with a bit of luck."

"I shouldn't have chosen Von Steuban," Helmut remarked.

The man laughed.

"Oh, I don't know. One can get round him. He's a hard nut, of course. But then he's bound to be. If he isn't, there's sure to be a harder nut on top to crack him. We're a fine regiment; the smartest in the division. We showed up best at the last maneuvers. The inspecting general said so. We've got a reputation to keep up."

"I'd choose *Leutnant* Müller," Helmut considered.

His companion stopped short to stare at him. His twinkling eyes had grown round and stony looking.

"Well—if you think that, keep your mouth shut, that's all! We don't want any Müllers in this regiment. Till two years ago we didn't have even an *Einjähriger* less than a count. And now—*Pfui Teufel!*" He spat to emphasize his disgust. "Müller, forsooth!"

Helmut was silent. His whole life taught him that the man's judgment was irrefutable. And yet the little lieutenant had said "Fine fellow!" and had even smiled at him.

"He seemed—rather decent," he defended doubtfully.

The soldier shrugged.

"Maybe. We don't want him, that's all. He can take himself over to the One Hundred and Fourteenth. They have Müllers like the sand on the sea. Have to number 'em, so I'm told. Well, we shan't keep ours very long.

"We had another like him last year—God knows how he got in—but we got him out again, double quick. Praised him out. The colonel wrote such glowing reports of him that nothing would satisfy Berlin but to have him at headquarters." He burst out laughing. "And we'll get our little Muller out soon—freeze him out or kick him out—somehow. *Pass auf!*"

Helmut did not answer. Though he saw as clearly as anybody how out of place the little officer was in such a regiment, yet the thought of his humiliation made him feel tired and dispirited. Suddenly his companion nudged him.

"Got any money, comrade?"

He started.

"Why, yes—a few marks."

The man nodded. His eyes narrowed craftily. He looked round at Helmut and there was something unexpectedly bestial in the expression on his round rosy face.

"That's good. After all, one has to have a good time somehow. If one knows the ropes it isn't so bad—even in this damned nest.

"I tell you what, comrade, you ought to make friends—join up with a lot of other fellows. And a girl; there are some jolly fine ones wanting to be knocked off the perch by a fellow like you."

They had come back to the gates of the barracks, where a little group of soldiers had gathered—evidently waiting. Helmut recognized them. There were men of his platoon among them—the peasant Thomas and the *Oberbahnwärter's* son and the Mannheimer. They were watching Helmut and his companion with a sort of subdued excitement.

The latter nodded toward them.

"All right. Wait a bit. Look here, comrade, I'm taking these fellows to a place I know—just outside—it's a sort of club—none of your silly *Sing Verein*. It's a private concern. One can have a fine time there. I tell you about it because you look a decent sort. And look here: I'll introduce you to a girl—a real high-stepper."

The boy stopped short. A red wave of shame and anger blinded him. He could have struck his companion. And yet he was afraid. Fear galloped in his blood. The man had plunged his hand down into the depths of him and outraged the innermost dweller—dragged it to light—the sleeper from whose threshold he had turned again and again in awe and terror—as though he knew that on the manner of its waking depended his whole life.

And now—this man with his dirty, ruthless hand!

The *Oberbahnwärter's* son beckoned good-naturedly.

"Come on, Felde!"

Helmut liked the little fellow. He was kindly and bore no malice. Helmut remembered remorsefully how he had kicked him. And these men were his only companions. His lot was bound up inextricably with theirs. If he went with them now he would never be alone again. There would be no more distrust and hatred and persecution. He would be one of them.

"Come on, comrade!"

But he held back.

"I—I don't think I will. I'd rather not."

Intolerably virtuous and superior. He flinched guiltily under their eyes. The Mannheimer laughed derisively.

"Leave him alone! Let him go his own way. We don't want him—the beastly bourgeois spy!"

The soldier considered Helmut for a moment. The good nature had gone out of his red face. It was stiff with spite.

"*Dummer Junge!*" he spat out.

They left him there. He watched them as they went on their way toward the town. Well-conducted, decent fellows, they seemed. He heard them laughing.

When they were out of sight he went back slowly through the barrack gates.

Thereafter war, pitiless and unscrupulous, was declared against him. They hated the *Einjahriger*, but he was a bird of passage who could buy respect and would one day be able to enforce it. They could torment him, but his utter contempt for them lifted him out of the range of their spite. But Helmut—a despised member of an alien caste—who would never be able to buy or enforce anything—who had lost his right to trample on them—was fair game. Now that he had refused their tentative offer of comradeship their resentment became implacable.

Articles of his equipment vanished daily. In his presence they would fall into the cruel isolating silence of persecuting children or nudge each other and titter and whisper. They jostled him from his place at the washbowl so that his unreadiness at inspection brought him into incessant disgrace. At night a teasing whisper rose up about him. An obscene, weird word would drop through the darkness, together with his name and a subdued, waspish hum of laughter.

Most of all the Mannheimer hated him. The man lived on hatred—burnt with it. It was as though he knew that Helmut alone among his comrades recognized the pitiful contrast between his violent denunciations of authority and his grotesque efforts on the parade ground. Shame drove him to a persistent challenge.

"You wait!" he vociferated as they sat polishing their accouterments after the evening drill. "You wait! I'm biding my time—that's all. One doesn't bang one's head against a brick wall; one mines it and blows it up—suddenly. Let them keep on at their monkey tricks with me. I'll dance their tune so long as I choose to. So much the worse for them. The time's coming when we proletariats will set them dancing. I can wait until then." Then he looked at Helmut with his sunken furious eyes. "Do you hear that, you bourgeois swine? I can wait!"

Helmut made no answer. The man stood up violently and lurched across the room.

"Can't you speak? Drop those damned superior airs! I won't stomach them. What do you mean by not answering? Do you think I'm not waiting—eh?"

"Yes"

"You think I'm frightened—eh?"

"Yes—I do."

The threatening hand dropped. The Mannheimer went back to his work. But that night there was no whispering. The sudden blows rained on Helmut out of darkness and almost unbroken silence. But they were sparks that, flying wildly, touched at last on the vein of gunpowder that ran strangely through his docility.

They had expected a victim. They had loosed a madman. His strength was convulsive, fearful as an earthquake. The black invisible circle broke before him. The bodies that clung to him, seeking to drag him down, were wrenched off like a cluster of blood-gorged insects. His whirling fists struck horribly into soft unguarded faces. The darkness became his ally, for he had no friends to spare; but his enemies, bewildered by the tumult, fought among themselves, cursing and groaning in a rising hysteria of thwarted malice.

And then suddenly panic seized them. They fell away from him, scuffling like frightened rats back to their holes.

So he stood alone in the center of the dormitory, his body stripped naked, bloody and bruised, his chest heaving in great breaths of rage and triumph.

He waited. The silence was absolute. No one challenged him. He had won and he was alone—for ever and ever.

Stiffly he felt his way back to his berth. He buried his face in the rough pillow, hiding the last bitter tears of boyhood.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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(139)

SHOOTING STARS

(Continued from Page 22)

exceedingly tight corner and had managed to squeeze out of it it was later related as a very amusing, not as a very terrible, incident; and as the narrator would tell his story the others would shriek with laughter at the tale of how nearly he had been hit and how "scared" he had been. It was such a wonderful way to take life that upon looking back at it I feel that nothing the future can ever hold for me can excel those wonderful days. Face to face with death every day, but always with the best of comrades and the most tried of friends, it has left a wonderful memory with me.

The day after rejoining the squadron I did my first job at nine o'clock in the morning. I must admit I felt very funny in the machine. I seemed to have lost all feel of it and could not turn or fly it properly at all. However, that day I had two jobs, and by the end of the second luckily had run into no exciting episodes.

Then came the reaction. I felt a wonderful thrill at being back in the air again and handling my beloved Nieuport. It seemed that nothing was dangerous, and that to throw this machine about in the air was just the best sport that had ever been invented. I remember racing along near to the ground, seeing how close I could make my wing tips come to the sheds and trees without hitting them. It was all a wonderful thrill, and no thought of peril entered my head. That evening I went up and spent an hour in flying, just for the pure pleasure of it. Life was as sweet as it could be, and I saw the world through rose-colored glasses.

The Pork Patrol

That night the romance of our life at the Front was brought home to me again. We spent the evening after dark standing round a piano, while one of our number played popular songs, the remainder singing in loud and varied keys, going on the principle that if you cannot sing you can at least make a joyful noise.

About nine o'clock a party of ten others arrived from a squadron stationed near us, and we had more music and songs with them. Everybody was happy: flying and fighting had been forgotten for the moment, and war was a thing far, far away. Toward the end of the party we went to the farmyard near by, appropriated some small pigs only a few months old, and placed them in the room of one of our pilots who was dining out. Then about eleven o'clock when he had come back we went into the next room to listen through the thin partition to his remarks when he entered his pig-filled boudoir.

In a small space about ten by six, more than fifteen of us were jammed, anxiously waiting for the climax of the evening. In the other room the little pigs were grunting away merrily, and it was all we could do to keep from roaring with laughter. It was pitch black, and with the funny little squeals coming through the partition there would occasionally be a bit of a scamper; for though at first we placed the pigs on the bed, I saw, on looking over the partition, that they were moving round the room in formation, one of their number evidently having assigned himself the position of leader of the pork patrol.

Unfortunately the episode fell through miserably, as the pigs took up a station near the door, and when the owner of the room returned and opened it he walked across to light his lamp. The pigs, seeing the opening before he had seen them, made a dash and managed to get out, with a great chorus of squealing. They hid under the huts, and it took the rest of us several hours to find them and take them back to their mother.

After going to bed I was awakened by one of my dogs scampering out of the hut. I listened for a minute and heard voices outside, got up and walked out in my pyjamas. It was a perfect moonlight night, without a breath of wind, and bright as could be. Outside two or three others were standing in pyjamas, and after asking what was the matter I was told there was a German machine overhead.

Listening carefully I could hear the beat of a Mercedes engine about a mile away. We could not see the Hun but could hear him quite distinctly as he flew past. Then came the explosions as a few bombs were dropped, and then more explosions as the antiaircraft guns located the moonlight marauder and began to fire. We could see little bursts of flame as the shells exploded high in the air. It was a beautiful show. The light was too bright even to see the stars, but these fierce little bursts of flame dotted the sky, first in one spot, then in another, and gradually traveled in a line toward the trenches as the enemy made in that direction. He got away safely, however, and we returned to bed.

In our home in a beautiful green orchard our life was full of the most extraordinary contrasts. One minute we were as far removed from the war as if we were in South America, and an hour later we would be fighting for our lives or carrying on in some way directly connected with the mad world struggle. It all added to the lure of life and somehow made the real fighting, when it came, seem less real and tragic.

The second day after my return I began another three months of strenuous battles. The squadron had been assigned a new kind of work to do, in addition to regular patrol. This lasted throughout a great part of the month of June, and gave us some very strenuous mornings, though the afternoons were generally easier.

My first fight occurred in the early morning, about seven o'clock, when I was leading a patrol. The clouds were very low, being about four thousand feet, the lower part of each cloud having a thin hanging mist about it. This made it possible to fly just in the mist without being seen at more than two hundred yards.

I had been gazing far into enemy territory, and suddenly saw five enemy scouts dive out of the clouds, then, after coming in our direction for a moment or two, dive back into the mist. I thought they were trying to surprise us, and crawled up as close to the clouds as I could, heading in their direction. Suddenly they loomed up just in front of us, and evidently were more surprised than we were. I managed to get in only a short burst before my machine gun jammed hopelessly, but the remainder of the patrol gave chase to the Huns as they turned to flee and scattered them helter-skelter. One man appeared to be hit, and one of my men went after him in a vertical dive to one thousand feet from the ground, where the enemy suddenly regained control and darted across his own lines, escaping.

The Disappearing Hun

Later in the day I went out by myself, and flying over Vimy Ridge and Lens was watching a ground battle taking place there when suddenly I saw a single scout of the enemy underneath me. He did not see me, and I dived at him and managed to fall into the much desired position just behind his tail. I opened fire and my tracer bullets could be seen going all round the pilot's seat. I had considerable speed from my dive and was going much faster than he was, so whirled past him. Then to avoid getting him behind me I zoomed up, and after reaching five hundred feet above made a quick turn to see what had happened. To this day I have not the faintest idea what happened. My enemy entirely disappeared from view. I looked all round underneath, and everywhere else, but could not see him. Later I telephoned to the antiaircraft batteries and infantry stations near the front-line trenches, but they could give no information. That particular Hun must have dissolved.

Ten minutes later I had another fight. I had seen, some distance away, two of the enemy. They were fighting machines, so I reconnoitered carefully, and a little later discovered two more Huns were flying two thousand feet above them. I climbed up and looked carefully from a distance at these; then climbed a little higher, with the idea of attacking them, when I suddenly saw two more Huns three thousand feet above the second pair. It was a layer formation, and a favorite trap of the Huns, their idea being that our machines would come along and attack the lower pair, in which case the middle pair would come down on top of them, leaving the highest pair in reserve. This had been tried innumerable times and had been more or less successful, but long since our people had become wise and always watched for anything of that sort.

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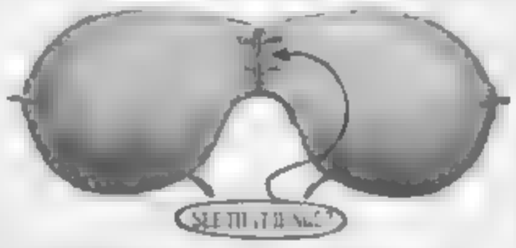

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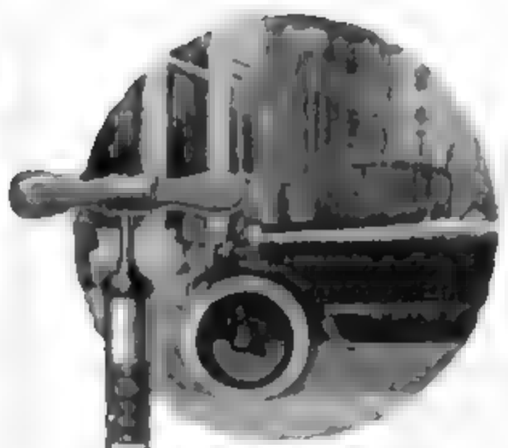

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By pure luck that morning I saw the top pair, and flying away off to one side I climbed as fast as I could until two thousand feet above them; then followed along. I was quite certain there was no fourth pair, and also knew that the third pair would be very keen on watching underneath them to see that their comrades were not attacked. It was a case of the trappers trapped; and successful on this occasion, I was always on the lookout for the same sort of thing after that day, and succeeded in bringing down some of the topside people on several other occasions.

This day I dived down at the top pair, one of which was flying directly behind the other. I did not touch my tripper until I was fifty yards from him, then opened a stiff fire.

This aviator, knew nothing of what was coming to him at all. He also probably never knew what hit him, because, slipping to one side, his machine went into a spin and fell, completely out of control. I did not wait to attack the other man, as I was underneath him, and by the time he had turned to see what was happening I was a quarter of a mile away and going for home as fast as possible. It was the first machine to my credit since my return from England, and I was greatly pleased.

My record of machines brought down was soon in the vicinity of twenty, and I saw I had a rare chance of really getting a lot before going on my next leave—at the end of my second three months at the Front.

With this object in view I planned an expedition into the enemy country to attack an enemy aërodrome. I had carefully thought it out, and came to the conclusion that if one could get to an aërodrome when there were some machines on the ground and none in the air it would be an easy matter to shoot them down the moment they should attempt to come up. It would be necessary for them to take off straight into the wind if there was a strong wind at all, so I could not be surprised that way, and should be able to hit them if I came low enough before they would get a chance to maneuver or turn out of my way.

I planned this expedition after much thought, and set it for the second of June, as that was to be my day off. Dawn was the hour I considered advisable, as there would be very few machines in the air, and I should have a great chance of evading trouble on the way to the aërodrome. I spent my spare moments the next few days arranging the details.

Off on a Daring Adventure

On June first I wrote my name on the blackboard to be called at three o'clock next morning, and sat down, for the last time to consider exactly if the job was worth the risk. However, as nothing like it had been done before, I knew that I should strike the Huns by surprise, and considering that I decided the risk was not nearly so great as it seemed and that I might be able to get four or five more machines to my credit in one great swoop.

At three o'clock I was called and got up. It was pitch black. I dressed and went in to tell two of my friends that I was off. They were not entirely in favor of the expedition, and said so again. Notwithstanding this I went on to the aërodrome and got away just as the first streaks of dawn were showing in the upper sky.

I flew straight across the lines toward the aërodrome I had planned to attack, and coming down low decided to carry out my plan and stir them up with a burst of machine-gun fire into their hangar sheds. But on reaching the place I saw there was nothing on the ground. Everyone must have been either dead asleep or else the station was absolutely deserted. Greatly disappointed I decided I would try the same stunt some other day on another aerodrome which I should have to select.

In the meantime, for something to do I flew along low over the country, in the hope of coming on some camp or group of troops so as to scatter them. I felt that the danger was nil, as most of the crews of the guns which ordinarily would fire at me would still be asleep, and I might as well give any Huns I could find a good fight. I was in rather a bad temper at having my carefully laid plan fall through so quickly, and nothing would have pleased me better than to have run across a group of fat Huns drilling in a field or something of that sort.

However, nothing appeared, and I was just thinking of turning and going home or of climbing up to see if there were some Huns in the upper sky when ahead and slightly to one side of me I saw the sheds of another aërodrome. I at once decided that here was my chance, though it was not a very favorable one, as the aërodrome was pretty far back from the lines. To make good my escape from this place would not be so easy as I had hoped. Furthermore, I was not even certain where I was, and that was my greatest worry, as I was a bit afraid that if I had any bad fights I might have trouble in finding my way back. Scurrying along close to the ground, zigzagging here and there, one's sense of direction becomes slightly vague.

The Fight at the Aërodrome

Another half minute and I was over the aërodrome, about three hundred feet up. On the ground were seven German machines, and in my first glance I saw that some of them actually had their engines running. Mechanics were standing about in groups. Then I saw a thing which surprised me very much—six of the machines were single-seaters, and one a two-seater. I was not very anxious for the two-seater to come up to attack me, as in taking off he would have a certain amount of protection from behind, with his observer, while the single-seater could have none. However, in this luck also favored me, as the two-seater did not move at all.

I pointed my nose toward the ground and opened fire with my gun, scattering the bullets all round the machines, coming down to fifty feet in doing so. I do not know how many men I hit or what damage was done except that one man, at least, fell, and several others ran to pick him up.

Then clearing off to one side I watched the fun. I had forgotten by this time that they would of course have machine guns on the aërodrome, and as I was laughing to myself as they tore round in every direction on the ground, like people going mad or rabbits scurrying about, I heard the old familiar rattle of the quick-firers on me. I did not dare go too far away, however, as then I should not be able to catch the machines as they left the ground, so turning quickly and twisting about, I did my best to evade the fire from the ground.

Looking at my planes I saw that the guns were doing pretty good shooting. There were several holes in them already, and this made me turn and twist all the more. Then one machine suddenly began to taxi off down at the aerodrome. It increased its speed quickly and I immediately tore down after it. I managed to get close on its tail when it was just above the ground, and opened fire from dead behind it. There was no chance of missing and I was as cool as could be. Just fifteen rounds, and it side-slipped to one side, then crashed on the aerodrome underneath.

I was now keyed up to the fight, and turning quickly saw another machine just off the ground. Taking careful aim at it I fired from longer range than before, as I did not want to waste the time of going up close. For one awful moment I saw my bullets missing, and aimed still more carefully, all the time striving to get nearer. The Hun saw I was catching him up, and pushed his nose down; then gazing over his shoulder at the moment I was firing at him he crashed into some trees near the aërodrome.

I think I hit him just before he came to the trees, as my tracers were then going in an accurate line.

I again turned toward the aërodrome. This time my heart sank, because two machines were taking off at the same time, and in slightly different directions. It was the one thing I had dreaded. There was not much wind and it was possible for them to do this. I had made up my mind before that if they attempted to do this I should immediately make good my escape, but I had counted on being higher. However, true to my intention I began to climb. One of the enemy machines luckily climbed away at some distance while the other made up straight after me. At one thousand feet, and only a few hundred yards from the aërodrome, I saw that he was catching me, so turned on him and opened fire. We made about two circuits round each other, neither getting a very good shot, but in the end I managed to get in a short burst of fire, and his machine went crashing to the ground, where it lay in a field a few hundred yards from the aërodrome.

The fourth machine then came up and I opened fire on him. I was now greatly worried as to how I was to get away, as I was using up all my ammunition and there seemed to be no end to the number of machines coming up. I was afraid that other machines from other aërodromes would also come in answer to telephone calls, and I wanted to get away as quickly as I could. But there was no chance of running from this man—he had me cold—so I turned at him savagely and in the course of a short fight emptied the whole of my last drum at him. Luckily, at the moment I finished my ammunition he also seemed to have had enough of it, as he turned and flew away. I seized my opportunity, climbed again and started for home.

To my dismay I discovered four enemy scouts above me. I was terrified that they would see me, so flew directly underneath them for some time—almost a mile, I should think—going directly south. Then deciding that I must do something I took the bit in my teeth and slipped away. They did not attempt to attack me at all, so I am not sure whether they even saw me or not.

I now headed in the approximate direction of our lines and flew in rather a dazed state toward them. I had not had any breakfast and was feeling very queer at my stomach. The excitement and the reaction afterward had been a bit too much, as well as the cold morning air. It seemed once or twice that my head was going round and round and that something must happen. For the only time in my life it entered my thoughts that I might lose my senses in a moment and go insane. It was a horrible feeling, and I also had the terrible sensation that I should suffer from nausea any minute. I was not at all sure where I was, and furthermore did not care. The thrills and exultation I had at first felt had all died away and nothing seemed to matter but this awful feeling of dizziness and the desire to get home and on the ground.

Not Satisfied With Three

By the time I reached the aërodrome, however, I felt much better and flew over our still sleeping huts, firing off my signal lights frantically to show them I had certainly had some success. I landed and my sergeant immediately rushed out and asked me how many I had bagged. When I told him three he was greatly pleased and yelled it back to the mechanics who were waiting by the shed. Then as I crawled out of my machine I heard the remarks of the mechanics round me. They were looking it over. Everywhere it was shot about, bullet holes being in almost every part of it, though none luckily within two feet of where I sat.

Parts of the machine were so badly damaged as to take a lot of repairing; but I used the same patched planes in the machine for some time afterward and always felt great affection for it for pulling me through such a successful enterprise. I personally congratulated the man who had charge of my gun, suddenly realizing, if it had jammed at a critical moment, what a tight corner I should have been in.

Within three or four hours I had received many congratulations upon this stunt, and what I had planned as merely a way of shooting down some more of the Huns I found the authorities considered a very successful expedition. It pleased me very much and of course I have always kept the telegrams of congratulations which I received that day.

At first I had been disappointed in the net result, for when I started out I had rather hoped they would all take off as the first machine did and that I should be able to bag, at the very least, four. But on looking back at it I think I was overoptimistic and was very lucky to have brought down as many as I did.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of articles by Mr. Bishop. The next will appear in an early issue.

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How You Can Serve

Men and Boys—If you are not engaged in direct war work, get out on the farms. In addition, take someone else with you.

If you are an employer, release every employee you can spare. Use your vacation to help feed the Nation.

Women and Girls—Help your sisters to do their women's tasks on the farm. Help with the lighter tasks suited to women—as fruit and vegetable picking, sorting and packing; or replace temporarily men in lighter city operations so that they can work on the farms.

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GASSED

(Continued from Page 4)

They weigh ninety pounds and they are always carried in by the infantry. A gas regiment does not do that for itself. It is a long carry and it is really more than a one-man load. At the most two men are allotted to carry in each cylinder, whatever the distance.

"Several thousand of these cylinders must be taken into the trenches, and then we have the job of putting them in position. Deep holes are dug just underneath the parapet of the trench, and into these holes are placed the separate cylinders with the tops flush with the ground. As each cylinder is placed into position the hole is covered with a board, on top of which is placed a thing we call a '*Salzdecke*,' which is really a kind of quilt stuffed with peat moss and soaked in potash solution so as to absorb any of the gases that may leak out.

"On top of the *Salzdecke* are built up three layers of sandbags, so that there is not much danger of the cylinders' being hit by shell fragments. This also serves to hide the cylinders in case a raid is made, and the sandbags form an excellent firing step. In fact, you would never guess that the gas was ready in position to make an attack. All of this takes a long time to do, and then we have to wait for a wind that is favorable.

"It may be weeks before the right time comes, but all the time the pioneer officers and *Unteroffiziere* make observations of the wind and report back to somebody at headquarters. On the night fixed for the attack all the infantry are warned beforehand. If the wind continues favorable the sandbags are taken off, the domes removed from the cylinders, and to each cylinder is attached a lead pipe which is bent over the top of the parapet into No Man's Land, with the end slightly bent up, so that if any liquid comes out it is not wasted in the ground but evaporates in the air. The end of the lead pipe is weighted with a sandbag, so that it will not kick when the gas is turned on and blow the gas back into our own trenches, as happened in one or two of the earlier attacks. It is this kind of thing that makes gas unpopular in the German Army."

When the Signal Comes

"Eventually the time really does arrive for the attack, and the pioneers stand by the cylinders, of which twenty form a battery; and to each battery there are two pioneers and one noncommissioned officer waiting to unscrew the taps. A signal is given by means of a rocket. All the infantry have been eagerly waiting for this signal, which means that they have five minutes to clear out of the front-line trenches before the gas is turned on; and I can tell you they do not waste any time. Everybody makes a rush to the support trench and leaves the front line entirely to the pioneers.

"We all keep our masks ready to put on at a moment's notice, because in the earlier attack the wind on two occasions blew the gas back again into our own trenches and killed a lot of the infantry who were unprepared for its return. According to the length of time the attack is to last the cylinders are turned on, from one up to five at a time, in each battery.

"As soon as the taps are turned on the pioneers make for cover, but they have a good many losses from bursting cylinders, from leaks, and from the shrapnel and high-explosive shells which invariably greet the start of an attack. The promptness with which this happened at the time I was in the line made us believe that your people had known all about our gas preparations for some time. The infantry are all very glad to be away from the front-line trench when the cloud is sent over."

This method has been practically unaltered throughout the time the Germans have made gas attacks. In the first attack they probably had one gas cylinder on every yard of front on which gas was installed, but the number was increased in subsequent attacks.

There is no need to dwell on the execration with which the use of gas was met by the whole civilized world, and I will merely try to recount how it was taken by the men in the trenches.

The British Tommy is a difficult man to terrify, and the moral effect on the men, though quite unprotected, was remarkably small considering the terrors of the game. For two or three days all we heard about were the things we should do in the event of being similarly attacked. It appeared that great chemists from England had immediately taken up the question of providing efficient respirators, and until they came out were advising people as to emergency measures. Some of these methods seemed to us very funny. We were told, for example, that a respirator could "easily" be made by knocking the bottom off a bottle, filling the bottle with earth, and then learning to breathe with the neck of the bottle stuck in the mouth. The breath was to be taken in through the bottle and let out through the nose; but as bottles were scarce and few of them survived the attempt to get the bottom broken off there was not much doing.

However, we learned that handkerchiefs filled with earth and kept moist would keep some of the gas out, and by the time the first novelty had worn off we were receiving private respirators from England. These had all been made in response to an appeal by Lord Kitchener to the women of England to make respirators for the troops out of cotton wool wrapped up in muslin or veiling. The result of this was that the War Office was absolutely swamped with millions of these respirators within a few days, and most fellows in the trenches had one or two sent out by post straightaway.

The First Respirators

Besides these, arrangements were made by the various divisions for respirators to be made in towns behind the lines; and the government factories in England got to work to turn out a simple type of respirator which had been devised by the English chemists as the quickest to make and the simplest to use. The result was that within about one month we had four or five different kinds of respirators issued to us. Most of these were simple pads of either cotton wool or cottton waste. The earlier ones were soaked in washing-soda solution, and the later ones were moistened with a special solution consisting of ordinary photographic hypo and washing soda mixed with a little glycerin.

One type that we had for a week or two in the trenches consisted of the usual pad of cotton waste together with a small wad of the same material which was kept separate. The respirators were stored in boxes let into the paradoses, or rear walls of the trenches. On the alarm being given each man in the trench made a dive for a respirator, stuffed the wad into his mouth as a first protection, and then bound the pad round his mouth and nose, the wad being afterward taken out of his mouth and stuffed round his nose so as to make a tight fit.

These practices were popular for once or twice, but when it began to be realized that the wads were not always used by the same man the novelty waned. We thought we were getting pretty smart at it when we could get every man in the trench fully protected—that is, with the tapes tied—in forty seconds from the word "Go."

Later on we had the official "black-veiling respirator," which was issued to all the British troops and which went through two or three of the earlier attacks as the chief protection.

It was from one of these attacks delivered in the salient again, on the twenty-fourth of May, that the first benefits of good training in the use of the respirator were seen. One of the regiments which had been on the flank of the first attack and had seen the effects of the gas and what it really meant had taken the training very seriously, and the officers had insured that every man had a respirator, kept it in good condition, and knew how to use it in the quickest possible time should occasion rise. Other regiments were not so good, and it was just this training or lack of it that made all the difference between heavy casualties and light casualties in subsequent attacks.

On the twenty-fourth of May the regiment mentioned above happened to be in the very thickest part of the cloud, and though the battalion on either side of it suffered serious losses they themselves came off almost scot-free. Instances of losses from insufficient education in the use of the respirator were numerous on this occasion. A lot of men took their respirators off in the middle of the attack in order to wet them with solution again; and as they did not wring them out sufficiently the respirators were difficult to breathe through and the men thought they were being gassed and repeated the dose—the result being that they could not draw air through the sodden cotton waste, and they were gassed either from pulling off the respirators altogether or from the air coming in at the side.

One very bad instance was quoted by a medical officer at an advanced dressing station which was taking in gas cases as they came down from the line. Two or three men from one battalion came in pretty badly gassed, but still able to walk. The M. O. asked them if they had respirators issued to them. They said "Yes."

"Well, why didn't you put them on?"

They said "We did put them on; we've got them on now."

And so they had—strapped across their chests!

At that time respirators were generally carried by the men tied round their caps, and in some cases could not be removed in time; and the May twenty-fourth attack made it apparent that the respirator should be carried in a position ready for immediate use. For this purpose a waterproof cover was provided and the respirator kept in a small pocket inserted into the jacket, or else in a pouch slung over the shoulder.

The other bad feature about the preparations was the arrangement for dipping the respirators in solution in the trenches, as referred to above. During the attack a lot of the men dipped their respirators in water; which of course washed the chemicals out of the respirators and made them ineffectual much sooner than they should have been. But all of these matters were remedied before another gas attack was made.

After the first emergency respirator had been issued every effort was made to devise a more effective form of protection than that given by the cotton-wool pads, in expectation of a recurrence of German attacks. As a matter of fact there were no attacks between the beginning of June and December, 1915, because the wind was unfavorable to the Germans. This was another point that they had apparently overlooked, because on investigation we found that the prevailing winds in Flanders blew from west to east, and that about three-quarters of the total winds were in our favor and against the Germans.

Some Early Experiments

The long interval of the summer of 1915 gave us a splendid opportunity to develop the protection against gas which had been commenced in the spring while attacks were still being made. The most important of these developments were the invention of the celebrated "smoke helmet" and the use of sprayers for the removing of gas from the trenches. We also found out the exact value of certain other devices and methods which had been suggested for combating the gas clouds, and a lot of impossible ideas were consequently turned down.

The latter might be discussed first of all. One suggestion which was made and believed in by most people at various times—including the Germans themselves—was that fires built in the trenches or on the parapet would cause such an upward draft as to lift up the gas cloud and carry it safely over our heads. Experiments showed, however, that this idea was absolutely false, because though an upward draft was certainly formed the incoming air carried with it just as much gas from the surrounding atmosphere, and nothing was gained by it. It was a long time before the Germans tumbled to this, and even many months later their own instructions on defense against gas included statements that showed their reliance on this procedure.

One suggestion which actually reached the point of being acted on was that the gas cloud could be dispersed by an explosion, and for this purpose we were provided with wooden boxes filled with black powder and with fuses attached, which we were supposed to light at the crucial moment and throw into an advancing cloud. This heroic procedure was never actually made use of, however, because experiments in the meantime again showed that such explosions had very little effect on a cloud of gas.

Two suggestions which really did turn out to be winners were those referred to

An Incident in the Lives of Two Famous Smokers

It is related of Carlyle that once Tennyson, after they were both famous, came for the first time to call upon him. They were familiar with each other's work, though they had never happened to meet.

Carlyle greeted Tennyson at the door and led him into his study. They sat down in front of an open fire. They loaded their pipes and smoked vigorously.

At the end of two hours, Tennyson rose and took leave. He declared warmly that to him the two hours just spent were the most satisfactory in his life. And yet these two world-famous writers had passed those two hours, puffing thoughtfully at their pipes, without saying a word to each other.

It's marvelous what depths of silence and understanding come to men with pipes in their mouths.

Pipe-smokers are called dreamers. It would be far more sensible to look more closely and perceive if they are not the real thinkers of the world.

An open fire, a pipe that is going well, and a pipeful of the right tobacco. Oh, Mr. Khayyam, what you missed! What more could one ask at the close of a busy or fretful day?

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Then get out your favorite pipe—the one you've set aside to give a rest—make sure it draws well, scrape out the bowl, and load it up with Edgeworth. Lean back, find the most comfortable position in that old chair, light the willing mixture and puff, puff, puff it into your mouth, slowly—estimatingly.

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Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes to suit all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size package is 13c or two for 25c. Other sizes, 30c and 60c. The 16-ounce tin humidor is $1.15; 16-ounce glass jar $1.25. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 60c, and $1.15. For free samples, write to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

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previously—the smoke helmet and the Vermorel sprayer for clearing the trenches.

The idea for a respirator in the form of a helmet to go right over the head is stated to have originated from an idea of a sergeant of the Canadians who was gassed at Ypres, who stated that he had seen some of the Germans through the gas cloud with things that looked like flour bags pulled over their heads. It was thought that something of this kind could actually be made use of, and experiments showed that it was really a practical idea, because breathing is done through a very big surface and not only through the chemicals directly in front of the mouth and nose, as in the case of the respirator. By having a big surface it is possible to have thinner material and there is, therefore, less resistance to breathing. All that is required is to tuck the helmet down inside the jacket and button the latter tightly round it at the neck, and if this is done there is little possibility of gas leaking in. As a matter of fact there is no evidence that the Germans ever did use anything of the kind.

The first types of smoke helmet were made of flannel and had a window for seeing through which was made of mica or celluloid. The helmets were soaked in the same kind of solution—hypo, carbonate of soda and glycerin—that had been employed for the respirators. Helmets of this kind were capable of standing up against really considerable concentrations of chlorine, and they were quickly recognized both by the troops and by experts as being a very big improvement on the old respirator.

These helmets were made and issued to the troops as quickly as possible and a few of them were actually used in the attack of May twenty-fourth. Men unpracticed in their use were apt to find them hot and stuffy, and, not realizing that the feeling wears off, were often inclined to think that they were being suffocated or gassed. As a matter of fact well-drilled men could do almost anything while wearing the helmet, the chief difficulty being that of limited vision. After wearing the helmet for a short time the celluloid window got clouded over from the moisture in the breath, but this could easily be remedied by wiping it on the forehead. In many cases also the windows got cracked or broken from the rough treatment they were bound to meet in trenches, and this was a constant danger until men learned how to fold the helmet properly so as to protect the celluloid and to place a small sheet of cardboard or thin wood over the window before folding.

The sprayers previously mentioned were originally suggested for use against the gas cloud itself, the idea being that chemicals should be sprayed at the cloud so as to neutralize the poisonous gas and thereby purify the air. Nearly everybody with even a nodding acquaintance with chemistry wrote in suggesting ammonia for this purpose, oblivious of the fact that the chemical reaction between chlorine and ammonia in these circumstances produces a dense cloud which is most irritating to the eyes and throat, and that this together with the excess of ammonia would be almost as bad as the original gas.

And Still They Drank It

In any case it is impossible to deal with the gas cloud by spraying, because of the enormous amount of chemicals and apparatus that would be required to neutralize the attack. A cloud of chlorine from one thousand cylinders, for example, would require more than forty tons of the strongest ammonia solution obtainable to kill all the gas, even if none of the spray were lost in the ground. Besides this the spraying might have to be continued for hours, some of the attacks having lasted intermittently for more than three hours.

It was quickly seen that this was an utter impossibility, but experiments showed that a spray of the hypo solution was quite capable of removing what remained of the gas cloud out of trenches and shell holes and from dugouts into which the gas had penetrated. This of course applied only to chlorine. Arrangements were therefore made for supplying a large number of these sprayers, which are exactly the same as those used for spraying fruit trees and potatoes with fungicides, and men were specially trained in their use so that they could be employed after an attack was over. These men were officially known as the "Vermorel sprayer men," and were popularly supposed to preface all their operations with the words "Let us spray."

The solution to fill the sprayers was kept in all the trenches in corked rum jars, and there were many amusing incidents rising out of the dual purpose to which these revered vessels were put. It is stated that a certain battalion on going into the line for the first time saw these rum jars safely ensconced in niches in the parapet and immediately thought that they contained the rum ration concerning which they had heard so much before they came out. Some of the more adventurous ones surreptitiously tried out the supposed rum and drank a few mouthfuls of the nauseous liquid before discovering their mistake. The real joke lay in the fact that even after they realized that the liquid was not rum they continued to drink it, and by the time they finished their two days' tour of instruction there was not a drop of Vermorel sprayer solution left in any of the trenches.

The sprayers were somewhat delicate pieces of apparatus to keep in good condition in the trenches, and were apt to get crusted with mud and out of order unless they were well looked after. Like everything else connected with the defense against gas, their condition in the trenches varied with different regiments according as they were well trained and disciplined or otherwise, but as a rule the sprayers were well enough looked after, and proved extraordinarily useful on many occasions after their first appearance in the line.

As stated before, the long interval of the summer and autumn of 1915 gave the chemists and the army plenty of opportunity for thinking about the gas question, developing organization and methods to meet attacks in the future, and making arrangements for the training of the troops so that they should be thoroughly prepared when the next attack should arrive.

One of the most important things that was done was to start a big field laboratory for dealing with questions of gas warfare. And as it had already been realized that the whole basis of defense against gas was going to lie in the hands of the troops themselves by increasing their steadiness, developing their discipline, and generally accustoming them to the idea that gas was now an ordinary method of warfare, chemists and instructors were appointed for attachment to each of the British armies.

These men were all chosen from the line. For the most part they were infantry officers who could realize the real needs and limitations of the troops, but they were picked in each instance because they had, at any rate, some chemical knowledge and could translate into practice for the benefit of the troops various chemical measures which had been adopted for the latter's safety. Their first chief job was to see that respirators and smoke helmets were issued in sufficient number; to see that they were in good condition; and then to arrange for the training of all the troops in the army in their use. This was a heroic task, to be accomplished in as short a time as possible, but by dint of speaking to large bodies of officers and men at the same time it was so far completed that all ranks were given practical instruction in the use of the helmet.

When it is realized that each of these officers had to deal with at least one hundred thousand troops it will be seen that it was no mean feat that was accomplished. What was started then has never been completely accomplished, partly because of the continual development of gas warfare and partly because it is a matter of education—which is always slow—but very largely also because of the continually changing personnel and the enormous numbers of men that have had to be trained.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Major Auld. The next will appear in an early issue.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 66)

Ralph Connor—Sky Pilot

It must have been in that environment that he learned that platitudinous, sing-song morality doesn't hold good with whiskered lumberjacks full of whisky and frisky.

I think the Aberdeens were the first big people who found him out at his obscure post. They had heard him preach at the shabby little mission church and invited him to dinner. Now an invitation from a governor-general is virtually a command. Charles Gordon sent his regrets—he had an appointment up in the woods with the navvies and lumbermen. The Aberdeens must have smiled, but a missionary on the pittance of a few hundred dollars a year—I think the stipend was round five hundred dollars a year—who considered an appointment with lumberjacks ahead of dinner with the governor-general must have impressed them as something of a man; and there began a friendship that has lasted through his life. Charles Gordon stuck at that God-forsaken, thankless job till he was well on in his thirties.

Then he came "out" to take a poor little mission church which had been established on the ragged edge of Western Winnipeg to catch youngsters who were frisking to the bad. That church is to-day one of the biggest and best in Western Canada, and Charles Gordon is still its pastor. Soon after taking this mission church he began to write—I think it was at five dollars a throw—the sketches later known as Black Rock. The note of religious fervor hitched up to brawn and red blood betrayed Charles Gordon as the only possible man who could have written them. I was an editorial cub in the West at the time and spotted Ralph Connor as Charles Gordon almost at once. It was not until six or eight of the sketches had run that I could get his permission to reveal his identity; and, because I like a religion with red corpuscles and not clammy white ones, I revealed his identity with great enthusiasm. It is funny to recall now, but when my sketch of him came out it had been slashed to what is editorially known as about a "stick"—the most clammy, pallid, "faint-praise-that-damns" kind of sketch that could slap a good friend in the face. I wanted to swear. It had evidently been done on that solid Canadian principle of damning your own till they make good abroad. It is still funnier to recall that Black Rock was peddled from publisher to publisher in New York and knocked from pillar to post for a year before anyone could be induced to touch it. Meanwhile it had been issued in Canada, and there was a flaw in its copyright protection. With pirated editions and regular editions, that book sold over two millions almost at once. It is selling yet. And when Sky Pilot and his other books came on, along with the great boom in Western real estate, they had made Ralph Connor before his fiftieth year a near-millionaire; for he made good in real estate as he had in the "missionary business."

When the war came on, Charles Gordon was well on in his fifties. He had a growing and adoring family. He had one of the most beautiful homes in Western Canada. He had a fortune. He had big business interests and a big insistent congregation. He had every valid reason a man could have for not going. Of the firm in which his interests were centered, four out of five had enlisted, and the real estate boom in Canada had collapsed, with a moratorium on property necessitating the most careful and detailed management to prevent investors losing their all.

Surely Charles Gordon could have persuaded himself that he should stay home and look after those interests; but he didn't fool himself and wasn't a hypocrite. He went with a regiment of Western Highlanders and he stayed in the trenches some two years. Of his partners, four were killed. Of his regiment, I am not certain of exact figures, but I think sixty-five out of one thousand answered the last roll call.

There is a story here concerning Charles Gordon's business ethics which I may not tell, but which I hope he will give to the world himself some day; but suffice to say, of the investors in his friends' firm not a soul lost a dime through depreciation of values. He put up the money to meet maturing obligations.

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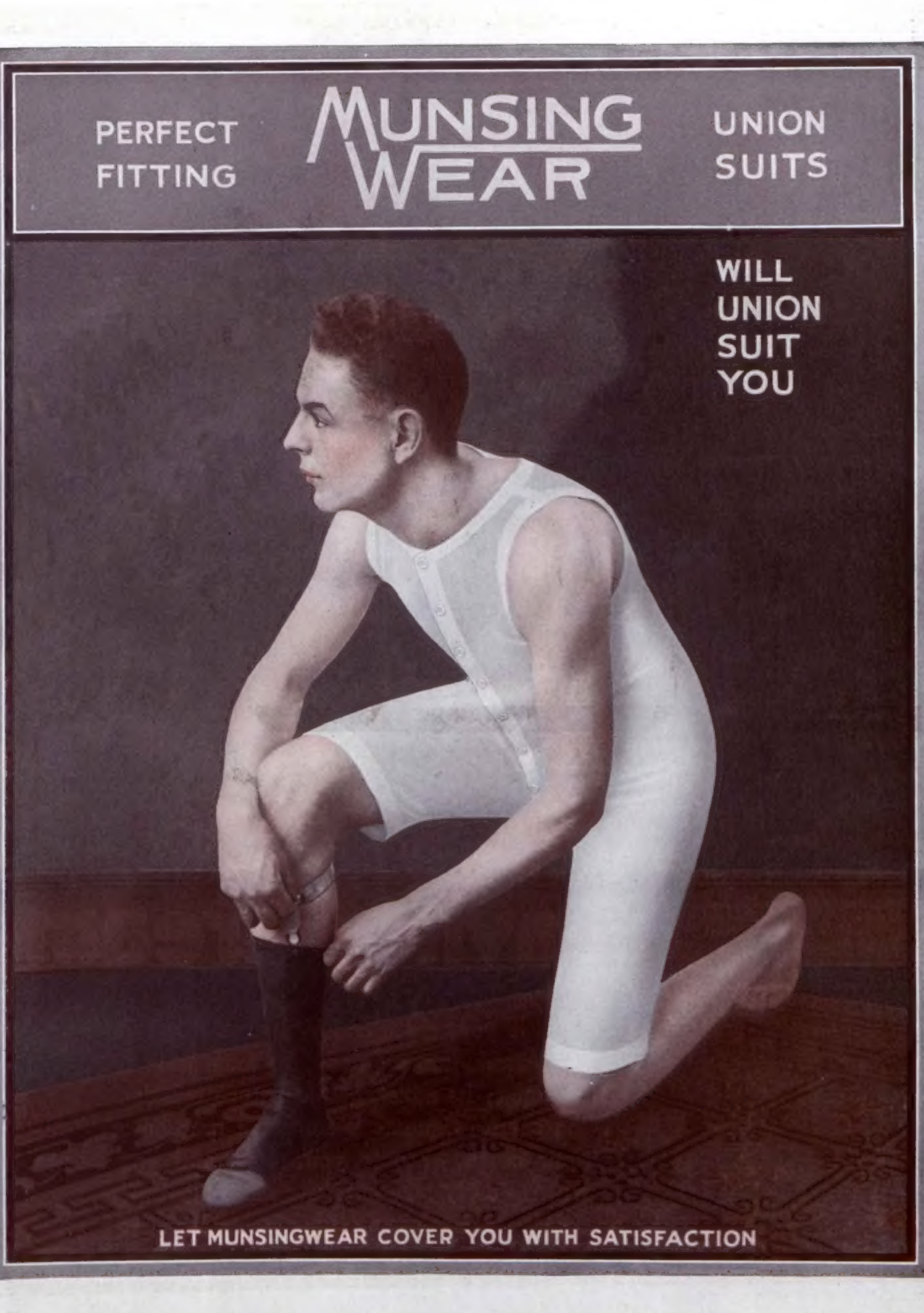

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